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THE DOWNFALL OF BONAPARTISM.*

from among the great Powers. With Metz in foreign hands, she is much in the same position as that of Paris when the Prussians had turned upon her the guns of Mont Valérien. Her eastern frontier is wholly exposed; she must feel as Lombardy did while Austria held the Quadrilateral.

As far as material influence is concerned, France is become a second-rate state. She must confine her aim to doing what she has so often done before-influencing the world of ideas. She did this in the Middle Ages in a way which we seldom sufficiently appreciate; she did it in a less

IMPERIALISM has fallen; and with it degree during the post-Reformation period, France has for the present disappeared for then her own religious wars and the preponderance of Germany had thrown her somewhat into the shade; she did it most of all when the Encyclopédistes began to claim for her a definite position as the world's teacher. This position she had not formally claimed before. Under the old régime she had been slowly getting welded together; feudalism, carried out more "logically" in France than elsewhere, had kept her provinces almost as distinct as so many little German kingdoms. Louis XI.'s policy, indeed, did for the French noblesse much what the Wars of the Roses did for ours; and Louis XIV., by giving the higher classes a taste

* (1.) Documents Authentiques Annotés. Papiers Secrets du Second Empire. 4e édition. "Fiat lux." Bruxelles: Office de Publicité.

(2.) La Guerra 1870: l'Esprit Parisien produit du régim upérial. Par EMILE LE-CLERCQ. 5e édition Bruxelles. 1870.

(3.) Napoléon l', et son Historien, M. Thiers.
Par JULES BARNI. Paris, Germer-Baillière.

NEW SERIES, -VOL. XIV., No. 2.

(4.) Histoire de Napoléon 1. Par P. LAN-FREY. Paris: Charpentier. 1867-70. Vols. I, to IV.

(5.) Napoléon le Petit. Par V. Hugo. Bruxelles. 1852.
(6.) Romans Nationaux. Par Erckmann-

CHATRIAN. Paris: Hetzel. 1868-70.
(7.) Louis's own Account of the Fight at Dame Europa's School. Literally translated from the French, London: J. Camden Hotten. 1871. for Court life, drew them together and trained them to a community of habits and aims; but the mass of provincials were scarcely affected by this centralization of a single class. Louis XIV., however, did one thing more: he secured to Paris that fatal predominance which has ever since made her the arbitress of the national destinies. While saying "litat c'est moi," he so arranged that very soon the Parisians could say, Paris c'est la The great writers, too, lent their influence to glorify the capital: the town-loving spirit was strong in them all. Paris got more and more supreme, while at the same time the efforts of the Government were divided between crushing out provincial independence and meeting the ruinous expenditure of a Court always luxurious and very often warlike. Hence a tendency in the old régime to a more and more strictly personal government. Feudal liberties were crushed; feudal tyranny was aggravated. The provincial parliaments, and that of Paris into the bargain, gradually lost even the semblance of power; and the old system degenerated into despotism.

The Revolution, while superficially breaking up this system, left untouched those parts of it which some say are grounded on the peculiarities of French It intensified centralization, character. and it practised most oppressively that interference with the rights of the individual which is of the essence of personal government. The very men who so loud-·ly proclaimed the principles of '89 were found most ready to act on rules which led them straight to the lawless tyranny of the Terror. Their "ideas" were grand, but personal freedom was far too trifling a thing to be allowed to stand in their way for a moment. In one point the Revolution diverged from the old régime: it became intensely and deliberately propagandist-bent, i.e., on carrying forward, with the strength of the whole nation, the mission which the thinkers of Voltaire's day had assigned to themselves. often find that the man who believes in nothing in particular is the most violent in opposing the belief of others. So it was with the leaders of the Revolution: they were mad to spread their doctrines over Europe; and their doctrines being those of Paris, Paris became (in Frenchmen's

eyes) the recognized head, not of France only, but of the civilized world.

Imperialism was at first a reaction from despotic anarchy; the dread of another Terror made the French welcome with delight a man who seemed strong enough to be "the saviour of society." So it was again in 1849, when the Socialist struggle, in which 13,000 Parisians perished, so alarmed the successful "bourgeois," that to prevent its repetition they condoned the coup d'état. Ideas, it was said in 1795, were ruining France; the men of ideas had been beaten in the field; Imperialism therefore meant military glory as the basis of French prosperity. Frenchmen were content to believe that (as M. Louis Blanc said the other day at Bordeaux) "glory and liberty are incompatible," and deliberately to choose the former.

Of course the Imperialism of 1852 differs somewhat from that of 1804, but it is the same in its intense selfishness, and its thorough insincerity. Under the second Empire there have been commercial treaties and alliances, and the working class has found good wages, so long as it has been content with political nothingness; but the two will be seen to be the same in principle. Each has the radical evil of depending on success in war, or peace, or both, for its stability; and this necessary instability makes them more hopeless as systems than the old régime, with all its corruptness, or even than the wild theories of the Republic.*

But it is needless to enlarge on the manifest causes which make a hereditary monarchy stable so long as it is not wholly intolerable. The same causes make the best of "tyrannies" (in the Greek sense of the word) unstable. Men as "logical" as Frenchmen are sure to feel that if such a government is not fulfilling the purpose of its creation, it had better cease to exist; and feeling with Freachmen generally means action.

^{*} The ex-Emperor's selfishness is proved by his never having tried to introduce anything answering to our Poor Law, with the working of which he must have been thoroughly acquainted. Our system is far from perfect; but it saves us from those terrible food-revolutions, one of which has so lately made Paris such a pitiable sight. Louis Napoleon preferred the French voluntary system, because he always hoped to get the ourriers in hand (as he had got the peasants), and to use them too, against any rising of the more intelligent classes.

The first Napoleon had immense success on his side; he "saved France," in his own fashion, and so long as he was successful, very few Frenchmen cared to inquire into the soundness of the method employed. The third Napoleon had in his favor the remembrance of his uncle's success, and the fact that the regne du bavardage had failed as completely in 1849 as it had done in the days of the Directory. Both were helped, too, by the systematic lying of their newspapers, which, amid the enforced silence of all who would not speak as they did, could say what they pleased without fear of contradiction. Both, too, were able administrators: Louis points out, in "his own Account of the Fight at Dame Europa's School"-a bitter satire on the selfish insincerity of Imperialism-how hard he worked for years, and how by repressing them with one hand and giving them employment with the other, he controlled the terrible Paris canaille. This is, in fact, his solitary claim for forgiveness. But both fell when the moment of pressure came, and the fall of the nephew is irreparable: for him there can be no "hundred days;" even the boundless capabilities of treachery which he found in Bazaine failed to do anything but seal his fate by convincing France that, whereas the uncle shed French blood like water in support of his selfish ambition, the nephew actually paltered with the enemy, and betrayed the strongest fortress in the country, in the vain hope of securing foreign support.

It is plain to the most superficial observer that of all the things which have collapsed in France since last July, none has collapsed so hopelessly as Imperialism. When the ex-Emperor rushed into war as the only way of staving off a revolution, France showed herself (as she so often has done at critical periods of her history) culpably passive. There were complaisant prefects who assured his Majesty that his people went with him heart and soul; there were crowds, hired or not, such as can always be collected in any great city, who shouted Vive la guerre and à Berlin; but the peasantry still believed that the Empire meant peace; and when they afterwards found war come upon them, they fancied (so strong was their faith in Napoleon) that it was the Prussians who were the aggressors. Just in the same way on the eve of the Spanish war, in 1808, the servile Senate said: "Sire, the will of the French people goes along with you. This Spanish war is just and necessary. Fathers envy their sons the glory of rushing to join your ranks, and of winning another Marengo and another Austerlitz." And this farce was kept up at a time when the conscription had grown so odious that the Government had to imitate Louis XIV.'s dragonnades, and to quarter garnisaires upon the families of those lads who had escaped to the woods, or had fled across the frontier.

France was passive in July, 1870, as she was more than once during the first Napoleon's career; the difference is, that the nephew's army, on which he was supposed to have lavished so much thought and money, and which, since the coup d'état, he had pampered into prætorian insolence, failed him utterly both for defence and offence; whereas the uncle always had something which he could trust to fight well, if not to win battles.

Since Sedan, France, no longer passive, has worked wonders; and every step in her work has made a relapse to the old state of things more impossible. "The man of Sedan," it was felt all along, could never return, except behind Prussian bayonets. Had he, on that last fatal day, cut his way, at whatever loss, through the encompassing host, and, throwing himself on Paris, raised a levée en masse to the old cry of "the country in danger," matters might have turned out very differently, both for him and for France; but he could not have so acted without denying his own principles. His whole career had been an attempt to juggle with universal suffrage while practising the narrowest despotism, and now to appeal in real earnest to popular principles, and to give the pledges necessary to make that appeal a serious one, was an impossibility for the man who had eagerly snatched at the chances of war which the crafty Bismarck threw in his way rather than honestly carry out the liberal measures which he had at last been forced to adopt. There is a point beyond which charlatanism Thrice had the uncle felt cannot go. that this kind of appeal is useless when it is contrary to a man's whole antecedents: once at Arcis-sur-Aube, when in the midst of the battle, Sebastiani said, "Are these all your Majesty's forces? ' "Every man

I have." "Then does not your Majesty think of raising the nation?" "Nonsense: you're dreaming of the way they did things in Spain, or here in France, in '91. How can you talk of raising a nation whose nobles and priests have been destroved by the Revolution, and whose Revolution has been destroyed by me?" There was nothing, he felt, left to appeal to. Again, on his return from Elba, wisdom said, "Wait on French soil, and crush the invaders at Paris and Lyons;' but this would have necessitated an appeal to the nation and a pledge that all war except defensive war should cease, and, as Colonel Charras says, in words which seem almost prophetical of the events of last July, "to re-establish his despotism he could not do without the prestige of victory; he thought to find it on the frontier, so thither he hastened." A third time, when, after Waterloo, Napoleon was among the remnant of his troops at Laon, it was still free to him to show himself not only "the child of the Revolution," but its legitimate offspring and its protector. He still shrank instinctively from doing so: bolder, indeed, than his nephew, he did go to Paris; but, with the invincible dislike of all his race to true freedom of government, he went there merely to see if there was a chance of carrying on the war without making any real political con-

So it was that, after Sedan, the nephew passed out of history: no amount of plotting can restore the man who showed himself fool as well as knave, who fell-not, like his uncle, under the blows of banded Europe—but because he had allowed himself to be wholly deceived, both as to the quality and composition of his own army and as to the dispositions of neighboring powers. France never can forgive such a result of twenty years of personal government. But that the ex-Emperor should disappear out of history is natural enough; the marvel is that he ever became one of the makers of history. His success was due to the vitality of the Napoleonic idea, nourished as it was after the restoration by writers of all kindsnotably by the veteran statesman who now, more than any one else, has made a return to Imperialism impossible. For this total revolution in literature it is hard to give a sufficient reason. Before the restoration, literature, when not venal, was

strongly anti-Bonapartist.* After the Bourbons were restored, writers began to extol Napoleon as industriously as before they had decried him. This change was owing partly to French feeling against the mode of his removal: it was a great humiliation; as Madame de Staël said (deploring the return from Elba), "It's all over with liberty if he succeeds, and with the national independence if he is beaten." The nation felt that the peace of 1815 had compromised its independence; and, in writing down the king who had been brought in by foreign armies, literary men were acting as the mouthpiece of France. But this is not all; wounded vanity did Under the Empire mind had been powerless, unless as in the case of Lacépède and other savans it had submitted to be the humble tool of force: when Sièyes said, "I'll be the head and that little Corsican shall be the arm," he had quite unwittingly spoken the truth; for, in Napoleon's system, the head was nothing and the arm everything. Great, then, was the disappointment when under Louis XVIII., and still more under his successor, the head seemed almost as powerless as before. The heart (if such a word may be used of the hollow system of Popery) came into play; and, unless a man was dévôt, or seemed to be so, ability of any kind served him Add to this the wilful blindness of the Bourbons, who (it was soon seen) "had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing." Their petty despotism disgusted the nation; while the "Memoirs of St. Helena" and a crowd of similar writings made out, with a sophistry so barefaced that we should fancy that it could never have deceived even Frenchmen, that the Emperor had always acted as a dutiful son of the revolution, according to the programme which himself had laid down, that "liberty, equality, and prosperity shall be insured.' Will the nephew ever venture to assert, as the uncle did in 1816, that his government was a constitutional and temperate monarchy, and that the French people under it were the freest people in Europe? However this may be, there is no doubt that the claim thus made by Napoleon I. told immensely on the thought of the na-

^{*} Benjamin Constant is a notable instance of the want of stanchness of too many French writers. At first strongly against the Empire, he was won over by the uncle far more easily than poor Prévost-Paradol was by the nephew.

tion, and through it on the masses. Claiming to have saved the revolution by moderating its violence, the exile of St. Helena persistently called himself its soldier and its martyr. His wars (he said) had been undertaken to spread its civilizing influence; and the consciousness of this had made kings and princes so determined on his overthrow. We, of course, can see through the hollowness of all this: but the French writers of that day, finding France humiliated, and knowing that she had been glorious, actually came to believe, or at any rate fostered the belief, that in the days of her glory she had been free, since undoubtedly in the days of her humiliation she was fettered. No wonder the rest were deceived, since a man of consummate ability, M. Thiers, whose honesty is proved by his having refused office during some seventeen years of "personal government," could write such a marvellous romance as that which he gave to the world under the title of "The Consulate and the Empire."

Thus, by a combination of causes we may partly account for the change in the mind of France; and this change told upon the more or less educated masses. When Thiers wrote as he did; when Victor Hugo—whom a strange Nemesis afterwards urged to write "Napoleon the Little"—sang the great man's praises in "Lui," and, throwing moral sanctions to the winds, declared that

"Tu domines notre siècle, ange ou démon qu'importe?"

when Beauchesne, in "L'Écoller," pathetically described the day-dreams of the boyish enthusiast; and, yet more, when Béranger sang his "Vieux drapeau," and his "Serrez vos rangs, Gaulois et Francs," and, above all, his "Souvenirs du Peuple," no wonder men forgot the real Napoleon and accepted the ideal which was so persistently put before them.

Béranger was a true prophet when he sang—

"On parlera de sa gloire Sous le chaume bien longtemps; L'humble toit en cinquante ans Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire."

It is not easy to trace how this feeling had so penetrated downwards, and had so thoroughly laid hold of the lowest stratum, the wholly uneducated peasantry, that the first time the vote by universal suffrage

was taken, many peasants thought they were voting for the old Emperor. That it did so is one more proof how soon a nation with great "recuperative powers" loses the memory of disasters. The cruel conscriptions which drove mere boys to die in Spain under the fire of Wellington's seasoned troops—the retreat from Russia, after which "the man of Smorgoni" was for a time as unpopular as "the man of Sedan," were forgotten. The heroic defence of Champagne and the glories which preceded it were alone remembered. This will account for the growth of the Imperial idea in the more fighting parts of France, especially in Alsace and Lorraine, which have always contributed much more than their share to the army.

How it was in La Vendée we cannot pretend to say. Napoleon there had been as ruthless in his way as the "blues; he had ordered that every family which could not prove that all its members were at home and quiet should lose its property, this being divided between the "good subjects" and the occupying troops. Nor can we understand how the Southern peasants should have welcomed the nephew when they had hated the uncle. It was against them chiefly that the odious garnisaires had to be employed; and we all know how they showed their feeling in 1814 by several times nearly tearing the Emperor to pieces when he was on the way to Elba, frightening him so that he disguised himself as an English officer.

North eastern France was Bonapartist because it was anti-Prussian, and the Emperor had thoroughly humiliated Prussia. For this special hatred of Prussia there is ample reason. The Prussian character is not lovable; even at the best it is singularly domineering and cantankerous; and during the invasions of French territory (not to speak of the bloodthirsty pursuit after Waterloo) the Prussians had shown themselves (as unhappily they too often have during this war)* worse than Cossacks. This special hatred of Prussians comes out continually in the Erckmann-Châtrian series. The contrast between the bitterness with which the fights at Ligny and Wavre and the final conflict at Waterloo are described is remarkable;

Witness the cruel exactions, at Compiègne (Pall Mall Gazette, 11th March) and elsewhere, during the armistice and after the conclusion of peace.

it may almost be said to be prophetic of the merciless way in which too much of the fighting has been carried on within the past few months. "No quarter" is the word on both French and Prussian side; and scornful hatred lurks in every phrase of the graphic account of those savage conflicts which at last left the French nominally victorious. The English, on the other hand, are "jolly fellows, well shaved, and with the get-up of bons bourgeois." We do not think that, even before the Crimean war, French mothers ever taught their children to hate us; whereas, mon fils tu haïras les Prussiens, was a daily lesson among the peasants of the Northeast.*

To account for the Napoleonism of the peasants in other parts, we must add to the feeling that Napoleon had glorified France, on the part of those who (we said) were only too ready to forget how he had also humiliated and ruined her, the persistent dread of the spectre rouge on the part of the vast class of little landowners, and thirdly, the influence of the priests. Both these had been made use of by the uncle. Whenever he wanted an excuse for despotism, he always got up a Jacobin plot. This was the pretence for that famous 18th Brumaire, by which "model and prototype of all coups d'état," as M. Barni calls it, he destroyed the constitution which he had sworn to de-

When, as First Consul, he arrested a number of those who remained true to the Republic—among them Jourdain, the hero of Fleurus—and threatened to banish them to Cayenne, the pretext was "the infernal machine" (very probably "got up," like so many more recent conspiracies), which was denounced as a Jacobin invention. Jacobinism was his apology for forming (at the beginning of the Empire) eight State prisons, and for exercising the most rigorous censorship both of the press and of the stage.

How the priests helped him may be judged from the amusingly profane addresses made to him on his accession to empire by the different bishops. The Bishop of Aix wrote: "Like another Moses, Napoleon has been summoned by God from the deserts of Egypt." "God seems to have said (wrote the Bishop of Orleans), 'My heart hath chosen a new ruler to rule My people; My almighty arm shall help him in his glorious work, and I will strengthen his throne. He shall reign over the seas, and the rivers shall become his servants." In the eyes of other bishops and capitular bodies the new emperor is "another Mattathias sent by the Lord," "a new Cyrus," "Scripture hath given us, in the reign of Jehoshaphat, a prophetic outline of his reign." This, the fitting reward of the Concordat, was the incense offered up by a servile clergy on the eve of his coronation; and it matches well with the Catechism, published by authority, and in use in all French churches in 1811.* After repeated injunctions as to the special duty of reverence for the Emperor and his house, the question is asked, "Are there not yet other motives to bind us strongly to our Emperor?"-"Yes; for it is he whom God raised up in troublous times to re-establish the public worship of the holy religion of our fathers and to be its protector. He has restored and preserved public order by his profound and energetic wisdom; he defends the State by his powerful arm; he is become the anointed of the Lord by the consecration which he has received from the Sovereign Pontiff, chief of the Universal Church."

How the Pope, of whose meanly cruel treatment by Napoleon the Count d'Haus-

^{*} The hatred is reciprocated. Germany does not forget French occupation. An eminent German remarked to us the other day that more than a dozen Prussian towns are still paying the interest of the money borrowed to pay the first Napoleon's exactions. He remarked, too, on the cruelties which the French practised; and said that Germany remembers Davoust at Hamburg, and his turning out 26,000 people on New Year's day to perish in the cold, because they could not show that they had a sufficient stock of siege provisions.

^{*} Yet the clergy, as might be predicted from the fulsomeness of their homage, only flattered Napoleon for their own ends. They soon showed their ingratitude. Pradt, Archbishop of Mechlin, invented the epithet, *Jupiter-Scapin*. Talleyrand did his best to pull down the falling Empire. The peasantry whom they had taught were less fickle.

[†] A curiosity in the history of catechisms is that in use in Spain while Napoleon was extolled as God's image on earth in the neighboring country. Therein young Spaniards were taught as follows: "Tell me, my child, who are you?"—""A Spaniard, by the grace of God." "Who is the enemy of our happiness?"—"The Emperor of the French." "How many natures hath he?"—"Two; the human and the diabolical."—Mignet, vol. ii. 336.

sonville gave such a graphic account in the Revue des Deux Mondes of two years ago, really felt on the subject, we need not inquire; with Napoleon the case was simple enough: "he wanted a clergy (says Madame de Staël) as he wanted chamberlains and courtiers, and all the old things over again." As for his being the restorer of religion, no praise was ever less merited; he told Cabanis: "This concordat of ours is la vaccine de la religion; in fifty years it will have killed it out like a moral small-pox." On the other hand, before the Concordat was signed there was full liberty of worship, and nearly eight millions of people were in full practice of Catholicism. His Concordat was needless, except for his own purposes; at the outset, indeed, the Assembly had borne heavily on the clergy: to force them to take oaths and then to persecute those who refused was to show an ignorance of the first principles of toleration; and one of the few things which we have to find fault with in MM. Erckmann-Châtrian's excellent novels is the way in which the "refractory priests" are spoken of, and in which the harsh treatment they underwent is justified, because they disturbed the peace of families, and intrigued for "royalist restoration." by the Constitution of the year III. Church and State had been separated, and freedom of worship restored to every one. There was no need, therefore, for any effort on Napoleon's part to secure what the Constitution had already secured; he was, as usual, working simply for himself: "I did not despair" (he writes from St. Helena) "of sooner or later getting full control of the Pope; and then what a lever for moving the world, what a help towards keeping men's minds in hand!"

With the Pope and the Italian clergy, indeed, Napoleon never had the least success; but in France the large salaries which he gave to the bishops produced the effect he anticipated; and at last, even in La Vendée, a good deal of the old feeling died out. The noblesse of course still spoke of him as a mere locum tenens: for them he was always "the General Bonaparte, Lieutenant-in-Chief of the Forces of his Majesty King Louis XVII." But the peasantry were gradually taught to accept him as the friend of religion, and not simply as a temporary police magistrate who was necessary to keep down their

hated enemies the "Reds." Of this his nephew reaped the reward, and he moreover was able to come forward as the defender of the Papacy under circumstances in which his conduct gratified not only the peasants, but every sincere Romanist in France, while it caused one more breach in the already divided Republican camp. If the occupation of Rome was actually initiated by honest Republicans, they never (not even when they made Louis Napoleon Prince-President) were guilty of a more fatal mistake. They shared the reward of all trimmers; supporting "order" at the expense of principle, they lost the confidence of the best men of their party; while the Prince-President, assuming to be the champion of that "order" which after all they had only defended with half-heartedness, gained all the credit of the act, and won thereby the support of the Ultramontanists. Of this support his subsequent vacillation could not deprive him, because the Ultramontanes were sure that, whatever he might do in other countries, in France he would not relax those fetters which the Papacy finds so essential in securing the acceptance of its newly formulated dogmas and repressive encyclicals. When we say this, we by no means assert that the ex-Emperor had the full confidence of the clergy: that confidence it is not the policy of Rome to accord to any one. Now again, as in 1848, she has shown that on occasion she can be as revolutionary as Garibaldi himself, if there is an end to be gained by being so. Napoleon is lost; despite the ridiculous outcry of London imperialist papers like La Situation, his cause is hopeless; therefore Rome hastens to give him up, and to affirm that he is rightly punished for having supported Victor Emmanuel. But so long as he was a power in Europe, he received support enough to keep him popular among the priest-ridden classes, because he was less dangerous than those who would be sure to succeed him. A Republican government would without doubt have given up the Roman occupation; while the Orleanists, who would come to the surface if the Republic failed, are, as the real friends of religious liberty, the most unacceptable of all to the Ultramontane party. Guizot, the Orleanist statesman par excellence, ventured to doubt whether it is not an abuse of tolelation to allow full scope to such irreconcilable foes to liberty as the Jesuits; therefore it was better to uphold Napoleon, and to trust to the influence of the Empress, rather than to provoke a change which was sure to be for the worse.

But we have said enough to account somewhat for the growth of the Napoleonic idea, after the first Emperor had done his best by the failures, and still more by the littleness of his later years to crush it.

France, moreover, had been humiliated in 1815, and Louis Philippe kept her at peace without giving an outlet for enterprise in foreign colonization. If Algeria had been less of a mere military settle-ment; or if, instead of Algeria, France had laid hold of a colony better suited for Furopeans to thrive in, the Orleans line might still have been on the throne. But the nation was slow to realize the amount of waste which had accompanied the wars of the Empire. France did not like to keep quiet and repair the ugly gaps left in her prosperity; she wanted to make a grand figure before the world. Louis Philippe thought that by combined repression and corruption he could check this restlessness; and so he, a constitutional king, was led into a career of unconstitutional conduct—the proximate, though not the remote, cause of the revolution of

The facilis descensus from a republic to a despotism was seldom more inevitable than amid the chaos of parties which succeeded the Provisional Government. France wanted prestige: who more likely to give it to her than the nephew of the man who won Jena and Austerlitz? France wanted protection against the "Reds," "the enemies of order and property:" surely the very man to secure this to her was I homme providentiel, who could sway the army as one man, and who, though he professed to believe in universal suffrage, and to have a high regard for the working man, was known to be hand in glove with the great financiers and capitalists? As Victor Hugo puts it in his little history of the coup d'état, "tous les hommes du passé, depuis tel banquier juif qui se sentait un peu Catholique jusqu'à tel évêque qui se sentait un peu juif," all combined to work up the Napoleonic idea, and to induce the masses to accept what was the best government for stock-jobbers and Court tailors and highly paid functionaries of all sorts. It was the Nemesis of 1793 which produced the coup d'état

of December 1851: but for the recollection of the Reign of Terror, of that wild carnival of cruelty and rapine, such an outrage would have been impossible. Men of substance argued that what had been might be again; and therefore they threw in their lot with the saviour of society, even while they abhorred the means which he employed for its salvation. National susceptibility, then, and a half unconscious desire to wipe off old scores, combined with Popish influence and the dread of the "Reds," helped to give tangibility to this long-cherished Napoleonic idea, by bringing about the second Empire.

A few words, now, on the causes and the history of its decay. These, as usual in political and social matters, are complex and seemingly conflicting. First, those who looked for prestige were not satisfied with the declaration, l'Empire d'est la paix, even explained away though it was by the many wars undertaken in the last twenty years. France fighting side by side with England in the Crimea and in China, was not the same as France carrying her eagles into almost every European This feeling forced on the war capital. which resulted in the sudden peace of Villafranca—the suddenness of which peace proved (to the French Emperor's detractors) that Magenta and Solferino were not such very decided victories, after It always seemed in Napoleon III.'s undertakings, that he was stopped at a certain point, just as if he had not really been the master of France, but was only free to use her resources within the range of his tether. This may be due to the financial complications in which he and his creatures were always mixed up, or to that indecision of character which, while it gave him for a time a reputation for profound wisdom, did him immense harm by making men suspect him of deep plotting when he was simply at a loss how to reconcile conflicting ideas, and by exciting profound distrust on occasions where pity would have been the more appropriate feeling. Herein he paid the penalty (almost always exacted in all ranks of life) of seeing both The notion which couples moral obliquity with crookedness of vision is confined to the vulgar; but comparatively few can can avoid distrusting the mental power of looking at once in several directions. The ex-Emperor had his English experience; his political education was

far in advance of that of most of his subjects; he saw the weak points of each party, and saw too how each drew strength from the amount of truth which it had grasped. Could he have lived as president of a republic in which all these elements should have had free scope, France might have thriven morally during the last nineteen years, as much as she has thriven materially. But the French character, no less than his own designs, forbade this. Frenchmen cannot bear to "give and take;" their logique shows itself by forcing them into the streets to battle for their cause as soon as there is the feeblest chance of success; and, above all, his aim was, not to give France the best government, but to keep himself by all means at her head. Hence lying and repression became his instruments. party was played off against another. The prolétaires, kept in good humor by the Hausmannizing, not of Paris only, but of half the French cities, were told that the Emperor was really their friend; and so long as they got panem et circenses they seem pretty generally to have believed it. The parti pretre was petted at home; and the control which the clergy was allowed to have over education more than compensated for the cutting off of the Romagna. The moneyed class, and all the crowd of little rentiers, who are almost forced to accept the existing order of things, saw by the vast growth of public credit and by the steady price of public securities, that the Empire was the millennium of men of means. The army, petted and spoiled, was full of dislike for civilians, and of chauvinist contempt for foreigners. The literary class alone feebly kept up the struggle; and its protest against the dictum "la France c'est moi," was chiefly confined to such far-fetched allusion as we find in "Labiénus" and in the "leaders" of the Revue des Deux Mondes. The French are brave; but those who did not accept the Empire were cowed by the coup d'état; and in such circumstances they are of all people the most patient under what they have come to believe inevitable.

But, though nothing was done, much was felt, and the mistakes and disappointments of later years soon brought the feeling to the surface. From the very first, nothing but the coup d'état had thoroughly succeeded. The Crimean war ended too

soon; it failed in its main object, that of crippling Russia, and it was from the out set distasteful to a large party because it drew France so close to England. The Austrian war wanted the dash and vigor of Marengo; and the Mexican campaign (so opposed by Thiers in 1864) showed that the ruler of France was afraid to move when the United States bade him stand still. Meanwhile Poland had been twice given up-and Poland is very dear to a large section of the French; the Confederate States had been abandoned, and Denmark had been left unhelped to the tender mercy of Prussia and Austria. Military prestige had gone, despite the numbers and the ruinous cost of the army. All the while the occupation of Rome was a standing outrage on the feelings of the most thinking part of the nation; and, combined with it, by that strange inconsistency which marks all Napoleonic procedure, the creation of the kingdom of Italy alienated the Ultramontanes, and set them plotting, after their fashion, against the man whom it was still their interest outwardly to support.

Herein uncle and nephew are thoroughly at one. Both Lanfrey and the author of the "Romans nationaux" remind us how constantly the first Napoleon displayed a cynical disregard for men's feelings, without apparently seeing that thereby he was giving irreparable offence. He looked on men as reasoning machines, and quite left out of account all the sentimental springs of action. Those whom he needlessly insulted would, he thought, recognize both his power to crush and also to benefit them, and therefore they would be his obedient servants. Such was the state of the Continent that he was scarcely disabused of this notion till he undertook to govern Spain. Italy submitted to exactions more galling though less ruinous than those which the Germans have been making upon France. Germany, thoroughly dissatisfied with its own serene highnesses and archdukes, and looking upon Napoleon as the true successor of Hoche and Moreau, and the others who had spread republican ideas through the Fatherland, was content to bear a great deal before she showed any signs of anger. Spain certainly set Continental Europe an example in this. Napoleon might prove beyond dispute that under his tutelage she would soon rise rapidly in position and wealth; but Spain had been cruelly outraged by the treatment to which her people as well as her royal family had been subjected; and Spain cared not a jot for either position or wealth compared with a successful revolt against French occupation. We know how wholly, in dealing with individuals, the uncle left the power of personal feelings out of account; the nephew, rarely forgetting this in regard to the individual, forgot it when dealing with classes. To the clergy, for instance, he said, "Italy must be reconstituted, and to that end the Pope must give up the Romagna and the Marches. You shall have our troops still in Rome, and I will arrange that you may control French education pretty much as you please." The clergy, accepting what he gave, never even pretended to be grateful for the boon; they never forgave the "spoliation of the Church;" and thus the ex-Emperor's conduct, as usual, displeased both parties, and deprived him of any support except what it was manifestly men's interest to give him.

Then came the dread of Prussia, and the sudden attempt (almost as bad as deploying under fire) to reorganize that army for which so much money had been drawn that had really been expended on other objects. The severer conscription made the peasants restless; and the plébiscite was called for much in that spirit of distrust which set David numbering the people. When it was found that a considerable percentage of the army had voted the wrong way, it was felt that the pyramid, hitherto propped up on its small end by bayonets, was tottering; and the war, of which we have lately seen the sad issue, was hurried on as the sole chance of retrieving the fortunes of the dynasty.

It is not our business to gauge the complicity of the French people in the affair of Benedetti and Gramont.* France, as we said, showed herself culpably passive; Paris, say the French "irreconcilables," was culpably complaisant. We may be thankful that here in England we have not for centuries seen twenty years of such a debasing system as that which made Paris what it was till it was purified in the furnace of affliction. We fancy

that the reaction against the despotism of the capital will be very strong. There is far more independent life left than most people imagine in the French provincial cities, far more than in our large towns; and they were increasingly indignant at the pre-eminence which the imperial system gave to Paris in everything. This exaltation of Paris is natural in a dynasty which has no roots in France itself. Paris had proved herself in 1790 capable of taking the lead and giving the law to all France; Paris, therefore, must be kept strong in order that all France might be of one mind. How different from the days of Henry IV., or of any of the old race! To the Corsican intruder the peasant of Beauce was just the same as the peasant of the Bourbonnais-merely a fighting machine. Hence the real depression of the provinces, despite of some exceptional improvements in Brittany and in the landes of the Gironde. The first Napoleon's levies so reduced the relative strength of the country districts that Paris, in his time, gained a position which she has ever since held. Whatever form of government she chose, the provinces echoed her choice. Disliking her, they still never thought of shaking off her yoke. That Paris, befooled by Béranger, by chauvinism, and by the popular fiction of imperialism, should have chosen such a President as she did, is a strange comment on all the bombastic nonsense which Victor Hugo talks about Paris-cerveau-Paris, the brain of the world. Paris now, conscious of her degradation, is avenging herself by heaping all sorts of abuse on the man of her choice—"the phlegmatic perjurer," "the silent Tartuffe," as M. Leclercq calls him. But the choice was hers, and the degradation which resulted from the years of personal rule followed with peculiar rapidity owing to a want in the French character. The most "logical" of nations is indeed terribly consistent; it always seems to want that happy power of stopping short before things have gone so far as to make a catastrophe inevitable.

The last years of the late emperor's reign were morally unhealthy beyond the average of the most immoral times since the Reformation. It is not that people were worse in their conduct: they were more cynical. They had got to laugh at everything, to despise all sanctions—even

^{*} Scrutator has tried to prove that it was really *Prussia*, and not *France*, which made war inevitable.

those shadowy ones which the first revolution substituted for the sanctions of religion. The years in which Cora Pearl and the rest of the demi-monde were arbiters of fashion, in which Thérèse was the pet of drawing rooms, and the younger Dumas the popular littérateur, saw the extinction of much that was noble in France, for they witnessed what we may call the apotheosis of epicureanism. Paris seemed to have lost all moral sense since the time that its government had ceased to have any. The efforts of Parisian talent resulted in nothing but ill-digested and unwholesome works. The upper classes did as the Court did-that crew of wholesale stock-jobbers, like the Duke of Morny, among whom, one who was a strange mixture of reckless extravagance and gross bigotry presided as mistress of the revels. The masses were sunk in ignorance, and lived a life-those Paris ouvriers who have so often taken in hand to regenerate the world-which it would terrify the average English workman to contemplate. The middle class, the Famille Benoîton of the play, vegetated, made money, and reasoned on false premises. It was Babylon over again, as poor Prévost-Paradol styles it. Tongue-tied on all high subjects, the Parisians flung themselves with mad delight upon that class of ideas which soon brings thought down to its lowest level. "Make money, never mind how, and live simply to gratify your meanest instincts," that was everybody's maxim leur esprit s'etait abûtardi.

At the same time Paris still asserted that superiority over all the rest of the world which her writers had first claimed when they began to write up the first empire. Her writers kept on blowing one another's trumpets, and crying out that theirs was the great nation, and that to the people among whom primary education is more deficient than even in Spain was intrusted the mission of indoctrinating Europe with ideas. Grossly ignorant of their own shortcomings, the French were, last July, quite incapable of forming a fair estimate of any other nation. Because Napoleon III. had always managed to mystify his people as to what he was going to do, therefore they fancied he had mystified Europe. Because he had met Bismarck at Biarritz, and had been always fond of personal conference with princes, therefore they dreamed of Tilsit

over again, and refused to see that on every point their master was either outwitted or else over mastered by other statesmen. All the follies which come of boasting, of contempt for one's adversary, of unmeasured self-esteem, of confidence in one's power of doing anything in any line whatever, seemed to have burst out into monstrous growth in the Paris of last July. M. Leclercq collects chronologically the choice passages from the Figaro, the Gaulois, &c., which show the feeling of those who claimed to be the leaders of thought; and surely nothing better than such a collection can justify the almost universal dislike to France which was felt at the beginning of the war. Belgian as he is, he knows how bad the supremacy of Paris has been for Brussels, her little imitator, and he hopes that this supremacy is gone never to be restored. In this hope he gives us page after page of blatant absurdity, of grotesque and childish rant, of transparent falsehood, from the inaugural "leader" in the Figaro down to the wild dithyramb which Victor Hugo published when he entered Paris after the 4th September.

It is worth while to quote a few sentences from Figare of the 17th July:

" Drums beat, trumpets sound—it is war.

"France, France, righteous land, hospitable land, noble people; always thou shalt be first among the first. . thy name is LEGION!

"The cannon makes the pavement of the big city ring with a dull sound . . Make way for the cannon, and hats off! It is going to clear a passage for civilization and humanity.

"These Prussians, too, have said that you were drawing back! France drawing back; 'tis like the sun standing still. And who is this new Joshua who shall make the sun of France stand still! Moltke, perhaps!"

And the "leader" (what an abuse of the word) winds up with a prayer "to the God who has said that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword, and who ordains that liberty's furrows should be bloodwatered, since no otherwise can the germ of freedom be developed." Many have been offended during the war with the tone of Emperor William's telegrams; but even the Standard must confess that they are infinitely preferable to the blasphemous hiccoughings of the Figure.

The strangest part of it, perhaps, is the monstrous lying; Austria (we are told) is thirsting for revenge :- "The Austrian aristocracy is wild about the insolence of these Brandenburg margraves, these parvenu princes" (the appropriateness of the epithet from a Bonaparte of a Hohenzöllern deserves remark) 'Frankfort has shut all its shops, and its trade won't recover the shock for many years. . Prussia has withdrawn all the ablebodied men out of Hanover for fear of an outbreak." The truth being that, except a portion of the highest class, and a very few of the lowest, the whole Hanoverian population went in heart and soul for German Unity.

This incredible ignorance of other nations is matched by an equal ignorance of the French army and its belongings :-'War can bring us no annoying surprises, for we have the most marvellous body of éclaireurs in Europe,' is an assertion repeated over and over again towards the end of last July, at a time when the Uhlans were already beginning to show what they were capable of, and when French officers were finding out that they had nothing provided in the way of maps, except out-of-date plans of East Prussian The absurd vanity which fortresses. could write in this way when the Prussians were showing that they knew every inch of French soil, is only equalled by the craven way in which Figaro's readers gave in whenever Prussian audacity, backed by Prussian knowledge of their country, enabled Uhlans or regulars to make a dash. The Cornhill tale, " How the Prussians took Mousseux-les-Caves" (under the guidance of a sub-lieutenant who had been clerk to a wine-merchant there), is a story which has been acted out to the letter, not once, but fifty times, to the confusion of those who were boasting all the while about their "admirable corps d'éclaireurs." The boasting was about as well-grounded as that which, a fortnight later, declared that of Prince Frederick Charles's army nothing was left but the remnants, and that the whole corps of Bismarck's white cuirassiers had been cut off to a man.

The companion piece to all this senseless exaggeration, encouraged, we must remember, and endorsed by the highest authority—first by the Emperor himself and then by Count Palikao—is Victor Hugo's

dithyramb aforesaid. It appeared in the Electeur Libre of 3d October, and surpasses anything which Walt Whitman, in his wildest moments, ever dreamt of:—

"We are but one Frenchman, but one Parisian, but one single heart; there is but one citizen left, 'tis you, 'tis I, 'tis all of us. Where the heart is, there will be our breasts to make a barrier.

"Resistance to day, deliverance to-morrow: that sums up everything. We are no more flesh, but stone. I don't know my own name any more, I am called, 'Country, forward on the foe!' We are all called 'France, Paris, stand like a wall.'...

"The Pantheon wonders what it can do to make room beneath its dome for all this people who have a right to lie there. . . . Each time the shells fall, and the grape-shot roars, what see we in our streets? women tripping by with a smile. O Paris, thou hast crowned the Statue of Strasburg with flowers; history will crown thee with stars!"

It is hard for sober Englishmen to imagine a people delighting in edicts penned in that style, as it is for us to read without disgust any two consecutive pages of *L'homme qui rit*. Hugo's latest novel is well matched by his latest political utterances.

One encouraging sign is, that Paris journalism grows ashamed of itself: the lies, indeed, continue to the last: insincerity seems (since the First Napoleon's time) to have become inseparable from French bulletins; but the Siècle of the middle of November, proves what a change had come on:—

"It is esprit which has ruined France; the esprit, we mean, of the boulevards, that esprit nine-tenths of which are made up of puns and jokes, of scepticism, of blague, and of which the remaining tenth is boastful nonsense and absurd lies. So long as the Figaro, Paris Journal, Gaulois, and all the rest keep up above the circulation of 500, which would suffice for the comic actors and actresses who ought to be their only readers, there is no hope of seeing France recover herself. Men talk with scorn of the Greeks of the lower empire who were arguing about the kind of light which shone on Mount Tabor, while Mahomet II. was breaching their walls. But these Greeks were eagles compared with our boulevardiers. discussed a theologico-physical question, wild and absurd, no doubt, but still showing a capacity for lofty thought; our spirituel newspapers discuss the scandals which they rake up out of the moral sewers of the capital. If the present war ends without having killed, not scotched, this esprit

M. Leclercq's comment on this is :-

"If we, whom the second Empire has so poisoned through its infamous press, have not energy enough to make a reaction against Parisian manners and Parisian esprit, we shall fall as low as our neighbors, and shall soon imbibe that scorn of truth and reason which they have shown."

This, from a Belgian, is at least as humiliating to Paris as any of the Prussian vic-

From politics, as from warlike criticism, M. Leclercq abstains almost wholly: of course, he cannot help wondering at Bazaine's behavior at Metz; as we heard it lately expressed by a great English financier, unable, like most financiers, to help liking the Emperor after all :- "I won't say Bazaine was a traitor; that is not quite fair upon him. But I will say that he thought more of his government than he did of France. He might have prevented the investment of Paris, there is not a doubt of it." The decay of the Napoleonic idea is put in a startling light, when we reflect that Bazaine was, before the end of last September, almost the only Imperialist in France. Paris, which had been so delighted at the prospect of glory as to forget all about the coup d'état, went round as one man. In fact, Sedan was hurried on because Paris could not be trusted: there was no sincerity in the ex-Emperor's professions and concessions. The Parisians knew that, and though they had been ready enough to shout against the Prussians, they were only waiting for their opportunity to get rid of their own ruler. It is the old story of a house divided against itself. The poor men were mowed down at Sedan by shells from such a distance that they could not see whence they were fired, simply because it was "useless" for Napoleon to go to Paris. The idea of really honestly trusting to the country, and giving pledges for future conduct, never presented itself as possible in 1870 any more than in 1814 and 1815.

On one point M. Leclercq finds just fault with the Republican government: they decreed a second expulsion of Germans from Paris, and they vowed, not only never to yield an inch of French soil, fortresses :- " As to the soil (says our author), let the inhabitants decide; but the

boulevardier, peace will be no use, it will be offer to dismantle Metz and Strasburg, nothing but a halt in the mire." offer to dismantle Metz and Strasburg, and, above all, the little fortresses which have so long wished to be made open towns, would at once have set them right with all the noblest minds in Europe: to act as they did was to play into the hands of the King of Prussia." But M. Leclercq is somewhat of a peace-at-any-price man.

He is a prophet, too, and delights in the thought that France, before long, will be a federation, like the United States. Its provinces will then (he says) resume their old importance—" the life now heaped up in Paris will be spread abroad where it is needed." Paris, no doubt, has done nobly, and there is, after all, a good side to her character. He is as little desirous as we are to deny this; but, then, the fault was mainly hers. Had she last autumn stood firmly by the Republican party, instead of falling so readily and blindly into the trap which Louis Napoleon laid for her, war would have been impossible. She enabled the Emperor to begin; and then, by her fickle restlessness, she hampered his movements and forced him to fight, as it were, with one hand tied Instead of Hugo's Paris-cerveau, M. Leclercq calls her Paris - spectacle, Paris-plaisir, Paris-panache, and he sees no future for France except in her humiliation : il faut trépaner (he says) le cerveau de la France.

The Papiers Secrets need not occupy us long; they were hardly worth the trouble of unearthing. The Government of National Defence might surely have found better work for men like De Kératry, Lavertujon, and Cochut than to be rummaging among the rubbish found at the Tuileries, at St. Cloud, and at Meudon. If they had so destroyed the environs of Paris as to prevent the Prussians from finding shelter; if they had (as common sense would have dictated) fortified Versailles, connecting it with the enceinte by a strong military line, and used their abundant labor to make the works impregnable, it would have been far better than to have wasted precious time in docketing papers which are certainly disappointing. They reveal nothing, for we already knew that the Empire was based upon corruption and espionnage; and all they do is to enable the curious reader to but never to raze a stone of one of her follow the ramifications of this imperial system into unsuspected corners.

Thus, at the outset, we have a letter

from the Empress en route for Suez, which shows her grammar and orthography as much at fault as those of the fine ladies of Queen Anne's time, and which is sadly like what Henrietta of France might have written to Charles I.:—

"Plus on aura besoin de force plus tard, et plus il sera nécessaire de prouver au pays q'on a des idées et non des expédients." "Amuse-toi" (is her advice to her husband); "il faut se refaire un moral, comme on se refait une constitution affaiblie, et une idée constante finie (sie) par user le cerveau le mieux organisé."

Altogether, Eugenie does not come off badly in the published correspondence.

Of the chapter on Napoleon's mistresses we need say nothing except that it will disappoint the prurient reader. Marguerite Bellanger, who first fathered a son on him, and then (after being managed by the président du cour, poor M. Devienne) confessed she had cheated him, and Miss Howard, are the only two who come to the front; the latter, by the way, appears to have received in the course of two years five and a half millions of francs-good interest for having paid "the Prince's" debts when he was in England. It is unsafe to state anything about the ex-Emperor's private property. The "facts" have been contradicted and re-asserted; but there they are, in this little pamphlet, with full details, sixty-three millions of francs, including the accounts with Baring of London, with Kindlet of Vienna, with Funder and Plitz of St. Petersburg, with Berg von Dussen of Amsterdam, and Jecker in Mexico, and Brown Brothers of New York. What he had in the French funds the author, of course, professes himself unable to tell; but en revanche he gives (in the chapter headed ce que coùtaient les impérialists) the whole of the enormous civil list, a great deal of which was (as is proved by marginal notes on the documents) paid by the Emperor over and above the allowance, without the intervention of the Ministry.

We all know how persistently Pierre Bonaparte begged for money, and how recklessly money was wasted on affairs like the Prince Imperial's baptism, but the amount expended per month on men like Baron Jérome David, M. Granier de Cassagnac, and others of the "vendus" is prodigious; and we are told that of the actual total we can form no notion, the

usual plan of payment having been one which may be recommended to our own "man in the moon"—a trusty go-between used to breathe on the glass of the office door, and then write with his finger the sum which he was authorized to draw, whereupon it was paid without question.

Of the Cabinet Noir, where letters were opened, according to a system adopted in France at any rate since Louis XIV.'s day, we have all heard a good deal. The actual letter stealers were certain concierges with whom postmen were instructed to leave all letters addressed to certain persons. These letters were then carried off to M. Saintonier, 18 Rue Les Cases, who opened them, had them copied, if necessary, and, if possible, returned them in time for the next delivery. the copies found is a remarkable letter from Ducrot, at Strasburg, to Trochu, dated 1st December, 1866, setting forth the dangerous state of feeling in Germany, and pointing out that Prussia can get ready 600,000 men and 1,200 guns far sooner than France can muster half the number. Ducrot animadverts severely on the "stupid vanity" which makes his countrymen think they can choose their own time, and get their Great Exhibition well over before they begin. He says, too, that the frontier swarms with Prussian agents, and that the feeling between the Moselle and the Vosges is far less French than people fancy:

"They are sons and grandsons of the men who in 1815 petitioned the Holy Alliance that Alsace might be re-united to Germany. ... The Prussians are working here just as I am told they did in Bohemia three months before their war with Austria began."

Surely the Emperor was warned; and that, in spite of all warnings, he should have acted as he did, justifies as well as explains the scorn which all parties alike have manifested for him.

These papers, in fact, remind us that imperialism was based on surveillance publique, on a spy system so vast as to embrace lists of all the "dangerous men," of whatever views, throughout the Empire. The prop of this system was the terrible power of arbitrary arrest given to all prefects by the 10th article of the Criminal Code. How the nation which boasts of being exceptionally logique reconciles such an article with the principles of 1789 we cannot imagine; but it is clear that a

Government, resting on such a basis, could only stand by its prestige. At whatever cost, it was necessary last July "to do something," and at Sedan the ex-Emperor judged rightly that he had better fall into Prussian hands than trust to feelings which even his uncle had not ventured to rely on.

Persigny, according to the letters contained in the *Papiers Secrets*, was Louis Napoleon's Strafford. As late as December, 1867, he memorializes the Emperor at great length on the state of the nation, and exclaims against the folly of conces-

sions :--

"Your enemies" (says he), "under the pretence of setting up Parliamentary rule, are working your ruin. I see it in their every movement. I watch them, and note the bitterest hatred—hatred! and something more—showing itself in look, word, and gesture; and your Ministers bow down and humbly beg the Opposition to withdraw their motions. . . If your Majesty sees no harm in all this, it's no use my making plans to put out the fire that's burning up your house; but, anyhow, I can't go on with abstract studies amid such moral anarchy as this."

Persigny, at any rate, was faithful, and, we believe, felt proper scorn for the miserable policy which tried to secure the bourgeoisie by alarming them every now and then with sham plots. Except the Orsini and Pianori plots, and the Villette affair of last summer, all the plots were, we are told, hatched by Pietri and Lagrange. Thus Greco, who was condemned to life transportation in 1853, was let out one night from Mazas by M. Lagrange himself, lived for years in America on a pension of £250 a year, and then came back to Paris under a feigned name, and worked as a detective. The man, we read, is now in prison, and has made a full confession of his antecedents.

That Ollivier, at the end of 1869, was anxious to infuse new blood into the Imperial councils, and also to win over "the few men of talent between thirty and forty years of age who had not already been driven into the revolutionary ranks," is a proof that the Constitutional-Imperialist was more clearsighted than his enemies will admit. That the Empress, after Wörth, should have telegraphed to her husband not on any account to return to Paris, as she could not be an-

swerable for the consequences, shows a weakness of character which the admirers of Eugenie certainly did not anticipate.

These quotations from Paris newspapers and secret documents help to show why the Empire fell. It was unsound. However we may differ as to the amount of culpability shared by the French nation, or even by the Parisians, there is no doubt of the rottenness of the whole system. That it has been swept away is a gain for the world-a gain for France which will outweigh all her hopes, if only (in the words of the Siecle) the esprit boulevardier, the street-idler spirit, disappears along with the regime which fostered it; and if that hardness towards the poor, and indifference to their sufferings, which are too characteristic of the French wealthier classes, can be modified.

And now for a very few facts to show what a poor idol was the uncle of such a nephew. The three writers, Lanfrey, Barni, and Erckmann-Châtrian, have done more than any others to disabuse the French mind about Napoleonism. The cheap edition of Barni, from which the analysis and seriatim confutation of M. Thiers' books are omitted, has been immensely read; that such a book could be published in France in 1870 was a sign of the times quite as alarming to imperialists as the known disaffection of a part of the army. Besides these, Charras, Scherer, Quinet, and Eugene Pelletan had for years been working against the worship of which Thiers was so long the prophet, and had succeeded in proving to all thoughtful Frenchmen that Fichte and Channing were much nearer the truth than was the romancer who wrote the "Consulate and Empire."

Our remarks must necessarily be brief; but we would call especial attention to what M. Lanfrey tells about the early life of Napoleon: so much seems accounted for by such circumstances acting on such temperament. Corsica was passing through a crisis when he was a boy; his father, head of one of the most influential families, went over to the French side when he saw resistance was hopeless. The son, who began life an ardent patriot, cursed his father for not having shared Paoli's exile. The family, however, profited by his change of side. He himself, displaying that same skill in managing men, above all, Frenchmen, for which his

son was afterwards so remarkable, became the confidential adviser of the governor and his cabinet. His children were provided for on the different royal foundations then so common in France. Napoleon went to Brienne, and thence to Paris; the great poverty of his family, and the humiliating position in which he found himself among the cadets of noble houses, accustomed to spend money as recklessly at their military colleges as our boys nowadays do at Sandhurst, made him cynical. The references to his want of means are frequent in his early journals; but this consciousness of poverty did not deprive him of his keen power of observation. His journals are an admixture of practical shrewdness and of originality expressed in wild bombast. He soon took the measure of those with whom he was brought in contact, fathomed their weaknesses, and adroitly made use of them. Life in Paris in the days when young Bonaparte first went there must have been trying to a young man's faith. Bonaparte had been "finished" under the régime which was said to have existed par les femmes et pour les femmes; but before he was fully a man the old system was swept away, and Paris was a scene on which the most fantastic absurdities were enacted in the name of liberty. The selfish greed of the Republicans seems to have done more than anything else to make the young man a disbeliever in the grand phrases which he so freely used. His determination to act for himself comes out strikingly in his first Italian campaign, when by his happy boldness against Wurmser he had made the convention of Loeben inevitable. Throughout the preliminaries he behaved as an independent prince. He told the Directory what he was doing, and received their instructions, and from time to time acted upon them; but the only way in which he showed himself a faithful servant of the government was by putting money and art-treasures in their way. The greed which these Parisian deputies displayed was something incredible: and their young general encouraged them in it. He then told them that Italy was rich and able to pay; and the contributions which he levied-though trifling compared with the amounts of recent Prussian requisitions - were sufficiently grievous to drive the people of the Mi-

lanese to revolt. Leghorn, for instance, had to pay two million francs for the privilege of being protected against the English. How Venice was treated is well known. "The child of the revolution" betrayed that city to Austria as cynically as he afterwards crushed the Ligurian republic. "Give them (said he, writing of the Cornotes) plenty of about old Greece and liberty: it will please them, and it means nothing." He is always the same, pitiless in his scorn of that bavardage, to put a stop to which, he tells Menou that he was leaving Egypt. No success ever pleased him more than the way in which he fooled Sièyes, the man of ideas—making use of his reputation as a constitution-builder, and then showing "the head" that as soon as its work was done it must give way to the arm.

Lanfrey's account of the 18th Brumaire, when only two of the five directors, Gohier and Moulins, stood firm, and when the affair of the Orangerie consummated by force what had been begun by corruption, is exceedingly instructive. It shows how, out of such a chaos, the rise of the ablest man was inevitable. Had Napoleon been a Washington he would, of course, have risen for far other than selfish ends; he would at once have taken in hand the constitution of which he so well knew the defects, and would have perfected it. Even had he been a Cromwell, earnest and impressed with a really noble idea, he would have looked at home instead of abroad, and have proved that "the empire is peace." Being what he was, the successful military commander, with no rule of action except to make everything further his own advancement, he began by destroying representative life, and making even the judges his creatures, at the same time that he entered on that career of war in which he never paused save for short breathing-times. A true instinct told him that either the French must have bond fide freedom, or must be drawn away from politics by being kept always at war. He may have mistrusted his ability to play the part of Washington; or what he had seen of Frenchmen may well have made him doubt whether they would appreciate his self-denial. how, he never tried them; war became a necessity of his position; and to make war he did not shrink from so thoroughly

exhausting France that we may doubt if has nothing to hope if he falls into their she has suffered so much by this last clutches. That was the secret of Naporuinous war, and yet more ruinous peace, as she did by the long struggle which ended at Waterloo. The recklessness of last July was but a recognition by the nephew of the uncle's maxim, that "by war, and war only, can our position be kept safe."

Another point in common between uncle and nephew, is reckless expenditure; we do not sufficiently remember that, besides the conscription, the first Napoleon had the whole wealth of the nation under his personal control. He used it as the resources of the Second Empire have been used. The vast salaries of senators, the bribes, direct and indirect, the encouragement of a luxury which made large means essential-all this soon destroyed "the austere simplicity of the republic." "Il faut se montrer" was the phrase in every body's mouth, "for if we do not come forward as friends of things as they are, we shall have none of the prizes which are being so lavishly distributed." It was imperial Rome over

Such a system could not last; and the way in which France succumbed after Waterloo, while it does not exalt our opinion of French gratitude (for, after all, the first Napoleon had for years given France all that the mass of Frenchmen asked for), shows how inherently weak the strongest "tyranny" (in the Greek sense) must always be. Any one who wants a simple and natural account of how Napoleonism grew up out of the folly and corruption and strife of the republicans, and of the helpless disgust with which the mass of the nation submitted when they saw what Napoleonism really meant, should study the Erckmann-Châtrian series. We do not wonder that the writers should have been elected as deputies for the Meurthe and the Haut Rhin, so thoroughly do their books photograph life and thought in these most republican The peasant proprietor, departments. who has bought with his hard-earned savings a little patch of confiscated land, is as fiercely bent on keeping it as ever tigress was on defending her cubs. He is told that kings and nobles, creatures of of kings and nobles assures him that he on the part of their readers which would

leon's strength; he went forth as the soldier of the Republic, predestined to show Europe that it was hopeless to dream of restoring the émigrés. How the true Republicans, who formed the nucleus of his armies, got gradually depraved until they became the "dogs of war" of the Old Guard is wonderfully well set forth; and is, we fear, only too truly paralleled in this recent war, in which the moral deterioration of the German citizen-soldier has, like everything else, gone on at railroad pace.

The Erckmann-Châtrian novels have been compared with the Waverley series. We do not think the comparison a happy one. They do not aim at Sir Walter Scott's intricacy of plot; the stories are exceedingly simple, and the events (péripeties is the untranslateable word which best describes them) are unfolded historically, rather than after the manner of a romance; the human agent merely serves to string together a number of sketches from actual affairs. On the other hand, the Erckmann-Châtrian books show that rare power of accurate nature-painting which belongs almost wholly to very modern times, and which shines forth so conspicuously in our own George Eliot as well as in Dickens, and which among French writers is best seen, perhaps, in Georges Sand. Very different this from the landscape style of Scott, which has beauties of its own, but which differs from them much as a picture of Wilson, or Constable, or "old Crome" differs from one by Tenniel. In the "Romans Nationaux," too, there is a vast deal' more direct political teaching than "the author of Waverley" ever attempted. He no doubt had very strong views of his own; and he managed, strangely enough, to make a sentimental Jacobitism fashionable at the very time when "his most Sacred Majesty George IV." was visiting North Britain. He is answerable for several inversions of historical truth: he makes Balfour of Burley and his class contemptible, and throws a halo of glory around Claverhouse, like that with which Byron invests his Werterian villains. But he never directly teaches politics. The "Romans," on the contrary, do this in Pitt and Coburg, are sworn to wrest it almost every page. They assume, more-from him; and his previous experience over, an amount of political knowledge

be very unwisely assumed by any English novel-writer. The fact is, the average Frenchman does know his own history since '89 far better than most Englishmen know the tortuous politics of the Georgian era-knows it better because he takes a vastly more personal interest in it. For us, as Mr. Disraeli well pointed out, history from the Revolution to the Reform Bill is chiefly the record of the quarrels of a few "great houses;" to the Frenchman the earlier half of the eighteenth century is the time when his country was in the labor pangs of the strange, wild birth which was to follow; and the close of it is the fitful period in which the Revolution, surfeited with blood, sunk helplessly under the yoke of military despotism. No need to urge Frenchmen to do what her Majesty's inspectors have so often recommended in our elementary schools, to begin history at the modern end and work backwards. Our boys and our men prefer woad-stained Britons and the strife of Dane and Saxon to the Rockinghams and Walpoles, and even to the Pitts; but in France it is wholly different. Hence an amount of political knowledge in the country, for which we rarely give our neighbors credit. Your diligence-driver between Caen and Falaise will point out the Château Turgot, and will tell you all about the minister whose name it bears in a way which would have astonished any of the old mail-coachmen along the Western road, who knew, indeed, Burke's name in connection with High Wycombe, but who knew nothing but the name. This is one of the errors of "our own correspondent:" because Frenchmen have not that blatant freedom of speech to which he is used at English hustings, he writes home that they know little and care less about politics—and this of people who seldom hesitate, on occasion, to die for their opinions. Their peculiar way of managing things arises from their habit of looking to authority, of moving under pressure of a force majeure; they have not, and can form but a faint idea of, that English liberty which is in our air, which M. de Montalembert rused to call a bain de vie; but they have, generally speaking, historically at any rate, more political knowledge than we have.

This accounts for much in the "Romans" which, to the English reader, is wearying; they appeal to what he does not possess, a knowledge of the state of

parties from '89 downwards. Every one, however, must appreciate the way in which the rise of Napoleon is shown to have been due to the corruption, the gross corruption, as well as imbecility of the Directory. No wonder Bonaparte despised mankind, when such poor specimens -vain, self-seeking, blindly conceitedwere presented to him as the pick of republican France. Thus politics, as well as national character and habits (the habits, be it remembered, of that Alsace which is now to become the Ireland of Germany) are abundantly illustrated in these novels. We do not mean to analyze any of them, or to give samples which would be about as satisfactory as a single stone picked out of a Greek temple. The most touching of them is "Madame Therèse," which, showing as it does how heartily the Germans on the frontier sympathized with the ideas of which Hoche was the expounder, bears on the question, "How will the annexed districts get on under Junker rule?" Quiet Dr. Jacob, the hero of the story, is already so smitten with revolutionary ideas, that when he hears them commented on by the wounded vivandière whose life he had saved, he forgets that she is only the daughter of a village schoolmaster who had volunteered and had fallen, with his three sons, at Valmy, and, marrying her, joins Hoche as army surgeon. Men of this stamp abound on both sides of the Rhine; and to force Junkerism upon them would provoke a speedy break-up of the German empire. German optimists say that this danger is imaginary; acknowledging the disagreeable features in the Prussian character, they say that "Germany will open Prussia 'out.'" If not, trouble must ensue.

The "Blocus" is, perhaps, the most picturesque of the whole series. The old Jew who, despite his timidity and his hatred of war, gradually becomes an effective national guard, is admirably drawn; the details of the siege, the misery, the excitement, are told so differently from the half flippant, half bombastic manner of even the best of "our own correspondents." The old soldier who, churl as he is supposed to be, meets the Jew's kindness with still greater kindness, and who, long refusing to believe in the Emperor's abdication, shoots himself when the truth is forced upon him, is a finished picture of which any artist might

be proud. And the town thus immortalized is Phalsbourg, which henceforth is to be German. But we hope our readers will go to the books themselves: their appearance marks an era in novel-writing; it has done much more, for they are all novels with a purpose, and have been very powerful in pulling down the Napoleonic idol, in hastening the decay of the im-

perial idea.

The idol is overthrown; what will be reared in its place is doubtful. Political wisdom is not to be learned in six months, no matter how sternly its lessons may be enforced. The France which accepted Louis Napoleon, which gloried in the absurd boast, "When France is satisfied the world is at rest," which suffered itself to be kept in leading-strings for twenty years, giving full control over its wealth, its resources, its foreign and domestic policy, to an unscrupulous adventurer and his stock-jobbing associates, is not likely to rise at once to the dignity of a free people. "Unstable as water" has hitherto been the curse of France's efforts at free government. The mission she has chosen has been to teach ideas to others, not to work them out practically for herself. When we read in old files of the approving Times of the revels at Compiègne, the luxury, the extravagance, we are reminded of the answer made to the first Napoleon, when he asked, "Have I not got back the old system in toto?" "Yes, but you forget that two million Frenchmen died to root out that old system; and you can't bring them to life again."

Why is France, as a whole, sick of "ideas"? Why, although they could dance round the statue of Strasburg when they ought to have been making peace and husbanding their strength for by-and-by, were the besieged Parisians incapable of any serious effort? Why was Trochu paralyzed by the fear of Blanqui? And why should Bourbaki's wretched army have behaved so differently from that of Hoche, which was equally shoeless, and almost as much in want of everything, and which its enthusiastic leader kept at fighting point by allowing no tents during the bitterest winter that had been known for years? Man for man, Germans have always been superior to the French; to succeed, these last must move in masses welded together by one overmastering idea. They had no idea, no union, last

year. Will this terrible lesson give them that unity of sentiment which Germany, since 1808, has been gradually feeling after, and has only just attained? Let us hope that sad experience may, at any rate, teach them the insufficiency of the very grandest of all merely human ideals. The noble thoughts of the "Marseillaise"—

"Nous entrerons dans la carrière quand nous aînés ne seront plus, Nous y trouverous leur poussière et la trace de leur vertus."

led to the brutal Carmagnole and the sickening excesses of the Terror, because, though noble, they were not sanctified. The sickness that comes from aiming at too much brought on a reaction which has lasted ever since; and the fact that Romanism is the hereditary religion of the French masses increases the difficulty of hearty national union. No earnest political reformer can ever look on the priests as more than temporary allies; no ultramontane can ever be an honest Republican.

What may come if Rome changes in the direction indicated by the Abbé (so he styled himself) and now lately by Père Hyacinthe, we cannot say; anyhow, such changes must be slow. At present the French priesthood must be reckoned among the bitter opponents of all free

constitutional development.

The next few months will better enable us to determine whether Paris will still hold its own against France, or whether M. Leclercq's hope will be realized.* We may be quite sure that thousands of Frenchmen feel what he so well expresses -that it is Paris which made Louis Napoleon possible, even as it was Paris which enabled his uncle to be what he They both, indeed, used "France" against Paris; but it was Paris which gave them a status at the outset. Those who think thus will feel that in the changed character of the capital is the best safeguard for the good government as well as for the moral regeneration of France; and if this change of character seems hopeless, the dangerous experiment must

^{*} Of the sad civil war in the capital we would only say that it is partly due to the want of a proper Poor Law, partly to the justly bitter feeling caused by the hard terms of peace—terms so different from those of 1815, which secured fifty years of peace, and eventually made France and England friends,

be tried of moving the Legislature out of such an unhealthy atmosphere.

nize the truth that war is organized crime; but we may hope that for a long time Im-

We have thus striven to trace the growth and decay of Imperialism-which in its re-establishment was the practical expression of the Napoleonic idea-and to contrast it indirectly with the old régime, and with the sad delusion which, beginning so nobly in 1789, too soon ended in perhaps the bloodiest tyranny that modern Europe has ever seen. We decline to draw any horoscope of the future; such prophesying is always useless. Let us hope that God, who "fulfills Himself in many ways," will comfort the faith which this cruel satire on modern progress has so rudely shaken, by showing plainly that good has come out of all the evil. We cannot hope that nations will yet recognize the truth that war is organized crime; but we may hope that for a long time Imperialism, based, as we have shown it to be, on lawlessness and on the glorification of the individual, will be impossible.

That the beaten nation always deserves to suffer is a maxim which nothing but a distorted view of Scripture will propound. Berlin is not many degrees above Paris in morality; and France, despite the character given of her in her filthy novels, is certainly not without home life and deep pure home affections.

All that we can say is that we, believing in God's providence, are very sure that, however strangely things may seem to turn out, the course of this world is ordered by Him.

Macmillan's Magazine:

THE STUDY OF PLATO.

THE appearance of Professor Jowett's Plato forms an epoch in the history of English literature. Deep learning and accomplished scholarship have found their most fitting field in the task of presenting to English readers the complete works of the great Greek philosopher. While the admirable translation puts within our reach all but the very words of Plato, all that is needed to elucidate them is supplied by the Introductions, which have succeeded in combining ease and clearness with original thought and concise statements of the latest results of philosophy. Such a work, coming as it does from one who is not a scholar merely, but acquainted with all the forms of modern opinion, is an indication of the revived popularity of classical learning, and of the spread of the "historical spirit."

In a certain sense it may be said that the classics have never before, in modern England, been so popular; in former times they have been the teachers of a few and the playthings of many; have been regarded by the scholar as admirable, and by the man of the world as elegant, but not by either quite believed in. But now there is spread abroad a larger spirit of criticism, which measures the past by its own standard, and is able to find in what is obsolete the germ of that which has succeeded it; and, under the guidance of such a spirit, even those who have but slight ac-

quaintance with the classics begin to treat them, not as curious or beautiful relics only, nor indeed only as witnesses of what has been, but as containing, though in a form not ours, truths that are permanently valuable, as steps towards the achievement of that "unceasing purpose 'that' runs through the ages." Looked at thus intelligently, the great writers of Greece and Rome are precious even in translations, since their value is found, not only in their form, but still more in their matter. And so while day by day they are losing their dominion in our schools, as means of education, they are gaining ground no less rapidly among men and women as objects of study.

Not only are very many of the more cultivated readers awakening to perception of their beauty, and even finding in them much that may be accepted as right and true for ever; but among our artists and poets too a few are recurring, in so far as they are able, to the tone and spirit which these writings breathe; deliberately preferring the Greek view of life to our own, and seeking refuge from religions and from conventionality in an unsuccessful attempt to be pagans. They would reject the vexing problems which different creeds and opposing systems of morality set before them, to return, if it were possible, to that half animal life which the Greeks, as is supposed, used to lead; in which bodily health and acuteness of the senses were so developed that men might perceive beauty to the uttermost, while the mind looked forward only so far as to lament the shortness of the days that might be given to enjoyment. Now, pitiable as this deliberate preference of darkness is, yet still it proves how deeply the classical spirit, or what is thought to be such, is affecting the modern mind; and its existence is an additional reason for desiring some acquaintance with those writers in whom the spirit is represented.

But when the classics generally are gaining our attention, the philosophers among them have surely a special claim to be studied. In the field of philosophy, more than in that of poetry, or any other kind of literature, the former age is parent of the next; it is here, if anywhere, that an increasing growth may be perceived.

It is even true that in philosophy there is nothing new, that the systems of to-day are only reproductions, in a form adapted to our habits of thought, of the same systems which long ago engaged the attention The same wars are waged, of mankind. the same scenes of alternate victory and defeat presented. So that on this ground even, it would be clear that writers on philosophy, beyond all others, can never lose their interest. But there is much more For while it is true in one than this. sense that the present of philosophy is only the past repeated, it is true still more emphatically that the present is the sum of all the past. We can see, indeed, that the same principles underlie the controversies of to-day, as stirred men's minds of old in Athens or Miletus; it is still a warfare between the world of sense and that which is invisible; but in the form which each side takes now, in the armor and arrangement and tactics of each army, we see the development of thoughts which then existed only in embryo. What then can be more instructive or more delightful, than to trace in ancient philosophies the elements of systems which flourish now, or to observe how the war-cries of the present are only the old re-echoed? If such inquiries cannot fail to be useful as well as the present; then, among all the writers of Greece and Rome, the English reader ought to turn with special interest to the philosophers.

Put philosophy is a dull subject. It is hard reading even in our native tongue, and when expressed in forms of thought

to which we are accustomed. Men do not even now, admire the classics only for their matter; some attractions of form and language are expected, and a poet or an orator may be read with pleasure by those who could not understand a philosopher. This is true enough, and if all Greek philosophers were dull, we could not hope or wish to see them read. But all such objections are dispelled at once by the very name of Plato. All that could delight us in the poet or interest us in the historian, all grace of style and brilliancy of wit, every charm that comes from vivid description or dramatic power, in Plato are combined. He is in these respects pre-eminently a classic, while at the same time all philosophic systems, that had preceded his, are in his works described or developed. If, then, we read any classics, we ought to read Plato.

And so people seem to think. For some time he has had much greater weight than heretofore in the Universities; and the popularity of such works as Messrs. Davies and Vaughan's Republic, and now of Professor Jowett's great work, show how widely the interest has extended. And this extended interest is more important than the remarks yet made would show it to be, and is based upon a cause far more deep-seated.

There reigns in England now a system of philosophy which may be summed up, without implying any reproach by the title, under the word Materialism. It reigns not only among men of science, whose pursuit inclines them unavoidably to respect that only which the senses show, and to doubt or ignore all that goes beyond them; nor only among logicians, who have learnt that, for purposes of mere arrangement, it is not inconvenient to regard all truths as isolated facts, learnt through the senses, and grouped artificially by the mind of man—this mind itself being only a name for the supposed recipient of such impressions: it is not only professed philosophers who are materialists; but, much more widely, in the popular thought the tendency is traceable. Our standards of belief, which make the senses ultimately the test of truth; our notions of the spiritual world, which make the word "spiritual" mean either "unreal" or "unintelligible;" the growing contempt for abstract notions, such as of duty, glory, or the like, tending to value these only as they can be expressed in terms of utility, or pounds per annum; all these are signs of the wide spread of unconscious materialism. It has penetrated our thought so deeply that we hardly perceive it as remarkable when it is pointed It hardly seems, for instance, a fact to notice, that most men regard "beauty" as a vague word, by which to sum up the definite qualities of certain definite things, and "the good" as a term which comes home to them much less than "this good thing or that;" and we forget that there have been men to whom it was as natural to believe that "the good" and "beauty" were real things existing by themselves, as it is to us to regard them only as convenient expressions for certain similar qualities which different things exhibit. Now, Plato's philosophy is concerned with maintaining the reality of these abstractions, or, as he calls them, ideas, and in proving what is closely connected in his mind with it, the existence of a spiritual world, and the divine value of the soul of It is fitted to be an antidote to this one-sided habit of thought which prevails among us. And as such, though not perhaps with this conscious aim, it is being studied more than formerly, just at the very time when that one-sidedness is reaching a dangerous degree. Throughout the ages which intervened between Plato and the beginning of modern science, the ideal or spiritual habit of thought prevailed, embodied in the logic of Aristotle, and the words derived therefrom—for to that logic all modern languages are in a great measure indebted. So long, then, as Aristotle's system, which in its essence was almost as spiritual as Plato's, reigned undisputed, Plato himself was often disregarded as a dreamer, and admired without being respected; but, as the march of natural science has made those schemes popular which account for mind and life and morality by physical theories; meanwhile, by a simple reaction, increased attention has been directed, first by philosophers, then in universities, and now throughout the country, to those great ideal systems by which the unseen and immaterial is treated as all-important, and whatever the senses can perceive, as merely transitory and imperfect. In short, Plato is called up by the occasion to be a champion, to help us, whether we know it or not, against materialism. If this be so, it gives a new value to the study of his

works; since, while they charm us by their literary value, they may tend to correct insensibly a too uniform habit of attending to one aspect of the world—an aspect which, just as it is in itself, becomes an unjust one when it is presented to us too exclusively.

Now, when so many considerations indicate the value of the study of Plato, it may be useful to point out some of the various directions in which his artistic excellence is to be looked for, and briefly to show in what way the knowledge of his philosophy may be useful. And though it may seem at first sight that only another Plato should presume to attempt the task, yet on second thoughts it may appear that, for the uninitiate—and for those alone this is written-it may be performed still better by one who loves rather than understands: just as, if a peasant were standing at the door of some great cathedral, though one who had lived within the precincts might know it best, or an architect, capable himself of building such a temple, would alone appreciate its perfection, yet a child's look of awe, and his faltering enthusiasm, might better serve to awaken in the peasant's mind a desire to look within, and some dim notion of the beauties to be found there.

And, indeed, it is difficult not to be childishly enthusiastic when Plato is the theme, and especially in speaking of his style—for on this we must say a word, though on such a subject it is never easy to be definite. His merits in this respect can, of course, be fully apprehended only in the original language, whose unrivalled capacities he developed to the utmost. There only can be enjoyed the euphonious fulness of the stream of words, its endless variety of rushing flow or sparkling brilliance, its melody and rhythm. And even the most accomplished scholar now cannot perceive the whole of this beauty, because he knows so little of the true Greek tone and accent and pronunciation. But the more important elements of style can be enjoyed to some extent even in a good translation, such as Professor Jowett's. The reader who has been wearied by those short, disjointed utterances, which constitute half our English writing, or the ingenious complexity of elaborate structure into which those who aim at a periodic style are apt to fall, will find a wonderful charm in the easy eloquence of sentences which seem capable of being indefinitely extended without becoming loose, and in which the words follow one another in their natural order, just as the thoughts they represent arise in the mind, and yet never appear to have been displaced from their ordinary grammatical position. The nearest approach, perhaps, among ourselves to such a style, is to be found in the writings of Mr. Ruskin, who resembles Plato also in his chastened earnestness and enthusiasm, as well as in his power of passing from high flights of poetry or intense invective to the graceful slightness of a playful mood, or the pithy strength of homely expressions. One instance from Jowett's Plato we must give, choosing it not so much for its perfectness, where nearly all is perfect, as for the noble sentiment which it conveys. Socrates is considering what kind of music may be admitted into the perfect commonwealth:-

Of the harmonies I know nothing; but I want to have one evenlike, which will sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing and he is going to wounds or death, or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance; and another, which may be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action, when there is no pressure of necessity, expressive of entreaty or persuasion, of prayer to God, or instruction to man; or again, of willingness to listen to persuasion, or entreaty, of advice, and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, and acquiescing in the event. These two harmonies I ask you to leave; the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance; these, I say, leave.

Plato is the first, in Europe at least, both in time and in excellence of the prose-poets; he even anticipated, in some degree, that impassioned prose, of the dearth of which De Quincey complained so strongly. His writings teem with poetical expression, with metaphors, allusions, and comparisons. He is fond of quoting the poets, and always sets in some new light the passage which he quotes. Proverbs, anecdotes, historical events, though apparently utterly remote from the subject, are made without effort to serve in the work of illustration. His wit, in short, is boundless; it never rests,

and yet is never restless; we are pleased without knowing why; we seldom laugh, but never lose a smile. His humor is of that noble kind which is best shown in earnest or pathetic passages; the humor which is a form of irony. Throughout the Defence of Socrates, its grand spirit of unflinching defiance is only half concealed by tones the most tender, most considerate, most modest; and a playful lightness disguises from scornful ears the majesty of its solemn faith. Even in that part of the Phædo in which the death of Socrates is represented, we see the great master "smile while all around him weep." But often Plato's humor is genuinely playful; as when Socrates is drawing out, with soleinn gravity and politeness, the pompous folly of Euthyphro (though even here we feel sadly that the same folly is shared by the Athenian people, and will procure the teacher's death); or in those descriptions in the Republic of the several characters in men, which correspond to the several kinds of political constitution. Still more open fun is to be found in the Symposium, as, for instance, in that unrivalled speech in which Aristophanes describes the Origin of Man. The same dialogue contains a very celebrated passage in which wit and humor are combined in their highest forms: wit, in the felicity of the comparison; humor, in the contrast between the playful words and the deep sad truth which they convey.

"I shall praise Socrates," says Alcibiades, "in a figure which will appear to him to be a caricature, and yet I do not mean to laugh at him, but only to speak the truth. I say then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside. Mankind are nothing to him; all his life is spent in mocking and flouting at them. But when I opened him, and looked within at his serious purpose, I saw in him divine and golden images of fasci-

nating beauty."

A similar combination of wit and humor with earnest and high meaning was found in Addison, and in him it was perfect as far as it went, but on a smaller scale than Plato's. Plato is stronger and bolder. However, in the vision of Mirza, and other papers like it, Addison is not unlike the Greek.

in which the English reader will perhaps find most pleasure, - his imagination. Into his most abstruse discussions are introduced, as illustrations, visions of the other world or tales of earthly heroes. We see thrones set in heaven, and spirits coming up for judgment; or ghosts of the dead travelling on through unknown regions, or meeting after long ages in some spacious mead of heaven: we watch the chariot of the soul as its eager horses thunder along the circles of the sky: no flight of fancy is too bold, no limits of time or space confine it; and yet all is chastened and deliberate; there is that definiteness of description which we admire in Dante, and that careful symbolism which is found in the Pilgrim's Progress.

Upon imagination depends descriptive power; and few writers, of any age, have shown this more than Plato. He takes us into the crowded market-place, where all men are acquaintance; to the gay palæstra with its games and its loves and its learned conversation, or wanders with us by nymph-haunted river-sides, and shows us rest beneath the plane-trees of The fiery restlessness of the Sophist, the old man's contented superstition, the beautiful boy's ingenuous modesty, Alcibiades generous and thoughtless, Agathon graceful and conceited,-every form of character or phase of emotion is set before us with unfailing portraiture. With wonderful dramatic power he gives an individual life to each speaker in his dialogue, and by their remarks or questions brings out the meaning of each event described.

And so no writer teaches us more of the life and customs of his countrymen. Nothing is more remarkable about his dialogues than the state that while they are concerned, in the first instance, with questions of philosophy, though the dramatic element is very small, and the scene in which all take place might seem to be unimportant, yet each piece has, as it were, a distinct setting, and gives us some new picture of Attic life and manners.

But Plato tells us not only what the world was, but what, as he thought, it should be. Borne into a very fairy-land of noble lives and scenes of beauty, we see "Virtue in her shape, how lovely," and art is shown us always in perfection. Rulers who have no selfish aim; castes

This leads us to that excellence of Plato which the English reader will perhaps and most pleasure, —his imagination. This most abstruse discussions are into to his most abstruse discussions are into the most abstruse discussions of the dwell.

And here we come to the point; to the question which must really meet us on the threshold of any study of Plato, or of other philosophers of the ideal philosophy. Is it worth while to spend our time-our hours so fully occupied by the crowd and pressure of passing facts—in thinking, or, as a man may call it, dreaming, of worlds in which, desirable as they may be, we do not live? Made, as we are, to be mere receptacles of impressions from outward things, so that our eyes are incessantly drinking in sights and our ears sounds, and each other sense constantly besieged by innumerable trains of facts, all clamoring to be recognized, while our minds are ever busy, working even now beyond their strength, in trying to bring these scattered impressions into order, to class and to name them, -is it reasonable that we should turn away from all these, and forget the great world that is insisting on our notice, and wander off to try to live in the society of insensible and spiritual forms, of whose existence we have no certain knowledge? Such a question is asked, undoubtedly, by the common-sense of our day, and there is much that is true in the answer which it expects.

Yet this very process of continual arrangement of the facts of sense, being an endeavor to accommodate them to systems which are not found in them, and to learn from them laws which are not among them, but beyond them, is itself a search for these ideal forms. It is just for this that Wordsworth, in his great ode on Intimations of Immortality, is thankful. is a kind of "those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things;" one of the indications of that "high instinct" which cannot be contented without believing in objects not known by sense, and yearns after glimpses of another world which the mind feels to be its true home; -a home which, dimly knowing, yet not seeing, it seems to remember as something lost or left. Gladly would we try to show how Socrates, in Plato, demonstrates to men of every trade and character, that, in their daily talk, belief in this ideal world is implied; that all eager pursuit of business or luxurious desire of pleasure derives its

spring from the love of an unseen, eternal where can you expect to find such a gain; that all that is true among the things of sense is so by sharing in the eternal truth, and all earthly things are good only by sharing in the eternal goodness; how by comparing what is good in the several things which we value here, we may gain a knowledge of that goodness which they all partake; learning first, it may be, from pleasant things what pleasure is, and then from just things what is justice, and then from friends what is friendship, and from lovers what is love; and then comparing together this pleasure and this justice and this friendship and this love, till we perceive what is the excellence common to them all, which makes them all desirable; and so climbing step by step to the beatific vision of that Absolute Goodness, by which all things that here are true and lovely, "live, and move, and have their being." But Plato cannot be abridged. His art is so perfect, that any change would spoil the harmony. It must be enough to have said that it is there.

Again, although we should not dream but do, yet for our doing we must have an end to aim at, and we cannot well have too high an aim, or see it too clearly. We have been taught the use of imagination in Science, how it enables the inquirer to think definitely, and see clearly with what facts he is dealing-for imagination is always the foe of vaguenessand so in morals, too, imagination has its place. For the heathen there was on earth no perfect type in which he could see the working out of moral precept, see to what each rule would lead, test the excellence of rival systems; and so the heathen could not but demand of the teacher who recommended justice or selfdenial: "Show me these principles at work; draw me a plan of the building you advise me to construct; paint for me the ideal world of which you wish to realize a copy upon earth." Accordingly, Plato's Republic is not a wild sport of fancy, but a sober statement of doctrine; and there is more than a generous sanguineness, more even than a noble faith, there is a definite and intelligent certainty hidden under those quiet words of Socrates, when to one who asked, "But

city?" he replied, "Perhaps in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it." Yes, and in one transient flash of conjecture that never settled into hope, it is thought of for a moment as not quite impossible that this absolute Reason, from which all truth and beauty flow, might come down some day from heaven, and reveal itself as an example to mankind. The transient conjecture never settled into hope, but for us Christians it has been realized; we have our Example; yet we may still learn something from Plato's noble attempt to supply His place, especially in observing the many points in which Plato anticipated the Christian ideal.

Great men have traced the influence of Platonic thought in determining the expression of Christian truth, and the form of the Church; and in his principles of asceticism and communism, and a thousand other points, abundant interest may be found. But to many it is not his theories or his artistic and historical value that most will make Plato dear; it is the high thoughts that centre in the name of Socrates. Our feeble muse already has "loitered in the master's field" too long, to attempt now by any words to darken so high a theme; but this may be said, that the opposition to a material view of things, which we have mentioned as forming Plato's peculiar value now, is embodied, so to speak, in the person of Socrates.

This has been, as it promised, a faltering eulogy, rather than a well-informed guide to the study of Plato. But it is something to be reminded how happily, and how rationally too, a man may seek a resting-place from time to time in the calm regions of ideal truth. Though material things so importunately press around us, we may yet do well sometimes to turn away and fix our minds on objects which, though unseen, are eternal. So-

In a season of calm weather, Though inland far we be Our souls have sight of that immortal sea Which brought us hither; Can in a morrent travel thither-And see the children sport upon the shore, And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. Blackwood's Magazine.

PLATONIC PARADOXES.

A NEW SONG.

Air-" The tight little Island."

In how many strange ways
Human nature displays
The caprices that enter her pate, O!
To which view you'll be led
If some pages you've read

In the Oxford translation of Plato.
What a wonderful writer is Plato!
And how well Jowett's pen can translate, O!

But I clearly discover On reading him over Some very odd notions in Plato.

The fears of the brave
Make us always look grave,
And the mean little tricks of the great, O!
So the foolish things too
That the wise say and do
Are ridiculous even in Plato.
Upon some points I quite go with Plato,

Upon some points I quite go with Plato,
In the same way as Addison's Cato:
But some marvellous flaws
As to justice and laws

Mark the model Republic of Plato.

Every honest man grieves
At the number of thieves
That our social temptations create, O!
And our hearts are all sore
For the wretchedly poor;
And I'm sure the same feelings had Plato.
But the system propounded by Plato,
These deplorable ills to abate, O!

Was to break off with Mammon, Have all things in common:
"Private property's gammon"—said Plato.

There of course is no theft
When no property's left
To give Meum and Tuum their weight, O!
And when all's a dead level,
Starvation and revel
Alike are excluded by Plato.
These Communist doctrines of Plato
Have again come in fashion of late, O!
But the makers of money,
The hoarders of honey,

Won't be pleased with these projects of Plato.

Then the struggles and strife
That attend married life,
And that often turn love into hate, O!
Its profligate courses,
Desertions, Divorces,
Must have hurt the fine feelings of Plato.

But a very bad cure proposed Plato (For I don't think him here the potato), "Make the man and the woman, Like property, common;—
And the children as well:" added Plato.

No folks were to wed
That were not thorough-bred,
And each wedding should last a short date, O!
And if children appeared
Not quite fit to be reared,
They were never acknowledged by Plato.
'Twas a delicate question with Plato,
Upon which he dislikes to dilate, O!
But we all of us know
Where the puppy-dogs go
When the litter's too many for Plato.

On this question that vexes
Us as to the sexes,
Our author don't long hesitate, O!
Women's duties and rights,
Whether beauties or frights,
Are completely conceded by Plato.
But the pace here adopted by Plato
Seems to move at too rapid a rate, O!
All must go to the wars
And be servants of Mars,
Both the women and men under Plato.

On another small point
He appears out of joint,
Though perhaps it admits of debate, O!
If philosophers solely
Should rule o'er us wholly,
Or our kings be the pupils of Plato.
Suppose them as clever as Plato,
How would Darwin or Mill rule the state, O!
Should you think Epicurus
A good Palinurus,
Or would England be governed by Plato?

A philosopher's schemes
Are made up of fond dreams
And of idle Utopian prate, O!
For while Theory preaches,
'Tis Practice that teaches,
And corrects the wild crotchets of Plato.
So the model Republic of Plato
Must submit to the general fate, O!
Lay the book on the shelf,
And each man make HIMSELF
What a Christian would wish for in Plato.

NOTE.—While we thus venture, under the allowed garb of ridicule, to record some plain truths as to certain extravagant views suggested by Plato in his Republic, we should do injustice to our own feelings if we did not at the same time express the pleasure and admiration which have been excited in us by the remarkable Translation of that author that has just issued from the Clarendon Press. This work by Professor Jowett is one of the most splendid and valuable gifts to Literature and Philosophy that

Cornhill Magazine.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE PRISONS OF THE "PIOMBI."

netian Inquisition," published in this Magazine for January, 1871,* the writer promised to return on a future opportunity to the subject of the "Confidants" employed by the Inquisition, and the recorded cases of escape from its prison.

The two branches of the subject are singularly linked together by the strange circumstance that the most remarkable man in the whole list of the secret agents of the Tribunal, was also the hero of the most extraordinary by far of the very few cases of escape from the prisons of the Inquisition that ever occurred.

This man was the once notorious Giacomo Casanova. His extraordinary life and adventures made him well known in his own day from one end of Europe to the other. And his Memoirs, written by himself in his old age, would have made him much better known than he is to English readers of the present day, were it not that the book is one of the most scandalously licentious and grossly im-moral which was ever issued from the press. Though Casanova was a Venetian by birth and education, he has written the memoirs of his life in French; and a cheap popular edition of the work for general reading was published at Paris in 1843, in four foolscap octavo volumes.

It is impossible to recommend any English person to read this book; but the representation of the state of society, especially at Venice, about the middle of the eighteenth century, is most extraordinary. Even to the reader, to whom the social condition of Paris under Louis XV. is nothing new, the cynicism of corruption

In a paper on "The Records of the Ve- described as having been universal at Venice seems almost past belief. doubt this Giacomo Casanova was a most worthless and profligate scoundrel; and it is to be expected that the account given by such a man of any society in which he had lived, would paint it under its worst aspect. Nevertheless, after all reasonable allowance has been made on this score, it is impossible to doubt that, with the exception perhaps of the latter times of the Roman Empire, the world has never seen so grossly corrupt a society as that of Venice at the time spoken It must be admitted, too, that the unblushing narrative of abominations of all sorts, which Casanova has put forth as the story of his life, has very much the air of being a truthful story. He was a man of very considerable talent, and his book is undeniably well written. He constantly gives the names of those to whom he is attributing the most unheard of profligacy; and in many cases the names so given are well known in contemporary history. Some of the worst abominations, for instance, narrated by him, with an utter apparent unconsciousness that he is saying anything which ought not to be said, are attributed to a Mr. Murray, who was the representative of England at Venice at the time (1756). The nature, too, of some of the things he professes to have done himself, is such as to make it seem improbable that any man could tell them of himself falsely. He relates, for instance, with perfect coolness and impassibility, how he became a partner in a gambling bank, which was fraudently carried on, and made large profits by swindling and

have for a long time been offered. Its first or most obvious excellence is the perfect ease and grace of the translation, which is thoroughly English, and yet entirely exempt from any phrase or feature at variance with the Hellenic character. Very few translations, other than the Bible, read like an original: but this is one of them. It has other and more recondite excellences. It is the work, almost the life-labor, we believe, of a profound scholar, a thoughtful moralist and metaphysician, and a most successful instructor of youth: and it is manifest that the complete success that has attended his execution of the task is itself the means of concealing the diligence, industry, and ability, with which philological and interpretative difficulties must have been solved or overcome. It is a great matter, even for the best scholars, to possess such a guide and help in the study of the original; and to others, desirous of knowing thoroughly and appreciating worthily the wise thoughts and literary beauties of one of the greatest writers that ever lived, the boon is inestimable. The Introductions to the several Dialogues seem to be excellent, and are appropriately directed to explain the point of view which the great Greek philosopher occupied, and to point out the fact that his very errors—and we think some of these very great—arose out of his keen perception of evils which needed a remedy, but which, we believe, can only be remedied by higher influences than any that were within reach of a Pagan Philosophy. · ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for March,

false play. But his main resource was imposing upon the credulity of the wealthy by a pretended method of divining the secrets of the future; all which, and the base swindling of it, he recounts with perfect self-satisfaction. Indeed, one of the most curious features of the book, as a picture of the time, is the truly wonderful gullibillity and fatuous credulity which he finds among people of all classes of society; just at a time, it is curious to remark, when all belief in revealed religion was giving way.

Such is the nature of almost every page of this extraordinary book. But there is one passage of it, of considerable extent, which may be read without any offence. It consists of the pages in which he describes with minute detail, and at considerable length, the manner of his escape from the prisons of the Inquisition.

There were many other cases, in which the same persons were at one period of their lives confidential agents of the Tribunal, and at another its prisoners. But in all these instances the employment of "confident" came first; and it was some abuse of the position which led to the imprisonment. It was not so in the case of Casanova.

This man was born at Venice in 1725. His father had run away from a family in a higher social position and had become an actor. He ran away with a shoemaker's daughter, who became an actress, and appeared on the stage with her husband for the first time in London in 1727. The first part of his memoirs-about a volume and a half out of the four volumesdescribe with the most unblushing cynicism his career at Venice, in such sort as to justify what has been said above of the state of society at Venice at that period. This portion of his work brings his story of his life to the July of 1755, when he was thirty years old. It was early one morning of that month that Casanova received a visit from the dreaded "Fante" of the Inquisition, known popularly at Venice as "Messer grande." He was ordered to dress himself; did so, and found a posse of archers in the outer room. "It is singular," he remarks on this occasion, "that at London, where everybody is brave, they only employ one man to arrest another; whereas in my dear country (Venice), where everybody is a great coward, they require thirty for the same purpose. Perhaps it is because the coward in the character of assailant is more afraid than the coward assailed, a situation which may sometimes give to a coward the courage of despair."

He is taken before the Secretary to the Inquisition, who merely looks at him, and says to the officer, "That's the fellow, is it? Put him into safe keeping." And he is at once taken to the terrible "Piombi." No sort of intimation was given to him as to the nature of the offence or accusation which had led to his arrest, and he protests that he was wholly innocent of any crime against the State which it would have been the duty of the Inquisitors to take cognizance of. But his own account of himself describes him as an habitual and systematic cheater at play; as habitually preying on the credulity of people-sundry patricians of Venice among the numberby swindling pretences of divination; as an avowed disbeliever in the doctrines of religion; as an habitual desecrator of nunneries and sharer in the profligacy of their inmates; and surely there is enough here to induce a Tribunal, which considered itself charged with the general supervision of the conduct of the citizens, to deem it high time to put an end to such a career, without having recourse, as Casanova in his memoirs has, to the supposition that his misfortune was caused by the friendship of one of the Inquisitors for a playwriter whose works Casanova had bitterly ridiculed.

He proceeds to describe minutely the prison under the roof of the Ducal Palace, to which he was conducted; and any visitor to the sights of Venice may still satisfy himself of the perfect accuracy of the description. These prisons were enormously strong wooden boxes, the doors of which opened on the main open space of the huge garret beneath the leads of the Palace. That one in which Casanova was confined was about twelve feet square by five and a half feet high, besides a sort of recess in one of the sides large enough to hold a small bed. This cage was, or rather is,for it remains precisely in statu quo,lighted by a window two feet square in the door, which, as the writer says, would have rendered the prison tolerably light, had not the main corner-beam of the building projected across the outer window, from which the borrowed light of the prison was derived, so as to obscure it almost entirely.

For this reason, and by reason of the extra lowness of the den, which made it impossible to stand upright in it, and which was caused by the situation of it under the corner of the roof, this prison in which Casanova was placed, was the worst in the whole range of the "Piombi."

And when Casanova entered his prison

it was July!

His description of his sufferings there, written apparently with the simplicity of perfect truth, is very terrible. He found his prison absolutely void of any article of furniture whatsoever, unless a plank one foot wide, fixed in the wall at a height of four feet from the floor, could be called such. In the garret on which the hole in his door looked, he saw great numbers of immense rats, which compelled him to close the shutter belonging to it for fear that his prison should be invaded by them. The jailer who conducted him asked him, before leaving him, what he would wish to eat. He answered, with ill-humor, that he had not yet determined. Thereupon the man turned on his heel, locked the door, and left him. He remained, he says, standing with his arms resting on the lower frame of the little window for eight hours in a sort of stupor. Then, as the darkness of night began to deepen the gloom of his prison, he was roused by the sound of the large bell of a clock not far off, and was startled and terrified at the thought that no human being had come near him to bring food or any other necessary. A transport of rage, he says, seized him, and he began to rave and scream and shout with the utmost power of his voice for a good hour,-of course without the smallest indication that any human ear had heard his cries!

After this, being perfectly exhausted, he threw himself on the floor of his dungeon, and slept till he was awakened by the clock tolling midnight. He relates how, stretching out his hand on awaking, it came in contact with another hand cold as that of a corpse; how he was overpowered with horror, almost to the losing of his senses; how he came to the conclusion that the dead body of a prisoner put to death in the solitude of that awful place must have been put into his cell while he slept—as a warning, perhaps, of the fate that awaited himself; and how, after a while, he found that it was his own other hand which he had grasped, which had become deadly cold

and altogether insensible from the arm having been bent under him, as he lay on the hard boards.

There was no more sleeping after that, and he sate still listening to the clock as it tolled the hours, till at half-past eight, the jailer returned to the cell, and asked him whether he had yet made up his mind what he would like to eat.

Then he perceived that his long fasting had been a punishment for the pert answer he had given to his jailer when asked what he would like to eat, and had not arisen from any intention on the part of the Inquisitors to starve him to death.

This time he ordered the materials of a good dinner, whereupon the jailer asked him for money to buy the things with. He had three sequins in his purse, and handed one of them to the jailer. He was then asked whether he did not want a bed and some articles of furniture; "for," said Lorenzo, the jailer, "if you suppose that you are put here for a short time only you are mistaken." The man handed him a pencil and paper and told him to write down what he wanted. He made out a list, and, on reading it to Lorenzo-who could not do so himself-was told that many of the articles named must be scratched out. "Books, paper, pens, razors, looking glass; all that must be scratched out, for those things are forbidden here." Then the man asked where he was to go for the bed and articles of clothing and furniture; and, having received instructions on this point, departed.

At mid-day Lorenzo returned, with two or three subordinates, bringing the dinner and the other articles, together with an ivory spoon, purchased with part of the prisoner's money, and which was the only utensil permitted him to eat with. He also brought two large volumes, which the Secretary, who could not permit him to have the books he had asked for (which, in truth, were anything but edifying reading), had sent him as a favor. These books turned out to be, one of them, the work of a Spanish nun, entitled The Mystic City of the Sister Maria de Jesus, of Agrada: the other The Adoration of the Holy Ghost of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Jesuit Caravita.

Despite the bed which it had been allowed him to have, the following night was worse than the one which had preceded it. The noise made by the rats, and the

stunning sound of the great bell of the clock of St. Mark, which seemed as if it were absolutely in the cell, prevented the possibility of sleep. The dreadful heat, which drove the prisoner to lay aside every article of clothing or covering, and caused the perspiration to fall in streams from his body, seemed to make the drawing of each breath a painful effort. And the innumerable swarms of fleas, which fixed themselves on every part of his body, threw him into nervous convulsions and poisoned all his blood.

At the end of nineteen days the three sequins, which the prisoner had in his pocket at the time of his arrest, were all gone. Lorenzo asked for money to buy the morrow's dinner, and was told that his prisoner had none. The next day he came and told him that the Tribunal had assigned him fifty sous a day for his main-

tenance.

"Seventy-five livres a month," states Casanova, "was more than I needed, in-asmuch as I had no longer any appetite. The extreme heat, and the inanition caused by want of proper nourishment, had enfeebled me. We were in the 'Dog-days.' And the power of the sun's rays, which beat directly on my prison, kept me as in a furnace; so that the perspiration which flowed from my wretched body soaked the floor on either side of the chair, on which I was compelled to sit in a state of perfect nudity."

The next day he was so manifestly ill that the jailer, without any demand on his part, brought him a physician. The doctor succeeded in curing him of the fever which had prostrated him, obtained for him a volume of Boëthius instead of the volumes of mystic piety which the secretary had selected for him; and also permission to walk every day in the open space of the garret for a few minutes, while the jailer was occupied in making

his bed and sweeping his cell.

This permission it was which rendered possible, as the reader will see, that celebrated escape from the "Piombi," which would otherwise have been utterly impossible.

One day in November a very startling incident happened. The prisoner was standing at the little window in the door of his cell gazing at the outer window, the light from which was, as has been mentioned, almost entirely obscured by the huge corner beam of the roof which

projected over it. All of a sudden, Casanova saw this immense beam turn a little on its axis towards one side, and then turn slowly back again. He thought for a moment that he must have gone mad, and lost the correct use of his senses. But a certain swimming of the cell having at the same moment nearly thrown him off his legs, he doubted not, after a moment of reflection, that the phenomenon was caused by an earthquake. It was, in fact, a slight manifestation of the same earthquake that was in that same hour destroy-

ing Lisbon.

It was one day shortly after the earthquake that the prisoner took advantage of the few minutes' walk in the garret which had been permitted to him, while the jailer was sweeping out his cell, to cast a shrewd and curious eye on a variety of objects of the kind which may be supposed to accumulate in the course of years in such a place. Among these he spied a small polished piece of black marble, which he picked up, secreted, and carried back with him to his cell, without in the least knowing, as he declares, to what use he should or could ever put it. It turned out afterwards to be touchstone. And upon another similar occasion, a few days subsequently, he found, hidden under a heap of old waste paper, a large iron bolt as thick as a man's thumb, and about a foot and a half long. He laid hands on this, succeeded in hiding it under the dressing-gown he had, and conveying it into his cell. A safe hiding place was found for it in the stuffed seat of the arm-chair, which he had been allowed to send for. Then, with incredible patience and labor, and at the cost of wearing and lacerating his hands to the bone, he succeeded, by dint of rubbing the end of the bolt on the marble, in producing a sharp point at the end of the former. And thus he was in possession of a very formidable and effective weapon, whether for offence or defence.

Still he had not as yet the smallest idea of what use this weapon could be to him. But, after four days of meditation on the subject, he determined to attempt making with it a hole in the floor of his cell! His previous knowledge of the geography of the vast palace assured him that his cell must be situated immediately over the room of the Secretary to the Inquisisition. And his plan was to make a hole in the floor and in the ceiling below it.

also of wood, large enough for his body to pass through it, then to let himself down by the sheets of his bed in the night, hide himself under the great table in the middle of the Secretary's room, and then, as soon as the doors should be opened, which was regularly done every morning, escape from the Palace, trusting that he might be able to do so, among the number of people frequenting the stairs and passages of the vast building, without attracting

Of course the difficulties attending such a scheme were enormous. The first that arose was the difficulty of preventing his jailer from detecting the work he was engaged on during its progress, for he had reason to think that he should have to pierce three very considerable thicknesses of planking before he could reach the panelling which formed the ceiling of the room below. The difficulty was rendered greater by the daily habit of the jailer to sweep out his cell, which he himself had insisted on being done in the hope of thus alleviating the torment of the fleas.

This was the plan he conceived for conquering this first obstacle:

He told the servants of the jailer who swept the cell not to do so. They readily enough saved themselves that trouble, and nothing was said for a week. But the prisoner was far too cautiously cunning to trust to this for commencing his operations. This was but the beginning of his plan. At the end of a week Lorenzo asked why he did not choose to have his cell swept.

"Because, the fact is, the dust so caused gives me such an access of cough that I am afraid of some fatal accident.'

"I will have the floor sprinkled then, sir."

"Alas, Lorenzo! that would be worse still. The damp would give me a cold, which would assuredly kill me with

So for another week the cell remained unswept. At the end of that time, either from some suspicion or from thinking the operation necessary, the jailer one morning told his men to remove the bed and sweep out the cell. He lighted a candle, moreover, for the better performing this work, which led the prisoner to think that his suspicions had been aroused. The cell was duly swept, and everything was the last skin of the panel of the ceilingfound in proper order. But when Lo- which, of course, had been left intact with

renzo made his daily visit the next morning, his prisoner was coughing with the most frightful violence. He exhibited his handkerchief soaked with blood, which he had carefully drawn from his finger; declared that the sweeping of the dust in his cell had endangered his life, and that a doctor must be called to him.

The doctor was quite deceived, and volunteered an anecdote of a case of a young man who had broken a blood vessel from swallowing dust. The jailer was thoroughly taken in, and swore by all that was holy that he would never again sweep the cell of a prisoner with such delicate lungs.

Then, and not till then, Casanova began the long labor of digging a hole in the flooring of his cell under his bed.

Then he was prevented from pursuing his work by the arrival of a new prisoner, who was made to share his cell. It was not till fifteen days after Easter that he was delivered from the presence of this sharer of his captivity. He then once more set to work with redoubled activity, fearing the arrival of some new partner in his cell. And in three weeks he had dug through three thicknesses of planking, making together six inches of thickness. But beneath that he found a flooring of that sort of mixed marble fragments and cement, which is so common in all Venetian buildings. This at first made him despair, but, with immense difficulty and perseverance, he overcame this obstacle also; and, at the end of four more days, had reached the panel which formed the ceiling of the room below.

Just then a new prisoner was again brought to share Casanova's cell. He turned out to be an old acquaintance of his. And when the new comer, tormented in the same way that Casanova had been, demanded why the cell should not be swept out, he found himself obliged to tell him the truth, and showed him the progress he had made towards a possibility of escape. The new-comer promised to aid Casanova to descend into the chamber below, but declined to attempt flight him-

At last, on the 23d of August, when he had been in the "Piombi" rather more than a year, the preparations for his flight were completed, all but breaking through

the most minute care; and he fixed the night of the 27th for the attempt. But, on the 25th, a terrible misfortune happened to him. The jailer on that morning, entering his cell with a cheerful visage, wished him joy of the good news he brought him: he was to be moved from that cell, the worst in the whole range, to one recently vacated, which had much more air and light.

Here was a blow! That all the painful labor he had so patiently undergone was thrown away, was the least part of the misfortune. His attempt at evasion

would infallibly be discovered.

His only solace in this terrible moment was, that his arm-chair, in which the sharpened bolt he had prepared with so much toil was concealed, was moved into

the other cell with him.

Then the storm burst. No sooner was the prisoner's bed removed than the terribly accusing hole in the floor was but too apparent. The jailer returned to the new cell, where the prisoner was, foaming at the mouth with rage. And he might well be angry; for the escape of a prisoner was his own death-warrant.

His first demand was for the tools with which the flooring had been cut, and the name of the attendant turnkey who had furnished them. The prisoner remained mute. The jailer said savagely that he could soon find the means to make him

speak.

"If I am put to the torture, of course I must tell the truth. I shall have to confess that you yourself supplied me with the tools!" said Casanova, with unfaltering steadiness. The subordinates grinned, and the jailer, having in vain searched the person and cell of the prisoner, rushed out of the cell blaspheming horribly, and holding his head between his hands in an agony of rage and perplexity.

A short time for reflection convinced him that his safest plan was to cause the hole to be mended, and say nothing

about it

During eight days the jailer revenged himself on his prisoner for his attempt at evasion by shutting up the window, which gave air and light to the cell, and by bringing him food that was utterly uneatable. On the ninth day, in compliance with the demand of the prisoner, Lorenzo brought his account of the expenditure of the fifty sous a day allowed by the Tribu-

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nal for Casanova's keep. He thought fit to bring him at the same time an excellent roast-fowl, and a basket of lemons, which had been sent by a friend of the prisoner's in the town. Casanova, despite the fury he had been feeling all these days against the jailer, was so pleased that he told the man to keep the balance of several sequins which resulted from the account. Lorenzo then, in milder fashion, strove to persuade Casanova to tell him how he had obtained the tools needed for making the hole in the other cell. The prisoner calmly replied that he himself (the jailer) had furnished them to him. Then in answer to his adjurations and entreaties for explanation as to what the prisoner meant, and how he (Lorenzo) had supplied him with tools, he replied gravely that he would tell him, and would tell him with perfect truth; but that he would only do so in the presence of the Secretary

The unhappy jailer was checkmated, cowed, and beaten. He ended by imploring his prisoner to say no more upon the subject, and to remember that he was a poor man, who had a wife and family depending upon him, and who would assuredly be ruined by the discovery of what the prisoner had done, despite his vigi-

lance.

Thenceforward the relations between prisoner and jailer were more amicable. And the unlucky man began a course of indulgences, which eventually led to the

escape of his captive.

Casanova begged for books to read. He had read all those that had been allowed to him. The jailer said that there was a prisoner in a neighboring cell who had several books, which no doubt he would be willing to lend to his fellow-prisoner.

The captive in the neighboring cell turned out to be a monk, imprisoned for licentious conduct. He made no difficulty in lending his books. Casanova lent his in return. And thus a system of correspondence was readily established between

them

Ever since Casanova's removal into his new cell, and the discovery of the hole in the floor of the old one, the jailer or his assistants had every morning sounded every part of the floor and walls of his pris on. But he observed that they never thought of sounding the ceiling! He at

once determined that it must be by that way alone that he could escape.

But how was it possible for him to get at the ceiling? or, even if he could do so, how could the long labor of making a hole through the solid woodwork of it be accomplished either in one day or without immediately attracting the attention of his

The scheme he hit upon was this: -In the first place he communicated all his plans to his neighboring prisoner the monk, and found him willing to join in an attempt at escape. Then he instructed him to cause the jailer to buy for him several of the ordinary devotional broadsides, with prints of the virgin and saints, And these he was to stick up all about the sides of his cell, as for purposes of devotion; and behind one of these, constantly replaced so as to conceal the work, a hole was to be made by the monk in the side of his cell. There remained, however, the great difficulty of conveying the invaluable sharpened bolt to the monk, without which he had no means of even attemping the work. At last there seemed to be an opportunity of attempting this. It was a chance !- one involving tremendous risk! But then every portion of the scheme necessarily involved risks which offered only a small chance of ultimate success; and if the thing was to be attempted at all, it was useless to recoil before such chances.

One of the volumes lent by the monk to Casanova was a large folio, bound in parchment loose at the back, in the fashion in which old books, especially Italian books, are often seen. Casanova tried to conceal the bolt inside the binding of the back of this book. The weapon was too long! It protruded nearly an inch at either end! Nevertheless his powers of invention were not yet finally conquered. Some festival occurred, on which a certain sort of cake, or pudding, of macaroni, made with much oil, was usually eaten. Casanova told the jailer that he wished, in return for the kindness received from his neighbor prisoner, to send him and the companion in his cell (for there was another prisoner in the monk's cell, a certain Conte Asquin, an old and immensely fat man) a dish of macaroni for the festival, prepared by his own hands. He furnished the money necessary for buying the different articles, and then saying that

he meant to do the thing as handsomely as possible, begged the jailer to bring him the largest dish he could get. manner was, it seems, to prepare maca-roni after this fashion in one of those very large, flat, shallow copper dishes, which are still so frequently seen in Italy. All the preparations were accomplished according to the prisoner's wishes. He prepared his plat, taking especial care that the dish should be filled with oil to the very brim, so that it could only be carried with great care, and in the most perfect equilibrium. Then he placed it on the folio with the precious bolt in it, sticking out at either end, but not so far as not to be hidden by the dish. Then, when the jailer came, he told him to take the book and the dish together into the neighboring cell. He put them himself into the man's hands, laughingly begging him to take the utmost care not to spill the oil. Of course the monk had been informed of the whole scheme, and knew with what precautions he was to receive the present.

All went well; and the unconscious jailer thus himself carried the weapon which was to open a way for the escape of the captives!

The plan of sticking up pictures of saints on the sides of the monk's cell, so as to hide his operations on them with the bolt turned into a spike, also succeeded perfectly. In a few days he had made a hole in the wooden wall of the cell, and was able to get out of it and on to the roof of that in which Casanova was confined: on which he began his operations, taking extreme care, of course, to leave a thin skin of wood untouched till the moment of evasion should have arrived.

This was eventually fixed for the 31st of October at mid-day. The morning visit of the jailer and his assistants would be then over, and (unless in consequence of some unusual occurrence) there would be no fear of any further visit till the next morning. At mid-day precisely he heard the monk on the ceiling above him, and in a very few minutes more the thin crust of wood, which alone remained, was broken through, and the monk descended into Casanova's cell.

The next difficulty to be overcome arose from the fear and misgivings of his accomplice, who, despite the success of their enterprise up to that point, began to feel sure that they never should succeed

in getting absolutely free out of the Palace. His lamentations, predictions of failure, and reproaches when he found that the enterprise was a more arduous one than he had anticipated, had to be listened to, not without infinite disgust, by the bolder spirit, on whom was now cast all the difficulty of the undertaking. And these difficulties, already overcome, were as nothing to those now before them.

The first step, however, after they had got on to the top of the cell, through the hole which the monk had made, presented no great difficulty. This was to rip open a sufficient portion of the leaden roofing of the Palace to allow them to pass out on to the roof; and by the help of the sharpened bolt this was readily accomplished. To reach the ridge of the roof was a matter of much greater difficulty. It had been necessary to wait till midnight before getting on to the roof, because it was a bright moonlight night: all Venice would be walking on the Square of St. Mark; the fugitives would have been seen on the roof; and it was, therefore, absolutely essential to wait till the moon had gone down. But in the meantime a thick fog arose, which, if it had the advantage of increasing the darkness, brought with it the very serious disadvantage of making the leads so slippery that it was with the most extreme difficulty that they were able to crawl on hands and knees up the steep ascent. Of course a slip would have been immediately fatal. By dint of exceeding exertion, Casanova mainly dragging up the monk as well as himself, they succeeded in seating themselves astride the

The next step was to find some means of fixing the end of the rope by which they were to let themselves down into the piazza from the roof. This rope had been prepared by the assiduous labor of the hours between the last morning visit of the jailer and the time of escape; and was composed of all their bedding torn into shreds, twisted and carefully knotted. They had enough of it to reach from the roof to the ground; but a long and scrupulous examination of the entire roof served only to show unmistakably that there was no possibility of fixing the rope to any object that could be trusted to hold it.

Then truly the prospect began to look very black indeed! To give up all hope

of escape and return to their cells was by no means the worst before them. It would have been absolutely impossible to conceal the traces of their outbreak, and condemnation to the "Pozzi" for life would have been the sure consequence. Rather than that, Casanova, was thoroughly resolved to precipitate himself into the canal that runs between the Ducal Palace and the prison on the other side of the

" Bridge of Sighs."

At last in the course of his examination of every part of the roof, he observed a small garret window in that slope of the roof which looked towards the canal. To descend the slope of the roof, though not less dangerous, was far less difficult than to climb up it. Casanova let himself slide down, trusting to his power of directing himself forwards, and being pulled up by the little roof of the window. He succeeded in this. Then lying along the ridge of this little roof on his stomach, with his legs extended up the slope of the main roof above it, he projected his head far enough over the edge of the roof of the window to see that it was a small window of little panes set in lead, and protected by an iron grating. Of course the window mattered little. But the iron grating?

With infinite labor, at the most frightful risk of being precipitated into the canal below, and with hands lacerated and bleeding, Casanova, after a quarter of an hour's work, succeeded in wrenching the grating from the wall with his trusty sharpened bolt. Then he returned to the spot on the main ridge of the roof where he had left his companion, who received him with a torrent of imprecations for having been so long absent. Nevertheless, he continued to labor for his escape as well as for his own. Having succeeded in getting the monk on to the roof of the now open

[&]quot;The Pozzi,"—literally "wells,"—are a range of prisons, yet more terrible than the "Piombi," constructed among the foundations of the Ducal Palace, without light, and accessible only by a dark stair leading from the first floor of the Palace, and by a little postern on the level of the canal, underneath the "Bridge of Sighs," by which the bodies of executed criminals, and of those who died there, were removed. Thus, the gorgeous public life of Venice, the assemblies of its senators and statesmen, the stately ceremonial of its receptions, were all transacted with despair and wailing over their heads, and despair and wailing under their feet!

little window, it was not very difficult for one of the two to be let down through the window by means of the cord by the other. But how was the second to follow? monk absolutely refused to help Casanova to descend. The latter, therefore, tied the cord around the body of the former, and succeeded in letting him down till he They found that the reached a floor. distance from the window to the floor was at least fifty feet. And now Casanova was alone on the roof, utterly at a loss to find the means of rejoining his companion. At last, after much search, he discovered on a remote part of the roof a ladder left there by workmen. With considerable labor and difficulty he succeeded in dragging it to the little ridge roof over the small garret window. But then came the question how, unaided by any other hand, the was to get one end of the long ladder in at the window. Below the window, it is to be understood, there was nothing save a few yards of very steeply sloping leads, a narrow stone cornice gutter, and then-the sheer fall of some two hundred feet into the canal below! The extreme difficulty and peril of the operation to be performed may be readily conceived!

Perched on the roof of the garret window, however, he did contrive, by the aid of his cord of bedclothes, to get one end of the ladder into the aperture of the window, and pull it onwards till the end struck against the roof of the window in the in-In this position it is easy to understand that no amount of force could make it enter further, save by raising the other end, which projected far beyond the extreme edge of the roof of the Palace. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to attempt this. Casanova let himself slip down on his stomach till the toes of his feet rested against the outside of the marble gutter which forms the cornice of the roof,—the toes only, for the gutter was too shallow to admit of more. In this position he strove to raise the ladder, having, as will be understood, a strong leverage against him, inasmuch as the part projecting beyond the fulcrum formed by his hand was much longer than that between his hand and the other end inside the win-

While using his utmost effort to accomplish this, he raised himself on his knees in order to exert more strength; his toes slipped, and he was launched over the

edge of the roof, till, by one of those instinctive and despairing efforts of which a man is capable only in similar desperate circumstances, he found himself arrested in his downward course by the clinging of his elbows to the cavity of the gutter. "A horrible moment," he says, writing many years afterwards when an old man, "at which I still shudder, and which it is, perhaps, impossible to imagine in all its horror. The natural instinct of preservation caused me, almost without knowing what I was doing, to exert my utmost strength to cling on, and—I am almost tempted to say miraculously—I succeeded."

Lacerated, bleeding, trembling, streaming with perspiration at every pore, he did succeed in regaining his position on the roof. The effort, which had so nearly cost him his life, had pushed the ladder three or four feet further into the window; and the remainder of the task of rejoining the monk on the floor of the room into which the window opened was comparatively easy.

As also was the remainder of his escape from the Palace. There were a few doors to be broken open, but the trusty weapon which had already stood him in such good stead, soon disposed of them. And in that vast building at that hour of the night, and especially just at that time of the year, when it was the habit of Venetian officers of state to take a few days' holiday at their estates on the mainland, there was little danger of any noise being heard.

After the breaking, more or less difficult, of a few doors, the fugitives found themselves at the head of the great staircase, so well known to travellers, which leads from the great corridor, running round the interior of the court of the Palace on the first floor. Thence the way was perfectly open to them to the head of the yet better known "giant" stairs, and at the foot of them to the main door of the Palace. This was shut and locked, because it was not yet the hour at which it was opened in the morning. It stands always open all day, but Casanova judged that it was wisest not to wait for that hour of the morning. Having first repaired as well as he could the mischief done both to his flesh and his clothes by the various incidents of his escape—which it was not so easy to do, for both clothes and limbs were torn to bits and covered with blood, but he had still the bundle containing his

wardrobe with him-he showed himself at one of the grated windows looking from

the court on to the piazza. Then some early passer-by saw him, and went to tell the porter that there was a man locked up in the court. Casanova says that, dressed as he was, he looked just like a man who had left a ball and passed the rest of the night in debauchery and disorder. The monk was dressed like a peasant. Placing himself close to the door, with the monk behind him, and grasping his sharpened bolt in his hand, thoroughly determined to strike the porter down with it if he should make any resistance to his exit, he awaited the opening of the door; and the instant it was opened glided through it on to the open piazza. porter seemed too much struck with amazement to do aught but stand agape and stare, so there was no need for violence; and Casanova and his companion, passing quickly to the "riva" of the "piazzetta," had no difficulty in finding a couple of gondoliers to take them to Mestre.

But the escaped prisoner knew too well the ways of the power against which he was trying the resources of his courage and wit, to imagine for an instant that he was really free till he had placed himself on the further side of the frontier of the territory of the Republic; and the nearest point at which this could be accomplished was the boundary separating the dominions of Venice from those of the Bishop of

Trent.

This, after a variety of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, which cannot here be related at length, he succeeded in ac-

complishing.

Before leaving Mestre he found himself face to face with a "sbirro," or officer in the employment of the Inquisition, who knew him personally, and knew that he ought then to have been in the "piombi" of the Ducal Palace. Fortunately the

spot was solitary, and he escaped by menacing the life of the officer. This danger, as well as many others, was brought upon him by the selfishness, cowardice, and imbecility of the monk his companion, whom nevertheless he would not desert (much to his honor, if his own account is to be credited) till he saw him safe and provided for in Germany. One night he passed in the house of a chief officer of the police of the Inquisition, who was absent from home scouring the country in search of him, and to whose wife he represented that he was a friend of her husband.

At Munich he found friends who took him with them to Paris, where, as ever, he once more fell on his legs, and began a new course of very extraordinary adventures, of which by no means the least curious was that which made him, about eighteen years subsequently, a "confidant"-i. e. spy and informer-of the Tribunal, whose means of action he stigmatizes as infamous, when they were

exerted against himself.

The special business for the sake of which he was in the first instance employed was the difficult and delicate one of preventing certain Armenian monks, who had separated themselves from the wellknown Armenian convent existing on one of the islands of the lagoon under the protection of Venice, from obtaining an establishment at Trieste. This he accomplished to the satisfaction of his employers; and his communications with the terrible Tribunal on the subject are sufficiently curious to be worth condensing from the highly interesting volumes of records which Signor Bazzoni has made known to historical students.

But this paper has already run to too great a length for it to be possible to attempt doing so on the present occasion.

Cornhill Magazine.

AN AFRICAN HAREEM.

I ONCE travelled with Dr. Livingstone, and with him visited Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, which lie between the northern extreme of Madagascar and the African coast. The voyage to Johanna was not a pleasant one: fever clung to us, fuel failed us, the ship sailed badly,

and through an oversight on the part of the officer then in charge of the Pioneer, the tanks had not been replenished before we left the river Rovumah, and we had tapped our last cask of water before we arrived at our destination.

When we first sighted Johanna it seem-

ed like a huge pyramid enveloped in a purple haze, and floating on the sun-burnished ocean; but as we drew nearer we saw that, like most islands of volcanic origin, it was wild and broken in outline, and that its surface was everywhere varied by hill and valley, cliff and chasm, gentle slope and irregular plateau. Although in the latitude of perpetual summer, Johanna is clothed with an everlasting verdure. The highest summit, 6,000 feet above the sea, is ever green with the bramble, the creeping vine, and other plants which find life in the moist and soil-filled crevices. The lower altitudes are rich with a most luxuriant vegetation. The plateaus are "florid with an unfading prime." And in many of the deeper valleys, so dense is the canopy of foliage spread by huge trees and parasitic shrubs which hang on their branches, that the sunbeams never enter to disperse the mists of the morning. In these shades the birds seek shelter from the heat of noon-tide, and reptiles and insects, which love damp places, and hate the sun, find This unceasing fertility is their abodes. owing to the clouds which here shed a constant moisture on the hill-tops, and feed streams which rush and roar along the steep and rugged water-courses, and wind through the lower valleys with slower pace and softer music, until they enter the tropical sea. Seed-time and harvest, therefore, are constantly united, and fruitful summer presides over the whole year.

Johanna is dominated by a race of Arabs which claims to have supplied Eastern Africa with most of its petty potentates. The King of Johanna is the lord and master of about 10,000 souls, of whom all but a tithe are Africans and slaves. It is the policy of Great Britain to maintain the independence of the King of Johanna, and other little sovereigns, against the designs of those who covet territory in these parts of the world; had it not been for this, Johanna would long since have passed into the possession of the French.

We did not make for Muzumudu, the capital, but for Pomoney, a village on the western side of the island, where there is a small but safe harbor joined by the coral reef, and where lived an Englishman, who was then British Consul for the Comoros, but whose principal occupation was the cultivation of sugar. Our little

ship glided into the harbor, and we let go our anchor just as the last glow of the sun passed away from the hills, and the stars began to shine through the orange-tinted Then there came on board two sky. Arabs, who wore grand apparel, who carried swords with richly ornamented hilts and scabbards, who were high in position amongst the great men of the island, and who were anxious for the privilege and profit of washing our soiled linen and replenishing our larder. The slave-trade was, in all probability, their natural occupation, but that had but lately been rudely interfered with by our cruisers; and so these two worthies, cut-throats ingrain they looked to be, were reduced to the ignoble employment of bidding one against the other for the advantage of our patron-After a fashion they both spoke English, for Johanna has been a rendezvous for British ships for many years, and the English language is one of the most general accomplishments of its inhabitants. Said one of these men to me, "Listen. Have nothing with that man" (his rival for our favors). "His woman kill your shirt, beat it to pieces. He give you meat no good-old cow. He sell you bad milk, bad eggs, bad banana, bad orange, bad cocoanut,-all things bad. He make pay very much. Listen. My woman wash shirt good. Me sell meat, everything, all good, all for little money. Say finish?'

"Finish"—the word with which they close a bargain—I did not say, and he turned from me in unconcealed disgust. A few minutes afterwards the other fellow preferred his claims. Said he, "That man no good. He lie, he cheat, very much. Suppose give him shirt, what he do? He keep, ship go away, no see shirt again. Give me shirt, my woman wash, you have back to-morrow. That good, eh? Me sell beef, goat, limes, banana, melon, all things, all you like, all good—very good. Say finish?"

"Finish" was not said, for the Consul had come on board, and Dr. Livingstone having learnt from him that there was no coal at the naval depot at Pomoney, and that one of her Majesty's ships was at Muzumudu for repairs, with a good supply, determined upon going round to that town on the morrow.

The larger houses of Muzumudu face the sea. They are flat-roofed, white, and with-

out ornament, having but few windows, and those quite small. From the sea they looked like so many prisons. The houses of the poorer folk and of many of the slaves are built in a narrow valley, and stretch up the hill on either side of a stream. The odor of this town, from the absence of any sort of drainage, is most offensive. As compared with the mainland of Africa the climate of Johanna is healthy, but the habits of the people expose them to every sort of sickness.

We went on shore as soon as we arrived, and found ourselves in the presence of the King, who, with his princes and great men, was going to say his prayers at the principal mosque of the town, the day being a high day, the last day of the Ramadan, during the season of which all pious Mussulmans fast and pray from sunrise to sunset, and feast and sin from sunset to sunrise. The King on seeing the Consul, who had accompanied us from Pomoney, stopped to shake hands with him. Dr. Livingstone and others were then introduced to him. The King was handsomely dressed in fine white robes embroidered with a flowered pattern, and he wore a large white muslin turban. He seemed about twenty-five years of age, his person was slight and graceful, his face almost handsome, and, contrasted with the faces of his attendants, of amiable expression. He carried no weapon, but most of his suite, who were all splendidly dressed, were armed with swords and daggers. Before proceeding on his way, he invited us to his palace on the morrow.

About ten o'clock next morning a Prince Mahomet, who was the King's first-cousin, and by several years his senior, came on board the *Pioneer* in order to conduct us to the King. The Prince was lean and short of stature, his voice was harsh, and his countenance expressed a mind that was "vile and villanously mean."

A great concourse of people had assembled on the shore. There were Africans of all ages and both sexes, and all in a state of almost nudity; there were half-castes better dressed, but not more attractive in appearance; and there were two or three Arabs of high degree, who awaited our landing in order to accompany us into the presence of their sovereign. In our progress to the palace we were preceded and followed by a crowd of people. Many of these poor creatures were suffering from

ulcerous sores loathsome to look at; others from that most frightful of all physical evils, elephantiasis. The streets through which we passed were ill-paved and narrow, -so narrow, that with outstretched arms we could touch the houses on either side. These swarmed with inhabitants, who came to the doors to see Half-castes glared at us, and goodtempered, fat African women laughed at us, and held up their little fat babies for us to admire; and all contributed, by their dirt and disease, to taint the air we breathed. Indeed, the odor from the crowd about us, and from the filth under our feet, was intolerable, and we were thankful when we found ourselves in the court-yard of the royal residence.

The exterior of the King's palace was not attractive; it consisted of four stone walls, with a few square holes for doors and windows. The council-chamber, which opened into the court-yard, was a large square room, meanly furnished with benches for seats, and largely partaking of the general filthiness of the town. The inner apartments, were better cared for. The room occupied by the King was amply supplied with couches and looking-glasses, and the walls and ceiling were painted with divers colors, after the fashion obtaining amongst these people.

The King was sitting on a couch covered with crimson damask, and on either side of him sat his attendants; he wore white robes without ornaments of any kind; they had on grand apparel; he was unarmed; they all had swords; he received us without embarrassment, but the manifest self-consciousness of those about him was most assuming; all chewed betel-nut, and all, the King included, expectorated copiously and frequently.

Sidi Abdramman, a shrewd looking old man, who spoke English excellently, and whose daughter was one of the King's wives, seated himself on a mat in front of the royal couch to act as interpreter; for the King seemed to know less of the English language than most of his subjects. He professed himself anxious to hear of Dr. Livingstone's travels, and the Doctor was willing to gratify him; but after listening for a few minutes his curiosity was satisfied, he clapped his hands, and two slave girls, who had evidently been waiting near at hand for this signal, entered the room with sherbet in yellow glass

goblets. The day was hot, the sherbet was cool and pleasant, and having drunk of it we took our departure. The Prince Mahomet again attended us.

On our way back to the ship the Prince was loquacious. He spoke English well, he had been a considerable traveller, and he was proud of his knowledge of the world. He had a grievance, and he was not long in making us acquainted with it.

not long in making us acquainted with it.

"Look at me!" cried he. "Look at me! My father's father was King of Johanna, and ought to be the King of Mayotta" (another of the Comoros); "but the French have taken Mayotta; they cheated me out of my rights by giving the old king, my uncle, very much money. To me they gave nothing, and now I, instead of being a king, am nothing. Bah! a man like I am to be obliged to hold his nose and say nothing." Evidently his subordinate position in Johanna was irksome to him, and he looked like a man that might become dangerous to his royal cousin.

It had been arranged that we should stay a few days at Johanna, and when the Prince heard of the intended sojourn, he said, "Ah! you have been to see the King, now come and see me. Will you come?"

"Prince, you are such a churlish set of people with respect to your women. If we visit your houses we see men only; now if you come to our houses we should introduce you to the ladies of our households." I ventured to remark.

"Ah, yes, I know your custom with women is different from ours," said he. "Every nation has its own custom. What is good for one may not be so good for another. Your custom is very good for you, perhaps. Our custom is good for us, that we know. But I am a man who has seen many things and many places, and I have not the prejudices which some of my people have; and if you will do me the honor of paying me a visit, you shall see my wives. Now will you come?"

"Under such circumstances, certainly," said Dr. Livingstone, and the visit was arranged for the next day but one.

At the time appointed the Prince came off to the ship in order to take us on shore in his own boat. He was arrayed in a magnificent dress of bright blue silk, ornamented with gold lace, and he was evidently in a delightful state of self-con-

sciousness. Dr. Livingstone, two other gentlemen, and myself were ready to accompany him. When we gained the shore we found that the news of our proposed visit to the Prince's Hareem had become known to many, and there was a considerable assemblage of slaves and the poorer half-castes to greet and to follow us. This demonstration may have been arranged by the Prince; he was certainly pleased with it; and he marched ahead of us as though a person of greater importance than the King himself. I could not help thinking, as we went on our way, that the sentiment with which he regarded the King was far from loyal.

The Prince's establishment consisted of a group of buildings surrounded by a wall of stone. One of the houses was much larger than the rest, and to this we were taken. After passing through a desolatelooking ante-room we entered an apartment about forty feet square; but though its proportions were noble, its appearance was not attractive. The furniture was scanty, mean, and much worn; the chintz that covered the couches was faded, and the glasses that hung on the whitewashed walls were with one exception cracked; the floor was uncarpéted. This was the Prince's own apartment, and this probably accounted for the poverty of its appearance. Each wife has her own chamber, and as the greater part of her dowry is expended upon the decorating and furnishing of it, the Prince's room probably afforded no fair indication of the character of his whole establishment. Here it was, however, we were to have audience of the ladies.

After inviting us to be seated, the Prince left us, in order to apprise his wives of our arrival. He went out by a doorway covered by a damask hanging, which, we presumed, led to the ladies' apartments. He returned in a few minutes, and with him came, not a wife but a little Malay woman, old and shrivelled, but full of vivacity. Her sharp, shrill voice rang through the room when she announced that the ladies would soon appear. She was evidently the janitress of the Hareem, and the Prince seemed to be much in awe of her. She was born at Cape Town, but had many years ago married a Johanna man. She spoke English very imperfectly, but Dutch like a Dutchlander; and when she found that Dr.

Livingstone could speak that language, her pleasure was so demonstrative I thought she would have embraced him. It seemed greatly to cheer her old heart to hear once more that most ugly of all languages. She asked a multiplicity of questions about Cape Town. She rattled away at the highest pitch of her voice until her excitement fairly broke her down; then she seemed to recollect herself, and, with a kind of chuckle, said, "Now I will send in the ladies," and ran off with quite a youthful agility.

After she had retired, the Prince, who was evidently excited and somewhat nervous, said,-" My wives say I must tell you of a little custom we have whenever strangers are introduced to them. When they come in, they will each one of them come to each of you, and you will have to go through a little ceremony each of you with each of them. Oh, it is not much, it is not what you think," he continued, with a shrewd smile. "It is only this. Each of them will hold in her hand a little bit of bread, and each of you will break off a small piece from each, and eat it. That done, we are friends-always friends."

We expressed gratification and ready compliance. The ladies not appearing, he disappeared behind the curtain again, but quickly returned. The curtain was then withdrawn, and, standing in a row on either side of the passage, we saw a number of little slave girls, some of whom were very gayly dressed. Then there came from a room at the end of the passage a stout lady about twenty-five years of age, whose face was only saved from being common-place by her large and really beautiful eyes. Her appearance as she entered the room was dazzling. The bodice of her dress was of cloth-of-gold; the short skirt was of Indian muslin, elaborately worked with gold and silver thread; her drawers were of the same material and similarly ornamented. Her naked feet was slipped into richly-adorned sandals, and on her head she wore a purple velvet fez-shaped cap that was refulgent, with gold lace and jewels. Round her waist she had a jewelled zone, and round her neck "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" were multiplied in a barbarous profusion; she had rings on all her fingers, she wore bracelets, armlets, and anklets of gold: and her ears were strangely decorated, for not only were the lower lobes perforated, but the looked like a thin slice of gingerbread,

rim of each ear was pierced in several places, and instead of one jewelled drop, each ear sustained four or five. The first effect produced on me by this profuse display of personal ornamentation was amazement, and then the absurdity of it appeared so great that it was difficult to refrain from laughter. Yet we could not help being pleased with the woman who had taken so much pains with herself to please us; and when she came forward to shake hands, which she did rather awkwardly, we bowed our lowest and smiled our sweetest. To her succeeded a tall, finely-built, very handsome woman, of about twenty years of age. Her figure was perfect; the grace of her carriage was faultless, and her large black eyes were so lustrous they seemed to flash light. With the first lady the richness of costume was most prominent, but with this woman the beauty of her person far outshone the magnificence of her attire. She was dressed and ornamented, with some slight variation, like unto her sister-wife, to whom, indeed, she was really sister; for the Prince informed us that they were the children not only of the same father but by the same mother. She moved towards us like a queen-self-possessed and gracious; and though she had not the manner of a European lady, the mode of her hand-shaking was unimpeachable. A few moments elapsed before the third wife presented herself. Her appearance was insignificant, her features expressionless: her eyes lacked lustre, her form, though not angular, was spare and destitute of all grace; her movements were awkward, and though dressed not less grandly than the others, her costume appeared far less resplendent. The Prince appeared to feel that we were conscious of her defects, for, as she turned from us after the usual salutation, he exclaimed, "Oh, she is a very tame wife!" (These ladies, be it said, did not understand English.) The curtain over the doorway fell; no other lady appeared. To our look of inquiry the Prince replied, "That is all. I have but three wives-only three. If I had as many as my birth entitles me to, I should have twelve--as many as the King; but the French have my island, and so I am only a poor devil with but three wives!"

The introductions ended, the senior lady came forward and held out to us what from which we each broke off a small por- of three African slave-girls, who were very the taste; a vile compound of bad oil, Indian cornmeal, and sweets. The ladies then seated themselves on a couch opposite to that on which we sat; and we were instructing the Prince to convey to them our thanks for the great honor they had done us in granting this interview, and an unbounded admiration of themselves, when, by all that is shocking, we discovered that they chewed betel-nut! For, right and left, with a volume, a precision, and a force that a Yankee might have envied, they began to relieve themselves of the consequences of this abominable habit. Up to this point all had seemed consistent with the place and the occasion; but this was a feature in the romance of the Hareem that I had not looked for. However, we expressed our gratification, and our sentiments being made known to the ladies, they showered upon us smiles and pleasant glances. At this juncture the Prince's mother entered the room. She was a very fat, very dirty, but very cheerful old woman. Her dress was a simple robe of brown cotton without ornament of any kind. The Prince rose as she entered and led her to a seat; his manner in doing this was most respectful and almost affectionate. He told us that she was a very religious woman, had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was regarded as a saint. She asked us especially after a gentleman whose acquaintance she made when he was a gallant captain of a British man-of-war, and who was now an aged admiral, and declared that if she were not so old she would undertake the journey to England to feast her eyes on him once more. She showed us a gold watch which she had received from the East India Company in acknowledgment of her kindness to certain English ladies and children, the passengers of one of the Company's ships that had been wrecked on the reef that runs around Johanna. She took them into her house and entertained them for weeks, and from them obtained the knowledge she possessed of the English language. She was certainly a good-natured old woman, and had she not every two or three minutes ejected a torrent of colored fluid from her mouth, she might have been agreeable.

Our conversation with this old lady was interrupted by the entrance into the room

tion and ate it. It was abominable to prettily attired in vestments of many colors. Two of them carried silver trays, the contents of which were hidden from our eyes by veils of white muslin; the third was laden with sherbet. At an indication from the chief wife, the sherbet-bearer approached and knelt before us, and continued kneeling until we had emptied our glasses and replaced them on the tray. Then one bearing a veiled tray went up to the ladies, and knelt before them. Upon the veil being removed we saw four bouquets, composed of the blossom of a sweet-scented shrub that had been sewn on to a piece of calico cut into the shape of a heart. She who had the pre-eminence with the ladies, took a bouquet and looked and smiled at Dr. Livingstone, who went up to her and received it from her hands, and then gallantly fastened it on to the breast of his coat. We were each similarly favored. Then the third girl approached with her burden, and upon the veil being removed, we found that it consisted of four mouthfuls of betel-nut, wrapped in the leaf with which it is masticated. Again a pleasant smile and a sunny glance brought us to the ladies, and we each received our portion of betel-nut. But what were we to do with it? We had disposed of the bouquets satisfactorily, but the betel-nut puzzled us. Was it intended for use or for show? The Prince explained that as it was the custom of the English to offer wine to their guests, so was it the custom of his people to offer betel-nut; and when offered, as in the present instance, by a lady, it could not be refused or taken away untasted. After which explanation, we of course expressed ourselves delighted to do what was expected of us; but before we had put the objectionable morsel into our mouths, the ladies volunteered to flavor it with a preparation of lime, which they keep by them in small silver boxes, and which gives to it an additional pungency. This the Prince declared was not only a delicate attention, but a great honor also; inasmuch as in days gone by only those who had achieved the renown which the pilgrimage to Mecca gave were permitted to take their betel-nut flavored with lime. The thing itself was not offensive to the palate; it tasted something like nutmeg, and it caused an excitement of the glands which was far from being unpleasant, but it made expectoration a necessity. Despite the example of the ladies I strove against doing as they did, but in vain; I was compelled to relieve my mouth or choke. My companions were in the same predicament, and the position became so ludicrous that laughter long and loud was the result. The ladies ascertaining the cause of our mirth laughed also, and we quickly became a very merry party. They told us that the use of betel-nut ought to be general; that it cheered the spirits, allayed pain; that without it fasting was impossible, as it assuaged hunger; that it quieted the restless, and soothed temper; that it gave rest to the weary and sleep to the sleepless; that, in fact, it made all who used it happy, and should be used, therefore, by everybody. repulsive consequences of its use were as nothing. And we were advised to take a quantity of betel-nuts to England, in order that the English might experience the benefits of its rare qualities. Then the young ladies sought information upon the social and domestic life of English women, and were much amused by our replies; and one of them remarked that it must be very dull to be the only wife of any man, —they preferred their own arrangements.

As conversation progressed, I said to the Prince, "You complained just now that you had but three wives; to me three would be a burden I could not bear. How do you manage to keep them in order?"

"Oh," said he, "quite easy, nothing easier. Look at me. I have this coat on to-day. I like this coat to-day, to-morrow perhaps, next day also; but when I have worn it so long I cease to like it, I wish for another,—so I fold it up, put it away, and put on another coat. Well, it is all the same with a wife." And he chuckled at the aptness of his illustration.

"But wives are not coats, and cannot be treated so unceremoniously," I observed.

"Not English wives, truly; for English women are very different to Arab women. English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very much of themselves, think very little of their husbands; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like: but Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves; they live to please their husbands; they are obedient; they are much better than English women, and a man may do

with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him, what does he? He says to her, 'By Allah, I will leave you.' And if she disobey him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife, she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she prove to have a very bad temper, and disobey him always; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and all night too; lead him a devil of a life; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself,—what can he do? He can do nothing; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah! the Arab custom is better than the English custom; and the Arab women are better for the man than the English women. I am sure of that."

I told him that though people in England did sometimes make unhappy marriages, yet as a rule it was not so; inasmuch as every opportunity was given before marriage of becoming acquainted with the character and feeling of those we married, and that very few really wished to annul the marriage contract. Upon which he replied, warmly:-"That is not true! I read your newspapers. I know all about Sir Cresswell, and I know that many husbands and wives in England tire of one another, and try to get unmarried. Ah, English custom is a bad custom, say what you will. I tell you," continued he, " that our women are different to your women, much better, not so wilful. And look at Arab woman before and after marriage, and see if our custom is not better for her and her husband also. Before marriage the Arab woman sees no man but her father, her brothers, and such male relatives that by our law she cannot marry; after she is married she sees her relatives, and her husband, no other man. She must love her husband for she sees only him. She is not like an English woman, who goes from home every day, goes where she likes, and sees what men she likes. She must go wrong, must get tired of her one husband. Any woman would; but Arab women stop at home always, say her prayers, and love her husband."

I assured him that his estimate of English women was erroneous, that Christianity had elevated them far above the mental and moral position occupied by Mahometan women, that they were trusted

and respected because they were trust- he had been introduced to her as we had higher law than he seemed able to comprehend was the guide of their life, that they were virtuous upon principle, not upon compulsion, as were the Arab women, who were shut out from the company of all men but that of their husband and near relatives, and were watched day and night. Upon which he waxed angry, and exclaimed:-"I do not believe you; I believe what I see. We know that the Christian man is not a good man; your newspapers tell me that the Christian woman is not a good woman. You say that only a few are not good; if a few are bad why not many? if many do wrong why not all? all have the same opportunities, and the few are as much Christian as the many. They may be good, they may be bad; you don't know, for they go where they please, do what they please, see whom they please. You think them good, I think them bad: which is right? You cannot say, you cannot know until what you call the day of judgment. But that is too long a time for me to wait before I know what my wife is, I like to be quite sure now." And again he chuckled over his own jest.

He was an utter disbeliever in any life higher than he could realize from his own observations and personal experience, and I pursued the vexed question of English and Arab customs and their effects upon woman no further; but before we took our departure I asked him if his wives could read.

"Read!" said he in unfeigned astonishment. "No! we never teach our women to read, they know too much already."

Our visit must have been a strange episode in the lives of these three ladies, the Prince's wives. I do not think they were consciously unhappy; they had not sufficient knowledge of a higher state of life to be other than contented with their lot. They knew of no other than "the custom of their people," and they evidently accepted it as though no other custom could be.

As we left, we were exhorted by the mother of the Prince to inform her admiral on our return to England that she had not forgotten him, and should forget him never. And yet she had seen him but once; and that was many years before;

worthy and respected themselves, that a been introduced to her son's wives, and she had cherished him in her memory ever since.

The Prince accompanied us back to the ship; and during the time of our sojourn at Muzumudu, I saw him repeatedly. On one occasion he brought an Arabic translation of the English Bible, and asked me to point out the passage in which the mother of Moses was mentioned by name. This led to a conversation upon the Christian and Mahometan religions. The Prince was a shrewd assailant of Christianity, attacking it through the sins and follies of its professors with no mean intelligence.

He admitted, however, that the power of all Mahometan nations was fast waning, but, said he, "Mahomet is coming again, and then all you Christians will become Mahometans. He may come soon; in a few years; five, ten; at the utmost, twenty-five. If he do not come at the end of twenty-five years, I promise you I will become a Christian."

On the next day we proceeded to Pomoney to re-victual from the naval storeship there stationed, previous to our making for the Zambezi. The thunder raged the greater part of the day, and very grandly; the lightning, as it flashed from the dense black clouds that rested on the island, gave it the appearance of a volcano, ejecting streams of liquid fire far into the sky. It was the period of the change of the monsoon, and storms, therefore, were of almost every-day occurrence. This fact was a source of anxiety to some of us, for the naval officer who had hitherto been in charge of the Pioneer withdrew from that position, and Dr. Livingstone had resolved upon assuming the command of her himself; not that he had any qualifications for such an office, beyond the ability to fix the latitude and longitude of any place, but because he had a firm belief in himself. Had it been any other man than Livingstone who had so determined, I should certainly have declined to venture with him, but, as it was, I did not hesitate. "Bon voyage," said the Consul, as he took farewell of us; but he owned afterwards, that so desperate did he think our position, that he never expected to hear of us again in any other place than at the bottom of the sea. We reached our destination in safety, nevertheless, and remained in the interior of Africa nearly three years. When I came away I left behind me in their graves several of the noble men who had been my companions; they were pioneers and

martyrs of a noble cause.

Of Prince Mahomet and his belongings I had no further information until quite lately. I was staying with a gentleman in the West of England, and turning over a photographic album one day, I saw the portrait of the Prince in that semi-European costume which certain Orientals affect when they come to England. My host had lately married a widow lady, who, during her widowhood, had principally resided in London. Then, as always, she went about doing good; and one day, when on an errand of mercy to some people who occupied the ground-floor of a third-rate house in one of the third-rate streets of southwest London, she heard that the first-floor was tenanted by two foreign princes who were in great distress; and she discovered Prince Mahomet and a Prince Abdallah, his cousin, one of the most amiable, because weakest, of the Johannese gentry, in a state of absolute starvation. She saved them from death, and did for them all that a noble-hearted Christian lady could do for the suffering strangers. And she made me acquainted with the story with which the Prince supplied her, of the cause of his departure from Johanna, and his appearance in England.

From the dates given it would seem that soon after we left Johanna an estrangement took place between the King and the Prince. The King suspected the Prince of conspiring against his authority, and my own opinion is that his suspicions were well founded; but this the Prince denied, and affirmed that he only wanted for himself and his cousin, Prince Abdallah, that position in the administration of affairs which was theirs by the right of a family compact, made when the King began to reign, but of which they had been deprived by the machinations of Sidi Abdramman, and others who had gained and abused the King's confidence. Anyhow his position became more and more

uncomfortable, and at last he was obliged to fly from Johanna to save his life. Prince Abdallah and two slave-boys accompanied him. They resolved to come to England and make their case known to the British Government, praying that they might, the King notwithstanding, be reinstated in all the honor to which their birth entitled them. But the ear of the Foreign Minister was not open to them; time passed, and their position became desperate, for they had brought with them but little money, and a few jewels of no great worth, and their means were exhausted. In a few days they would have died of hunger, had they not been opportunely relieved by my friend's wife. She did more than relieve their immediate wants. What they could not do of themselves, she did for them through the influence of friends. The Foreign Minister took their case into consideration, and though he did not grant their prayer to be reinstated in all their family honors, he franked them back to Johanna. They left England with the avowed purpose of returning, and the last news of them which my hostess received came from Prince Mahomet at Aden. I saw his letter; it expressed, in highly inflated language, his great gratitude to the good lady who had done so much for him, and his high opinion of all English women. There was no land on earth where such good women were to be found as in England. He was not a Christian, he might never be a Christian, but he should always think and say that the Christian women excelled all other women in all that was kind, and pure, and true, and noble.

From subsequent information I learnt that Prince Mahomet had not returned to Johanna, and of his whereabouts none of his old friends seemed to know anything; that on his flight from the island his property had been confiscated, and his wives given to other men, the beauty going to that crafty old fellow Sidi; and that his mother had died of cholera, which had found a congenial abiding-place in the filth of Muzumudu and other settlements on the island, and had carried off a fifth

of the whole population.

St. Paul's.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

of genius who cares for fame-to be totally unknown or wofully misknown? Probably the second of the two cases is the least agreeable. When Thackeray was canvassing Oxford, he introduced himself to some college don or other as the author of "Vanity Fair." "Something in the Bunyan way, I presume?" innocently inquired the great man. At Wimbledon camp, last year, a gentleman, seeing an officer reading aloud under a great tent to a large number of people, asked of a policeman who was keeping order what the officer was reading. "Dickens' 'Penny Picnic,' sir," said the policeman. This was simply laughable, and no one would have enjoyed the man's harmless misknowledge more than Dickens himself. But it must have been rather a different case when, at a party at Oxford, a gentleman in no way distinguished by any look of peculiar stupidity, asked Hawthorne if he was not the author of "The Red Letter A." It would weaken the interest some writers take in literary glory, if they would only keep their eyes open to the fact that the greater part of the knowledge of them which is possessed by the great body of the public is mere misknowledge. Very few, indeed, of the people who read a book which is popular know more about it after a month is over than the gentleman who could not remember the title of "The Scarlet Letter." There was a time when "The Scarlet Letter" had some claim to be considered a popular book; but it owed a large part of its general diffusion to the fact that it could be and was sold in this country for a shilling. And it is undoubtedly true that Hawthorne is essentially a writer for select readers. Beyond the inner circle there is a pretty considerable public who turn over his books, or, at least, "The Scarlet Letter;" but to the majority of these good people he is of necessity a man so much misknown that he might himself have preferred not being read at all by them. At least one would say so, if it were not for the strong proofs afforded by his memoranda posthumously published of the pleasure he took in being widely, if remotely, known. He declarations of English critics, that he was,

WHICH is the most mortifying to a man on the whole, the most original man of genius America had produced. When we bear in mind the names which this verdict placed second to him-Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and Poe-we cannot wonder that he took pleasure in the verdict; though he undoubtedly did so in a shy way that had a smack of humor in it. It was a verdict that might be a little disputed in favor of Emerson; some people would say, in favor of Poe; but, after all, there was something mechanical about the movement of the fine faculties of the latter, and, as Lowell says of him, in hiswritings "the heart is all squeezed out by the mind." There are, no doubt, critics at present who would affirm that the advent of Walt Whitman has changed the conditions, and that he is now the most original man of genius that America has produced. There is something to be said for this last claim; for whether we decide that Whitman is a great poet who will live, or only the splendid Apollo of rowdies, he is the most truly American of the writers of merit that America has produced. Emerson, indeed, is American; so, in a way, is Lowell, under the persona of Hosea Biglow; so, in a way, is Longfellow, in the "Song of Hiawatha;" so, again, is Cooper in his novels. But, indeed, the whole question of "Americanism" involves some curious matters that are well worth looking at.

To begin with, it is exceedingly difficult for us English to catch in a new literature the distinct impress of another nationality when the language employed by the writers is our own, written idiomatically and with perfect purity; as, for example, Poe, Hawthorne, Prescott, Longfellow, and Bryant wrote, The first accents of nationality that strike our ears are usually such as relate to scenery and minor circumstances. We perceive that a writer is an American (the title is not exhaustively accurate as a definition) if he writes squash instead of pumpkin, and talks familiarly of the blue-bird and the hickory-pole, or of caucuses and mass-meeting, dollars and dimes, and so on. These are accidents of a kind which may turn up in literature of any quality, in America or elsewhere. could not have missed seeing the frequent But when a writer like Lowell seizes a peculiar type of character which we at

once recognize as national, or when Haw- very significant fact-we have a striking thorne describes the scenery of the Assabeth (in the introduction to the "Mosses from an Old Manse"), or Emerson paints a landscape such as we can nowhere see on this side of the Atlantic, we find him American in another and a higher sense. He is American just as a man who is always letting out about the Rhine (and, perhaps, his grandmother) is German. But there are other ways yet of being American.

Hawthorne painted American scenery beautifully, but he painted that of Italy with equal beauty, and sometimes that of England. Only he seems to have been the first of his countrymen whose literary self-consciousness, so to speak, was American. It was almost irritably so. His mind stands back, and looks around, and realizes its traditions, and the relation of his people to the parent people, and deliberately formulates itself as American. He always shows himself distinctly wideawake to the particulars in which America has broken with the old traditions; and yet he hardly appears resigned to her privations-to the absence of the wall-flower, the ivy, and the lichen on the walls of her civilization, for example; or, again, to the absence of a supremely cultured and "leisured" class in America; or to that of "the untouched and ornamental" in general in her social fabric. In "The House of the Seven Gables" he has very vividly, and evidently with only partial consciousness of what he was about, shown us the way in which his mind had been at work upon the old problems in the new forms in which they appear to him in the growth of his country under the shadow of English tradition. He writes as if he resented the fact that he could not be an American and an Englishman all at once. People may deny this as long as they please, and maintain that it is our national conceit which makes us think these things; but Hawthorne would not have denied it if it had been pressed home to him in a quiet hour by an Englishman of genial humor and true love of American freedom. There are perpetually recurring traces in his writings of a sense that the "go-ahead" spirit seemed, for the present at least, to involve a kind and degree of impermanence which was painful. In "The House of the Seven Gables," which we now know he preferred to "The Scarlet Letter"-a

embodiment of all this. The young "Red Republican" daguerreotypist, descendant of Maule, who baffled and mesmerized the ancient Pyncheon, is the representation of Labor and Progress, and he marries Phœbe Pyncheon. Here is the reconciliation of the aristocratic spirit with the spirit of modern equality. But though the young man has been not long previously quarrelling with the kind of permanence which is symbolized by antiquated houses like that of the Seven Gables, he is no sooner betrothed than he, too, contemplates the permanent, and proposes a new

wing to the Pyncheon house.

This is one instance, too, out of a hundred that could be cited to illustrate the way and the degree in which Hawthorne, without becoming cynical, so often seems to approach the confines of cynicism,the hazy border-land in which we so often find him stealing along, softly, with his face towards the light, but with a slant look at the gloom beyond. Another instance occurs at the opening of "The Scarlet Letter," where the author notices, quite unnecessarily as it appears, the fact that wherever men go and sit down in large numbers, there are two things which they are compelled to set up-namely, a prison and a graveyard. Take, again, the remark of the sexton when he hands to Arthur Dimmesdale, on the pulpit-stairs, the minister's glove which he had picked up on the pillory. Again, the various readings which different people give to the letter A said to be seen in the sky in the night upon which Arthur mounts that place of shame in the dark by himself. Again, the different versions which tradition gave of the wonderful closing scene of the story, and of the minister's dying speech to the people. Again, the sudden confession at the end of "The Blithedale Romance," that the narrator of the story was himself in love with Priscilla-an announcement which throws backward upon the narrative a most peculiar coloring. Again, the story of Goodman Brown. In all these and in many other instances, we feel the presence of a fine genius which flies, and mounts heavenwards, but which yet looks as if it might have singed its wing at some time. There are two ways, and only two, in which such awkward corners as his mind is always running against can be, in military phrase, "turned:" by a very dogmatic moral faculty, or start that question between the old and Hawthorne possessed. Richter, Sterne, in such a nice, warm laugh that we should not have been stung by it. When some Yankee "jokist" the other day told us that a certain district was so healthy, that when they "inaugurated" the cemetery they had to shoot a man on purpose, we were reminded of the inevitableness of that institution; but the humor took away all possibility of pain. It is not Hawthorne's fault that he had not humor adapted to the effort in question, though he had a fine, quiet humor of his own. Nor is it his fault that he has not dogmatic or intellectual force enough, or even sufficient depth of passion, to enable him to "turn" the corners which yet he appears unable to avoid. "The Scarlet Letter" is the most intense of his writings, or, at least, it can only be rivalled in that particular by "Transformation;" but in neither is the passion quite strong enough to communicate to the reader that sense of absolute and final moral victory which, after so much pain, the heart craves. It by no means follows that a picture of the very last despairs of the human soul, with only just light enough to exhibit them, should depress. If the picture be only strong enough, it may ensure a reaction of triumph in the soul of the spectator. But the strength is essential; and of that has Hawthorne quite enough, even for purposes of passion? "There is Hawthorne," writes Lowell in his brilliant Fable for the Critics-

"There is Hawthorne with genius so shrinking

That you hardly at first see the strength that is

and in Hawthorne there really is a true and effective force. But is it quite sufficient for the desperate ground through which he so often makes the reader

The defect is no doubt partly of the intellect. His writings, with small exceptions, start the deepest difficulties, and then rather worry them than shake the life out of them. Nowhere is the statement of a problem complete, or even as complete as it might be. In "The House of the Seven Gables," if Holgrave, the daguerreotypist, must needs and boldly grasped. As it is, we are not

by a much stronger sense of humor than the new, he should have more to say about it than what he delivers with a sad smile. or Molière would have wrapped up that In "The Blithedale Romance," the questouch about the prison and the graveyard tion of the relation of what may be called vocational philanthropy to the exercise of the private affections is left in a highly unsatisfactory condition, and the book closes with the most dismal picture of a man of noble aspirations utterly broken down by remorse-morally crushed because he could not at any time rally his conscience into action after having caused the suicide of the beautiful Zenobia. Generally speaking, indeed, remorse and failure play too prominent a part in these writings. It is not well to exhibit remorse as having power to kill, or almost to kill, the soul of a man, and there to leave the matter. Nor, as we shall see in a moment, can we wholly admit the plea that Hawthorne was primarily an artist, not a moralist. In "The Scarlet Letter," the climax of the story is grand indeed, and the general result more wholesome. But even here we occasionally feel stifled. Remorse is not allowed to kill the soul of Arthur Dimmesdale; but, again, we have an immense problem started, and a most lurid exhibition of its difficulties, and then we are put off at the end with a hint that some day "a new truth" will be disclosed which will put the whole relation of man and woman on a better footing. (I may incidentally mention that in F. W. Robertson's Diary, this passage is quoted at length, and attributed to Mr. Arthur Helps.) This puts one in mind of the advice of, I think, Quintus Fixlein, in Jean Paul-"There are important conclusions to be drawn from this, and I advise you to draw them." Still less hopeful is the state of the case at the close of "Transformation." In that story, Donatello, the Faun, is supposed to have risen to a higher moral life in consequence of a crime, and Kenyon, the painter, puts the question whether sin may not be a necessary condition of moral and spiritual growth. Hilda flinches with horror from the notion, Kenyon utterly disavows it, and there the matter ends. But we all perceive that "Transformation" was written for the very purpose of putting some such question, and we naturally ask that if such problems are to be dealt with at all they should at least be stripped bare even left with a problem—we get a mere perplexity.* A little resolute reflection would have brought a mind of a certain degree (not necessarily the highest) of speculative force face to face with the ultimate question in terms which would not have shocked even Hilda. And then, though we should not have got a solution (for the problem is insoluble), we should have got a problem instead of a perplexity, and that would have, so to speak, wrung out the defiance of the conscience, in company with the last word of the intel-

lect, upon the subject.

Had Hawthorne that certain degree of speculative force? We think not. His imagination, along with much speculative apprehensiveness, is always bringing up questions which he never seizes by the throat. In his pages you are for ever meeting some ghost of this kind; your magician has called him up, but does not lay him for you. It is fair to assume that he could not lay him for himself. Lowell calls him "a John Bunyan-Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck." The second characterization tan Tieck." The second characterization is better than the first. In Bunyan and Fouqué, both, the good is usually made very clearly to triumph in some way or other. In Hawthorne you have, however, an artist who is so far like Bunyan that every story he tells is a parable, and almost every character a type set in its place for the ends of the parable; but Mr. Greatheart is terribly harassed by an enemy, and Hopeful is languid. This is partly because Hawthorne was not constitutionally very sanguine, but it is partly because he "tries conclusions" with enemies who are either too strong for him, or so slightly embodied that they flit like ghosts through keyholes of doubt, and leave you just as you were, only with a sense that the place is haunted. We should say that this was a necessary result of one essential quality of Hawthorne's genius-namely, inconclusiveness, if it were not really apparent in many places that there is something more For example, Arthur Dimmesdale, a Puritan divine in the days of Governor Winthrop, talks to Hester Prynne of adul-

tery as a crime in which they had violated their reverence for each other's soul; and says, in another place, that what they did had a consecration of its own which made it less a crime than that of the physician, persistently torturing two hearts and trying to bring one of them to perdition. Now, all this is quite true. But what can we make of a Puritan divine in the seventeenth century speaking of reverence for the soul, and the "consecration" that may lie even in a love which the conscience condemns? The first of these two ideas is natural enough in a Channing, and the second in a Robert Browning; but in Arthur Dimmesdale! Take, again, that very powerful but incongruous and impossible scene in which Arthur Dimmesdale pleads with the stern conscript fathers of New England for Hester, gives reasons for leaving the custody of the child Pearl with its mother, and actually tells these Puritan magistrates to their face that there was a peculiar sacredness in the relation of Pearl to Hester. If it were at all conceivable—it is not—that under the conditions of the theological and moral culture of those days a man like Arthur Dimmesdale, and suffering as he was, should have succeeded in wringing out of his soul some of the truth which he spoke to the grim old fellows, it is simply incredible that they should ask him to "make that plain," and placidly profess themselves convinced by his pleading. They would not have understood a word he said, and if they had understood they would assuredly have answered him-"Much learning, Master Dimmesdale, hath made thee mad." These are instances, which could be paralleled by the score, of Hawthorne's imperfect grasp of speculative conditions, even in matters which he might have been supposed thoroughly to understand.

We have hinted that Hawthorne is a great artist in parable, and that his characters are almost all of them types created with a capacity for serving the purposes of the parable. This is strictly true, and it is one of the greatest triumphs of the wonderful genius of the man that he has usually continued to make them still human and natural, and to put them in motion in narratives that work artistically to the appointed climax. There are some exceptions to the rule—Clifford, the "abortive lover of the beautiful," as he has

^{*} The same difficulty is started in the beautifully finished story of "The Birth-Mark." It is characteristic of Hawthorne and illustrative of what we are now saying, that he admitted, or rather smilingly avowed, having forgotten what some of these short stories meant!

been called, is one. It is still more surprising that this naturalness of effect should have been attained in spite of, or rather in most wonderful harmony with, the results of that inconclusiveness which we have mentioned as giving in more than one particular the stamp to his novels. It may, indeed, be called the brand of the Hawthorne genius. The way in which it most powerfully works is this. He never allows you to make up your mind, and seems never to have made up his own, whether there is a preternatural element at work in the narrative or not. The manner in which he takes up a wild tradition or an awful superstition (e.g., that the body of the wounded will bleed at the approach of the murderer), or some startling unexplained phenomena (e.g., those of mesmerism), and impacts, so to speak, ordinary events and persons into such things, is familiar to all his readers. His scenety and his persons are wrought out with the utmost distinctness, but every now and then he lets down a curtain of lurid haze all round, or sends a shudder over the page, before you well know where This is the characteristic way in which the indeterminateness of his mind works for us. To the last we are not quite sure that we have got to "the rights" of the connection or identity of Priscilla and the Veiled Lady, or the connection between Zenobia and the tropical flower she wore, or the "Maule's blood" of the Pyncheon tradition, or the harpsichord music in the old Pyncheon house, or Donatello's faun-like ears, or the "red letter A" as the Oxford gentleman called it. Again, this indeterminateness will be found to be of the essence of the Hawthorne humor. The best example of that is the exquisite account of the Salem custom-house, or, rather, of its people. In Hawthorne's mind, everything seemed capable of meaning something else, and the endless filaments of suggestion sent out in search of symbolic meanings,-you can see them trembling all round at every capture like a spider's web. There is one other source of the extreme fascination of this man's writings. A plain word for it would be concentration, or pertinacity; but in the lurid haze under which his genius so often works it becomes something for which we really want a name. Perhaps we might call it a fatality of method which carries an almost awfully imperson-

al look with it. When Judge Pyncheon sits dead in his chair in the dark room all night, and the genius of the author, through all that most terrible time, walks round and round him in the gloom, gradually closing in on the solemn fact that you well know all the while, you feel with a shudder, that this bad man is not only dead, he is dead-dead—fatally dead, so to speak. Now, the movement of Hawthorne as a narrator is always of this kind. He gradually closes in upon his idea; but as you feel that his imagination is doing this spontaneously, the effect is like that of some preternatural fatality.*

Of the fine artistic finish of Hawthorne's work, of his beautifully transparent style, of his exquisite descriptions of natural scenery and works of art, much has already been written. They are beyond praise, and they are known to all the world. Upon minor peculiarities of his style some-thing might be said, if there were space. But I may repeat, in passing, a question I have put before—Why is it that painters have seldom, if ever, taken subjects from his novels? The only reason that occurs to me is that Hawthorne so entirely seizes the scene, when he wishes to do it, and so finely and exhaustively paints it, that a painter would be under too much restraint in working at the canvas. I have in my mind the two opening chapters of "The Scarlet Letter." What could any pencil do with them but just copy?

Of the personal qualities that are exhibited in the writings of Hawthorne, something might in any case be said, and the last notes from his diaries have gone far to make his character public property. His fine feelings towards women and children, his compassion for suffering, his utter harmlessness, his radical patience of nature (though he must have been irritable in the scientific sense of the word), his love of his native country and his friends—all these lie upon the surface of his books, and they receive abundant illustra-

^{*} Contrast Hawthorne's manner with that of Fielding. Here and there a sensitive woman, or a sharp critic, guesses at the outset who is the mother of "Tom Jones;" but to the majority of readers the discovery comes suddenly at last, like a clap of thunder. In "The Scarlet Letter," the dullest reader knows, from the very first scene, who is Pearl's father; but in spite of this, we follow with breathless interest (not suspense or curiosity) the author's gradual beleaguering of the dreadful truth.

tion in the diaries. Upon the surface, also, lies what, if his genius and character had not made good their high privileges of exemption, we might call some want of "grit." We discern this in his flinching from the solid cabbage-rose beauty of a full-grown Englishwoman, and we fancy that he was never, from his birth to his death, quite at home with ordinary human Most kind and affectionate he evidently was, and made, above all things, for home; but he never quite realized the solidity of human life and human beings, and was not capable of social abandonment. For this he was not to blame, but it must be borne in mind in giving due value to his estimates of men and things.

When deductions have been made, we find the Note-Books* most delightful read-It is very soothing to follow this fine novelist in his quiet rambles about England, and particularly about London, usually with his wife and children, but almost always happy, and quite always minutely observant. It is pleasant to find that the more he sees of us English the better he likes us. He begins by finding our weather cold and bad, and ends by finding it sunny and exquisite—too hot, in fact. He always tells us what he had to eat, and, when out and about, appears to have drunk a pint of ale at every lunch or dinner. A great part of the volumes consist of memoranda of his own acts of kindness to the poor and suffering. There are charming descriptions and anecdotes, told in his best manner, and he is always delightful in speaking of children: which would make us wonder why his "Tanglewood Tales" were not better, if it were not plain, in spite of "Transformation," that Hawthorne's mind was not particularly well fitted to manipulate Greek legend.

There is a passage in Mrs. Hawthorne's preface which ought not to be suppressed here:—

"It is very earnestly hoped that these volumes of Notes—American, English, and byand-by Italian—will dispel an often expressed opinion that Mr. Hawthorne was gloomy
and morbid. He had the inevitable pensiveness and gravity of a person who possessed
what a friend of his called 'the awful power
of insight;' but his mood was always cheerful and equal, and his mind peculiarly health-

ful, and the airy splendor of his wit and humor was the light of his home. He saw too far to be despondent, though his vivid sympathies and shaping imagination often made him sad in behalf of others. He also perceived morbidness, wherever it existed, instantly, as if by the illumination of his own steady cheer; and he had the plastic power of putting himself into each person's situation, and of looking from every point of view, which made his charity most comprehensive. From this cause he necessarily attracted confidences, and became confessor to very many sinning and suffering souls, to whom he gave tender sympathy and help, while resigning judgment to the Omniscient and All-wise."

This is highly significant in its bearing upon the burrowing, or almost inquisitorial character of Hawthorne's studies of humanity; and a word or two more in the way of following up points already raised may not be undesirable. That peculiar shyness which a coarse person might have called want of grit, running as it did into incapacity for even imaginative social abandonment, had much to do with both the burrowing and the-what shall we call it?—the encircling, or beleaguering, movement of Hawthorne's mind. The truth is, that if he had had a more easy, natural, flesh-and-blood grasp, both of living and of imaginary persons, he would have created much stronger and simpler figures. As it is, we can see that at first there is a sort of flinching, or falling-back, movement of the whole of his nature, and then, after a time, he begins a kind of teredo action upon the character or the subject. Mr. Browning's manner may be called inquisitorial too, but how different in its boldness and fleshand-blood grasp. You almost touch the hands and rub the shoulders of his people! On the other hand, we should have lost that weird indecision of the imagination which yet persists, returning to its point again and again, yet delaying to strike the final blow, in a way which to a victim threatened by him would be torture. We should also have lost that portionthe largest and most valuable-of Hawthorne's humor, which consists in what I might call the zest of shyness. Destiny herself could not drag him out to dinner, he himself tells us, and to such a man there must have been a keen delight in the involuntary exercise of his faculty of minute observation of others; himself unseen as a ghost. The subtle aroma of this felt delight is great part of Hawthorne's

[&]quot; 'Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

humor. Another element—diffused, like the first—is in his amused and amusing sense of the contrast there was between his own homely tastes and the awful lights with which his imagination so often painted. He could wash up plates and dishes with the best of us, and has recorded certain domestic triumphs in that kind; yet, at the bottom of his most lurid writing there is a sort of subtle plates-and-dishes consciousness. In other words, he felt that there was a certain humor in his writing romances, and the feeling is disclosed in his manner.

One of the things, by-the-by, which Mr. Hawthorne, in these "Notes," professed himself puzzled about is Mr. Browning's preference of "The Blithedale Romance" to the other tales. The reason is not far to seek, however. The lesson of that powerful romance is, mainly, that the natural affections will not submit to be trampled on by systematized benevolence, but will turn and rend the trampler. This is a lesson after Mr. Browning's own heart, and no wonder that the author of "The Flight of the Duchess," and "A Soul's Tragedy," took kindly to the romance which embodied it. Considered, however, as a critical dictum upon the comparative merit of that work in the Hawthorne library, Mr. Browning's opinion is not worth a moment's thought.

A few minor spoils of one kind or another may be gathered almost at random from these latest volumes. Mr. Hawthorne, in all his patient burrowings into and about London, does not seem to have found out what a variety of splendid views of the east and west are to be had from the bridges. He describes Baron being made by his wig to "look like some strange kind of animal, very queer, but sagacious." This may very well be the late Baron Poliock, who looked very much like a ntshiego mnbouve. But any visitor to Westminster Hall may see several of the English judges who have the kind of look Hawthorne refers to. Hawthorne repeats a good thing from a conversation he had with Mr. Monckton Milnes. He was remarking that American politicians, as a rule, knew very little of litera-Mr. Milnes said that it was the same in England, for Sir ----, having had

some application made to him about two men of letters, called upon Mr. Milnes to know whether they were distinguished persons. The two unknown gentlemen were Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Sheridan Knowles. Later, we have seen Lord Palmerston bestowing a pension on poet Close, and Lord Derby on some Irish Tory scribe of about the same rank. These things are very instructive to people who write.

But, after all, the strongest feeling left by these "Notes" upon the mind of any real student and intimate lover of Hawthorne's writings must be one of envious regret, which, if it took clear form, would mean, "It is very hard that I had not the chance of knowing this delightful man of genius, and the honor and joy of many a ramble and talk with him." We hope, too, now that the accomplished lady who shared his life has followed him to the silent land, there is no indecorum in saying what a pleasure it is to be furnished by actual memoranda of his own with proofs, as strong as unobtrusive, that in one more distinguished example the common talk that men of genius are not fitted for a happy home-life was utterly inapplicable. We believe the accepted notion to be quite untrue; that whatever scintilla of excuse it may have is founded on facts which are favorable to men of letters; and that there are just as many unhappy married cheesemongers as poets, only we do not hear so much of the cheesemongers, nor do they possess the same trick and necessity of expression. One thing, meanwhile, is abundantly clear—namely, that the lady whose remains were recently laid in Kensal Green Cemetery did truly share the life of her husband.

Turning, out of mere respect, from her grave, before we make the remark, we may just ask those who repeat by rote the usual merciless criticisms of the married life of persons of exceptional faculty, to consider for a moment what would have been the consequence if Hawthorne had been unhappily married? No human being can possibly tell, but probably it would have been the destruction of his delicate genius, and the entire perversion of his career.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NUNA'S LETTER.

MISS MATTHEWS felt unusually excited when Mr. Bright left her. Something in Will's manner warned her that he had a special purpose in going to look for Nuna. It seemed to Elizabeth that the marriage was certain, and then her calm, practical mind began to calculate how soon the affair could be settled. For the question of marriage presented itself to Miss Matthews in what Nuna would have called upside-down fashion. Ways and means, all the machinery of arrangement, and possibility, and prudence, had first to be taken into account, and then sentiment between two people, or that which Miss Matthews called love, might come in when all the rest was settled. It seemed to her that in this affair of Will Bright there had been a superabundance of sentiment already; the attachment had gone on quite long

She watched eagerly for Nuna's return, but Nuna came in so quietly, that Miss

Matthews missed her.

At dinner-time Nuna was too preoccupied to notice anything, but Miss Matthews saw that the Rector was suffering from unusual disquiet. These symptoms in father and daughter indicated some confidence from which she was excluded.

There was no active spirit of intrigue in Elizabeth's nature; she would have considered it ill-bred to indulge such a spirit, but she meant to be all in all to Mr. Beaufort, and to be this she must know all

his secrets.

And yet she could not question him; delicacy and refinement alike kept her from asking the cause of his fretful looks and captious silence. She passed an anxious evening, and her placid face still looked perplexed when she came in to breakfast next morning. She had been in the garden gathering flowers for the Rector's writing-table, and Nuna and her father had had time to open their letters before she came in.

Miss Matthews looked from one to the other, and she saw that something unusual was happening. Nuna's face had flushed, and she was putting her letter away seemingly to avoid observation.

Her father held an open letter in his hand, but he was not looking at it. He was frowning most severely for him-frowning at Nuna.

While Miss Matthews sat studying the two faces, Nuna looked up suddenly and met her father's eyes. Her blush deepened, but it seemed to Elizabeth that the girl looked happy, spite of her evident confusion.

Whatever did it all mean? She watched and waited, but neither father nor daughter gave her the least clue to their The doubt of the previous day secret. had now become a certainty to Miss Matthews; she was sure that some secret existed of which she was ignorant.

The Rector was summoned to his study on parish business, and Nuna disappeared suddenly. Elizabeth's curiosity grew.

Later on in the morning she arrived, as she thought, at the gist of the whole matter. She saw Mr. Bright ride by the parsonage without turning his head.

"She refused him yesterday, then!" and for a moment surprise quite mastered Miss Matthews; and then she reflected. "Nuna never had any common sense, and therefore she is not likely to understand her own feelings or what is best for her." Miss Matthews felt that she must speak to Mr. Beaufort: Nuna must end by marrving Mr. Bright.

Coming in from the garden she met the Rector; so evidently vexed that she ven-

tured to express her sympathy.

"I'm afraid you are worried,"-she spoke in the purring, child-like way that goes straight to the confidence of some men,-" and worry is not good for you, is it? I wish I could be of any use to you; but I am afraid women can only soothe; they have not brains enough to be of real assistance to wise men like you."

Elizabeth looked positively sweet.

"I don't know; I don't know, I'm sure: perhaps not, and yet this is a woman's matter. My nerves have gone through an amount of exhaustion within the last four-and-twenty hours which it will take weeks to counteract the effect of. No one who has not studied the subject as I have done, can conceive how great is the waste of physical energy and health caused by the slightest irritation to the nerves. People are called touchy and ill-tempered and various other things, and all the time, if the state of their nerves had been duly regarded by those among whom they live, the result might have been a most unbroken placidity. Come into my study, will you, a moment, and I will just tell you how I am situated."

Elizabeth's heart went a little quicker; he had begun to lean on her already, then; and when Mr. Beaufort placed a chair for her beside his writing-table, she felt her-

self mistress at the Rectory.

"Perhaps I ought to say that I believe I know how Nuna has behaved to Mr. Bright," she said, sympathizingly.

"To Will—what do you mean?" and the frown bent on her was so very decided that she told him her guess about Nuna's refusal. The Rector thought a few min-

"You may be mistaken: I am inclined to think you are. I do not think Nuna has had any talk of this kind lately with Will. Will Bright is exactly the man Nuna ought to marry—and I shall tell her so; he is very kind and excellent, but he is thoroughly practical and free from extravagant, high-flown notions-no romance about Will. No, I was not thinking about him; it is quite another person altogether-a stranger-an artist, who really has scarcely seen Nuna, and yet he has proposed for her. I told him I could not entertain his proposal for a moment, but he won't listen to me. I meant to take no notice to Nuna, but I feel sure he has written to her; that letter she got this morning was from him-I'm sure of itand I must forbid the thing altogether."

Miss Matthews' light, colorless hair stood almost on end, and her eyes and her lips rose in simultaneous protest.

"An artist! But, dear Mr. Beaufort, how did Nuna make the acquaintance of

such a person?"

"There's nothing remarkable in that,"
—Miss Matthews' horrified tone annoyed him—"he is a gentleman, and a very remarkable person altogether, but still not suited to Nuna. I am not puzzled about him, he went back to London yesterday; it is Nuna who perplexes me: I don't know how to deal with her. My own idea is that these subjects are best left alone; opposition is sure to make girls contradictory and love-sick; and yet I must stop

this writing. I really don't know what to do," he said, plaintively; and then his vexation got vent at last. "Can't you suggest something? You ought to know how to deal with Nuna, Elizabeth," he said, irritably; "she was with you long

enough."

Miss Matthews thought so too. She did not trouble herself about the fact that she never had been able to win her young cousin's confidence and affection; she was conscious that she had judged Nuna thoroughly, and that the girl's only safety lay in a prudent, well-considered marriage. It seemed, therefore, to her, that now the matter was put in her hands, Nuna's future must be safe.

"I think I should say as little as possible,"—she thought a while before she spoke,—"and then I should take an early opportunity of telling Nuna your wish that she should marry Mr. Bright. She is flighty, but I really think she is dutiful; and besides, if she has seen this gentleman so seldom, she can hardly care much for

him, I think."

"Well, no—no, perhaps not." The Rector felt himself soothed, and yet, when he thought of Paul Whitmore, not at all satisfied; it was so very tiresome to be compelled to go through an explanation with Nuna.

Mr. Beaufort would have been less perplexed if he could have lifted the roof from his daughter's bedroom that morning, but he would have been more angry. Nuna was kneeling beside her dressingtable; Paul's letter lay there, and she had

kissed almost every word of it.

For every word was precious. Paul's love was no longer a doubtful imagination; he confessed it briefly and simply. He did not ask for hers in return, but he said he could not leave Ashton without explaining the full meaning of some words he had spoken at their last meeting. He told her he hoped to win her love, and to soften her father's opposition, and meantime he asked Nuna not to judge him too severely for anything she might hear alleged against him. "There is truth in that which will be told you," he wrote: "I only ask you to let me tell my own story, if you are willing to hear it, before you pronounce me quite undeserving of your love."

Nuna feasted on these words, read them over and over again, and then closed her eyes, so as to enjoy the fresh delight when she opened them of seeing that it was not

all a dream.

"He loves me!" she murmured softly, and the rich bloom of love rose on her cheek and ripened in her eyes; "he loves me!" and the tide of passion, all stronger from the repression she had maintained with such failing strength, throbbed in her pulses. There never can be any human sensation to equal this—a timid heart assured of the love it craves. Nuna stayed there, all unconscious of time or of present life.

A tap at the door startled her out of

her dream of joy.

"May I come in?" in Elizabeth's voice, and Nuna congratulated herself that the door was fastened. She folded up her precious letter with reverent care and hid it away in her pocket—hid it with something else she carried there, a little pencil sketch of a head made on that first day after meeting Paul in Carving's Wood Lane.

"Mr. Beaufort wants you in the study, dear." Elizabeth spoke affectionately. She had tried to be kind to Nuna in this visit, but dislike to Miss Matthews was too strongly planted in the girl's nature to al-

low the trial fair play.

"She is only trying to make me civil, and then she will be as pragmatical as ever. I don't like her, and I can't be a hypocrite," Nuna thought.

Her lips quivered a moment at the message, and then she went down stairs.

"I suppose I must tell everything. Well, it will be a good thing over," she said to herself; "but I only hope papa won't make me angry."

Her father was bending over his desk; he did not raise his head as she came in.

"Sit down," he said, and then, after a little, "you had a letter this morning, Nuna?"

He waited, but Nuna did not answer. He longed to ask for the letter, and yet he could not make up his mind to do this.

"I believe I know the contents of your letter, and I am very sorry that it was written. I—I have sent for you now to tell you that you need not answer it."

Nuna had shrunk from the idea of writing to Paul, but contradiction rose in protest against her father's prohibition.

"And," Mr. Beaufort went on, for he scarcely expected she would speak, "in

the event of your receiving another letter of this kind—scarcely probable, perhaps, but still a thing which may happen—it will be better to give it to me unopened, and I will send it back to the writer."

He looked up at Nuna, and he was very

much surprised indeed.

Fathers go on living with daughters, mothers sometimes do the same, thoroughly unconscious of the inner life, the real drama of existence which is being played out in the hearts of the seemingly gentle, unobservant creatures, and it often happens, where parents are devoid of keen insight, that this goes on to the end. In Nuna's case the sudden prohibition, like the touch of the angel's spear, brought passion into visible action, and the father shrank into himself with a feeling of helpless trouble at the girl's flashing eyes and panting, ardent words.

"No! I can't do that. I will not answer this letter, I am not sure he wishes it; but if he writes again I must read his letter. I will not do anything without your knowledge, father, but I cannot wrong

him."

Mr. Beaufort passed his hand over his forehead—once, twice—and then shook his head feebly. He was utterly bewildered; he saw the fact that Nuna loved Mr. Whitmore, but he refused to accept it. Instead, his brain went off into a bewildering puzzle of how this had come to pass, and as to the causes which, ought to have prevented it from happening.

"Him! he!" catching fretfully at the superficies of Nuna's indiscretion; "really, Nuna, you are talking in a most extraordinary way of a person who is almost a stranger. What can this Mr. Whitmore or his letter be to you? What ought they

to be?

"I don't know what they ought to be—" Here she stopped; she had been brave up to the point of confession, but the burning glow that seemed to scorch her eyes with its heat confused speech, and made it impossible; she stood mute, but her twining fingers and quivering face spoke eloquently.

A harder, firmer man would have been more cruel, would have forced her to speak out, but her father's fretfulness helped Nuna. He went on pettishly.

"Then am I to understand that you care about this person, or fancy you do, for you cannot really know what you think

about the matter? Oh Nuna, I'm ashamed of you. I can't tell you how I feel, that a daughter of mine should behave so like a silly schoolgirl, and about such a person too; oh dear, dear me!"

This last exclamation was caused by the fresh dilemma in which he found himself. He had not intended to say one word to Nuna about Paul's love for Patty, but then he had expected to find Nuna passive; there was such a thorough attitude of revolt about her, that however painful it might be to his sense of refinement, it was necessary at once to explain Mr. Whitmore's real character to her. In his heart the Rector believed that Paul's offer to make Patty his wife had been elicited by the girl's virtuous behavior, rather than from scruples on the part of the artist for a more unlawful course; the idea of Nuna's love for such a person became more and more repugnant.

"Father,"—Nuna spoke as she felt, in a highly wrought, intense way, which to her father was only confirmation of her unreal state,—"don't speak against Mr. Whitmore, please; I could not bear it, I know I could not. I have told you that I will not write or do anything against your wishes, but I cannot leave off loving him."

It had been very hard to say out in those naked words, with no one by to turn to for refuge, no one in whose bosom she could hide her eyes from the shame she felt. It was a wrenching of Nuna's whole nature to speak out her love openly, for one too who, as her heart whispered all the while, had not spoken out his love to her; who was, as her father said, a stranger so far as outward seeming counted.

Both Mr. Beaufort's hands fastened on the arms of his chair. Nuna had risen up and stood before him with all the strange wild beauty agitation creates in a face to which it is a new-comer, for till now Nuna's emotion had always been restrained in the presence of others. Her bosom heaved, her whole form seemed to dilate; the delicate expressive nostrils, those tell-tales of passion, quivered, and the large lustrous eyes swam with changeful feelings. She kept her slender fingers locked together as if they helped her to restrain her words.

"You do not know what you are talking about; you do not indeed, Nuna. You say I must not find fault with Mr. Whitmore; don't talk nonsense, child, I tell you I must."

The frankness of this last sentence was startling from Mr. Beaufort, but he was fairly off his balance, and all the niceties and small proprieties of life had kicked the beam along with him. "You fancy yourself in love with this person because you think him quite different to that which he really is; he's a wild, good-for-nothing fellow." He raised one hand at Nuna's indignant attempt to stop him. "Hush, Nuna, you must listen; if you had been reasonable and well-behaved, as I hoped you would be, you would have spared me and yourself too a great deal of annoyance. What can a girl like you know about a man's conduct? I desire you to stay and listen to this,"-Nuna was moving away,-"Mr. Whitmore paid far more court to Patty Westropp than he has paid to you when he was here in August."

"He is an artist, he admired her beauty; how could he help it?" The girl spoke proudly, but a spasm of jealousy tortured

"Nuna, I did not think you so vain, so self-willed; you will not let me spare you. Mr. Whitmore did much more than admire Patty, he loved her so madly—I quote his own words—that he asked her to be his wife"

All the glow faded out of her face, all the light left her eyes, yet she clung desperately to her faith in the man she loved, and strove to force her trembling lips into a smile of unbelief.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" Her voice had a defiant tone in it.

"All, Nuna?"—he spoke more earnestly—"surely I have said enough to show you, if you will only calm yourself, that this Mr. Whitmore is not really serious in seeking your affection. He is a man, Nuna, who loves, or fancies that he loves, every fresh face that falls in his way, and the wife of such a man must be miserable. This is a habit seldom cured by marriage. You do not love Mr. Whitmore, Nuna, you are in love with your own fancy, and a very short acquaintance would convince you of your mistake. You are convinced already—I hope so, at least."

Her face had drooped, but she raised it and looked fully at her father. "You are mistaken, father. I love Mr. Whitmore, and if I never see him again I shall never love any one else; there is no use in trying to prejudice me against him: I shall not change. May I go now?"

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Mr. Beaufort saw that the very result he had foreseen and dreaded had come to pass: opposition to her wishes had driven Nuna into obstinacy. He was wise enough to see too that any further remonstrances would be useless.

"Yes, you can go, certainly: I think you must feel, Nuna, that you have grieved and disappointed me."

But Nuna scarcely heard him; she only

wanted to be alone.

Alone, as she was before she got that summons to her father's study; ah, no, that brief hour of pure unalloyed trust and joy might well be precious now,-might well stand out white for ever in memory. She was alone again now, for what? Not to yield herself up to rosy dreams of Paul and his love, but to battle with a sombre torturing jealousy: it was so very hard to feel that she had given up all her heart, all her love, while he had only the dregs of his love to bestow on her. There was no use in struggling, no use in trying to cast out the demon of jealousy before it meant to go; she stood outwardly still, so pale and chill-looking that one might have thought her void of feeling, while within, the tender, loving soul was tossed on the waves of a fierce tempest. She had anchored herself, as she fondly thought, so surely-for Paul's truth, Paul's nobleness, had been to Nuna impregnableand she had been cast adrift. But hope, that divine comforter, came at last to rescue her from drifting to despair.

"Is he to have loved no one but me, then? I have been no more than a hypocrite when I said I was not worthy of his love; if I had been true, I could not have been so vain as to hope to have it all from the beginning. Was he to keep his heart shut to all others till he met with such an insignificant creature as I am?" She hid her face in shame of her own vanity. Presently she lifted up her head; her forehead had cleared, and there was a sweet

trustful look in her eyes.

"He is true! He may have loved that girl-I can't bear to think so; but I have no right to be angry. He loves me now, I am sure he loves me, and I will not believe he means to deceive me. Does he not ask me not to judge him? Why should I? Why should I wrong him and my own love for him by the smallest doubt? Oh, Paul," she broke down in sudden tears, "I shall never see you again, perhaps, but I will always love you!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISS LATIMER.

IT is August again, golden August, with its flaming sunshine and rich ripe full ears of corn, so full and heavy this year that they are longing for the sickle, longing to lie down and rest, instead of standing up like never-changed sentinels burning each day into a redder gold; while the sun, not content with his work on the corn itself, blazes yet more fiercely in the faces of the scarlet poppies and goldenbosomed marguerites below, till they send up glowing reflections on the fainting ears. And in Belgium the poor ears get rarely a green glimpse overhead; they see only an intense blue, with scarce a hair'sbreadth of fleecy white to soften its hard uniform tint; the only trees are poplars -poplars, those emblems of self-righteousness which seem resolved to point heavenwards without holding out so much as one pendent bough to help their neighbors on the way thither.

It was a specially hot, dry autumn, and the rank and fashion of Brussels had betaken themselves to Ostend and Blanken-

bourg to bathe.

Miss Latimer had lately arrived at Brussels; she had quitted Madame Mineur's establishment some weeks ago, and had resolved on making a travelling tour with her companion before she settled her-

self down to study again.

"I'm not sure that I want any more teaching," she thought. "My French is as good as most people's. I can practise music, and unless people are first-rate, De Mirancourt says, no one plays in society now-a-days. I can pay artists to do that kind of thing when I give receptions. I believe, if I read and get myself well up in all that goes on, I am quite educated enough for any one. There's no use in asking Patience's opinion. She is so ignorant and so conceited of the little she knows."

Patty looked with a slight sneer at her companion. Patience had fallen asleep on the little red velvet sofa opposite to that on which Patty lay. The room was very still and quiet, overlooking the quaint courtyard of a small hotel in Brussels. Patience had begged hard to avoid the more frequented inns, quiet and mystery

being, according to Miss Coppock, the fit setting to enhance the effect of Patty's

She looked very beautiful just now. The large open sleeves of her muslin dress had fallen back, and showed the creamy white arm pillowing her head; one cheek rested on the rose-dimpled wrist, and the dull red velvet of the couch seemed to be there on purpose to throw all into higher relief. There was a striking, an almost awful contrast between the occupants of the two sofas. They might have served as models for joy and disappointment. Patty, with her softly rounded limbs reclined in graceful ease, her exquisite rose-tinted skin, her ripe and smiling scarlet lips and deepcolored soft eyes, her youth crowned by rich wavy luxuriant tresses, and Patience stretched out stiffly, the long bony feet showing below the flounce of her overjuvenile muslin dress; Patience with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes—eyes veiled now by dark brown lids; Patience with the thin lips of her firm mouth tightly compressed, and her sallow deeply-lined forehead bordered by thin scant hair, broadly streaked with gray. Can there ever have been beauty in this faded rigid face, beauty that a man has desired to call his own? and if beauty has been there, will Patty's face ever fade to this likeness when the glow and freshness of youth are gone? Time will show. A face is rarely a picture only to be injured and altered by outward influences or mischances. It is rather a sun-picture: the process is gradual instead of instantaneous, though the effect is the same; joy and sorrow, hope and fear, truth and falsehood, nobility and pettiness, earnestness and lukewarmness, self-denial and self-indulgence, print themselves at last legibly, ineffaceably marring or enhancing the flesh-and-blood beauty which is to them a mere canvas on which to exhibit themselves. And the skilled eye would now, in travelling from gray Patience to rosy Patty, have recognized a kindred expression, full-blown and yet hiding itself in the one, developing more boldly in the other-an expression of falsehood.

Patience was tired out. Miss Latimer had visited the Musée and some other picture-galleries; had also inspected St. Gudule, and had finally enjoyed herself to her heart's content in one of the best

jewellers' shops in the Rue Montagne de la Cour. Patty had not been extravagant—she was never lavish—but she had tried on about fifty bracelets, and had delighted in the effect produced on her lovely arms by their magnificence: finally she had contented herself with a set of coral ornaments.

Miss Patience entreated that she would buy something more showy, but Patty said it would be mere extravagance.

"I don't want anything to set me off in the way we live now, Patience. I can see no use in buying ornaments just to let them lie by and get old-fashioned. The first thing a man will do when he falls in love with me will be to smother me with presents. How can you know anything about such things? De Mirancourt told me everything. She had lovers of her own. She was beautiful when she was young."

Patty spoke contemptuously. Poor tired Patience had offended her. She had forgotten her submission for once, and given her opinion in a tone of equality at the jeweller's.

Miss Coppock's eyes flashed for a moment, and then her love of comfort prevailed; instead of answering, she lay down on the velvet sofa, and soon fell asleep.

But before she slept she had asked herself how it was that Patty held such sway over her; how it had happened that the plan for governing the heiress so carefully matured at Guildford had proved so utterly a failure in Paris.

"I am nothing better than a paid companion, except that I call her Patty when we are alone, and I am not sure that she likes that; at any rate at Guildford, if I was worried about money, I was free."

It was all very well to make this reflection and to fall asleep on it, but if Patience had been quite herself instead of being, as she was, irritated by the little flying darts which Patty used so skilfully, she would have known she was talking nonsense. Miss Coppock had begun her millinery business in debt, and debt had, according to its usual custom, thickened on her path, till her life had grown into one long series of prevarication and excuse. Patty's offer of taking her as companion had been accepted gladly, not only for the life of ease and luxury it promised, but for escape from the daily

harass and worry which were wearing her to a skeleton; it is possible that but for all these years of debt Patience might have been better able to cope with her patroness, but the fiery independence which had once flamed in those dark sunken eyes had been quenched by the daily wearing pressure of owing money she could not pay.

"Poor creature, how tired she is!"
Patty was smiling most bewitchingly;
some pleasant thought was passing across
her mind, though to do Patty justice she

was rarely cross.

She liked to have her own way, and she usually got it; it was impossible to refuse anything to her smiles, and it was nearly as impossible to resist the occasional plain speeches made by Miss Latimer to those on whom she considered smiles wasted.

"I wish she would wake," said Patty meditatively; "it is very unhealthy to sleep so soundly in the middle of the day, and Patience does look so plain while she is asleep. Ugh!" The beauty shuddered and looked lovingly at the soft white flesh on which her cheek rested. "How dreadful it must be to have a skin of that color; she's all skin and bone, poor creature; her eyes are the only good point about her, and when she's asleep one don't see them: but then she hasn't got a hump, like De Mirancourt. What a shapeless heap of cunning wickedness that dear old French woman is; she's all fun and sparkle. Never mind, she's done more for me than all the teaching and study in the world. She's taught me to value myself properly, and how to make other people do it too. If I hadn't known her and liked her, if I'd been such a goose as to take up the prejudices those silly English girls had against her, I should have known nothing of real life. I should have plodded on into a mere common place young lady;" and then Patty closed her eyes, and a smile of intense enjoyment curved her full lips. The novelty had not quite worn off; it was still delicious to realize that which she had been, and then to spring to the delightful certainty that no one, however prejudiced, could deny her right to be called a young lady.

"Just because she never went to Mass, as if it could matter: going to our Church may do some people good, but I can't believe any one was ever the better for all that Romish rubbish. I rather respect De Mirancourt for being too strong-minded to give in to it. Patience! oh, Patience, do wake up."

Miss Coppock started up at the sudden call, and Patty lay laughing; her disordered hair and staring alarmed eyes gave Patience a very weird aspect.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you," said

Patty, sweetly.

"I haven't been asleep, so there was nothing to disturb." Miss Coppock spoke with the determined certainty with which a person who has just been snoring the house down assures you he is, broad awake, and has heard every word you have been saying.

"Oh, I'm so glad;" Patty smiled in such an exquisite way that Patience felt sure some more than usual service was about to be required of her. "I suppose you don't know, do you, where they keep

the visitor's book?"

"I can go and see," and Miss Coppock

got up from the sofa.

"No,"—Patty laughed still, but she spoke decidedly,—"not as you are, Patience, you would frighten the crows; your hair, now I think of it, is just like a crow's nest. Suppose you ring the bell and tell the waiter to bring the book here."

To us who have not seen them together during all these months it seems surprising that the heiress had so easily learned to command her former mistress; but Patty had one natural gift which does not always belong to cleverness; she was not only quick in reading human nature, but she had that strange power, more subtle than mere tact, of adopting at once the means best adapted to subdue or fascinate it.

She had no depth of insight; she could never have sounded Nuna Beaufort's heart, though she would easily have detected the sensitive, ill-assured nature that lay on its surface. Patty had not the gift of true sympathy, and sympathy alone can give thorough insight. She had no idea of the passion that lay hidden in Miss Coppock, though she comprehended perfectly the vanity and weakness which marred all that had once been true in the woman's nature, and this reading had taught her that the obsequious submission with which the milliner had treated her customers would be paid to herself if she took the lofty and commanding manner which some of those ladies had shown to Patience.

Even with De Mirancourt, who worshipped her for her beauty and her liberal gifts, Patty knew that she would never have held the same position if the wily Frenchwoman had ever suspected her origin. At Madame Mineur's she had represented herself as a young lady brought up in a lonely part of England, with few advantages of education; and the superficial polish she had gained from Miss Coppock's friend in London had enabled her to perform this character successfully, though her extreme beauty and charm did as much for her as anything else. It seemed to Patty that as she could not maintain this fiction literally with Miss Coppock, the next best thing was to act up to it; and from the day on which she left Madame Mineur's and took up her abode in the suite of rooms Patience had engaged for her, the ex-dressmaker had been aware that without a decided quarrel, which would possibly involve dismissal, there was no hope of changing the relations in which Patty's manner had placed them.

Miss Latimer's first act had been a prelude significative of the key-note she

meant to strike.

She seated herself at once in the pretty little Parisian saloon, and took off her bonnet.

"Miss Coppock," she said, with a grave, sweet smile, "take my bonnet if you please; I will follow you to my room presently," and then Miss Latimer turned to the maid, who stood staring in openmouthed admiration of her new mistress, and spoke to her in fluent French—French, which poor Patience in spite of her efforts, was as incapable of rivalling as she was blind to the grammatical blunders which the glibness of Patty's utterance disguised.

So that now this order to ring the bell sounded as a matter of course to Patience.

The waiter came, a bullet-headed, pinkcheeked Fleming, who took a great interest in these "dames voyageuses," as he called them.

"Ah," up went his shoulders and his hands, "it is a pity, but there is an English monsieur who has just demanded the book."

He looked at Patty, but she did not condescend to answer; De Mirancourt had told her nothing was so important as reserve and dignity with inferiors.

"Tell him to bring it as soon as he can, and come here, Patience;" then she whispered, "Will you find out if the gentleman who has just asked for the book is the new arrival this morning?"

Miss Latimer walked away to the window, and looked down into the court-yard while the conversation went on between

the companion and the waiter.

"I believe I ought to have sent them on to the landing. Well, there's one comfort, when I'm really launched I shan't be likely to come to a quiet place like this inn, so if I do make mistakes here they are not likely to injure me afterwards."

The quaint court-yard, with its stone figures and jars filled with scarlet creeping blossoms, made a quiet scene of reposeof picturesque, richly colored still life; for the old walls around it were genial in their show of vines: purple and golden grapes hung in ripe luxuriance everywhere, and below, climbing up, as if to reach them were wreaths of flaming nasturtium flowers, with broad cool green leaves. But there was no leisure in the heiress's mind at present for the exquisite contrasts presented by gray stone and scarlet blossoms, or by tender green leaves and luxurious purple grapes; Patty's brain was filled with exquisite costumes, the best choice she could make among the lace she had that morning inspected, and also with surmises as to the position of the gentleman who had been so evidently struck by her

Going out early on their way to the Musée—it was so near that they had decided to walk, though Patty never walked if she could help it—they had met a gentleman coming into the hotel. He had just got out of a travelling carriage loaded with baggage; evidently he was a person of

consideration.

He gave Patty a long look of admiration, a look which seemed to her involuntary; she thought he was too complete a gentleman to have stared in that way at a lady unless he had been bewildered by her beauty. She could not have told what he was like; she only felt sure he had fallen desperately in love with her. So little had she noticed him, that when they came back from their expedition, and she saw a well-dressed man with a fair beard watching her as she got out of her carriage, she would not have recognized or remarked him—for Patty was accustomed

to be stared at-but for the same intense

Then she saw that he was a moderately well-looking man, of middle height and age, with small light eyes, and a superfluity of fair hair and beard, a man among men rather like what a Pomeranian is among dogs-he looked silky and well cared for.

Miss Latimer had meant to question Patience about the new-comer: but Patience had been so tiresome as to fall asleep after her baffled attack on the sub-

ject of ornaments.

"Well," as soon as the waiter had closed the door, "what did the fellow

"He says the gentleman who has got the book is a gentleman who arrived from Paris this morning. The man began to laugh when I asked. He said the gentleman saw us come in just now, and asked who we were."

"Asked who you were, did he? Dear me!" Patty smiled. "I hope the waiter

will bring the book."

"I'm going to write to my father," she said after a pause. "When you go down to put the letter in the box, Patience, you can remind the man if he forgets."

Patience had gathered up the bonnets, parasols, &c., and was leaving the room with them, but she turned round as Patty

"I fancied your father had agreed to your change of name, and yet I noticed you directed his last letter Roger Westropp,

A slight flush rose on Patty's cheek, and the watchful eyes-eyes which were daily growing more eager for any the slightest clue to a permanent hold over the heiress—noted it in silence.

"No; my father has no wish to change his manner of life, or his name either; my whole life has changed, therefore it is far better to give the new life a new

name."

Something unusual, artificial in the tone of voice, awakened Patience to suspicion.

"I can't fancy how you'll manage when you go back to England. Surely you won't live in that dirty house?"

Patty stood for a moment arguing with

"If she stays with me, she must know," she said, "and I had better tell her than let her find it out." She paused a moment

longer. Should she dismiss Miss Coppock before she returned to London, find her some suitable situation, and cut the tie between them? Patience never knew how nearly that moment's hesitation had altered the future course of her life. "No," argued Patty, "I have made good my position with her; I have no need to be on my guard, as I must be with a stranger, lest some little mistake should undo all I have done for myself. Patience thinks me a wonder, and that doubles my power over her. She is too ignorant herself to know that I don't know how to do everything yet, as I will know before I have The soft sweet face looked almost stern in its determination. "Besides, Patience by herself, beyond my control, might chatter; nobody would believe herperhaps, but I like to be quite safe." She went on aloud:

"I don't mean to live with my father when I go back to London; and as we are not to have the same name, although of course it will make no real difference between us, still I shan't call him father. We have nothing to hide or be ashamed of, you know we haven't;" she looked inflexibly into Miss Coppock's eyes, and they fell beneath hers. "I've changed "I've changed my name, and paid for it, just because I wanted to avoid annoyance and extortion from people who knew me beforehand; but if I were to call him father, and yet have a different name, people would begin to suspect there was something to be found I am Miss Latimer, and Roger Westropp is my foster-father; for I suppose you know I contribute to his support. I don't know whether he receives it or lets it accumulate, but a certain income is settled on him for the rest of his life."

She spoke calmly and distinctly, and Patience looked aghast at this new proof of Patty's cleverness. For the moment the gravity of Miss Latimer's manner gave reality to her assertions, but not for long. Patience was too clever at subterfuge herself not to see the advantage that might accrue to her from the falsehood

that Patty had chosen to act.

"And suppose any one finds out?" she said slyly.

Patty raised those deep blue eyes softly to her companion's face and gave her a long look.

"Do you know, Patience, you sometimes make me think you are afraid of being found out yourself, the idea seems so uppermost in your head. Can't you see there's nothing to find out in my case? I've never done anything I'm ashamed of. I've been placed by circumstances in a different position to the one I was born - no outward sign of mortification. in; I've worked hard enough, goodness knows, and I've fitted myself for my present advantages; it would be ungrateful and ridiculous to grovel back to my former state for ever. I'm not ashamed of it-dear me! no; but I've left it. I'm not Patty Westropp;" she gave a slight shiver at the name. "Other people people with prejudices, you know-might be ashamed of it; why should I distress and annoy my friends by forcing my own past history on their notice! De Mirancourt told me once, and I agree with her, that there's nothing so vulgar as the way some people have of thrusting their family and their affairs on the notice of others.' She changed her tone, and looked in a half-playful way at Patience. "I don't know what De Mirancourt would say though if she heard me holding forth in this way; she'd say it was vulgar to preach, I know. But, Patience, I should have thought you agreed with her in some things, you are so very close about your early life."

The sunken eyes fell again, and an angry flush spread over Miss Coppock's sullen face; but she was spared the pain

of answering.

The waiter came in with a newspaper in his hand, which had come by the midday post, he said, and he had the visitors' book under his arm.

Patty seated herself, eager to examine this, and tossed the paper over to her

"It seems about three months old,"

she said, carelessly. Before she had found the place she

wanted, Miss Coppock startled her.

"Here's news for you, Patty? do you think has happened?"

For an instant Patty grew white. She did care for her father, far more than her manner to him would have vouched for, and she thought some harm had happened to him.

"Isn't it father's writing outside?" she

"Oh yes, it's his writing, but it's nothing about Mr. Westropp; it's a marriageyour friend Mr. Whitmore. Here it is: 'At the Parish Church of Ashton, Paul Whitmore, Esq., to Nuna Cecil Beau-

There was a little malice in the sparkle of Miss Coppock's eyes, but Patty gave

"Oh! they are married, are they?" she said; and her plump white finger went steadily down the list of names in the visitors' book.

""Maurice Downes, Esq.,'" she read, "'M. P., Hatchhurst Hall, Warwickshire, Bruce Castle in the Highlands, Park lane, London.' Ah, I thought he looked like a gentleman."

"Who?" Patty looked up quickly. Miss Coppock's voice sounded hoarse, as if she were ill; she looked ill enough certainly-ashy pale, and almost rigid. "Who?" she repeated.

"That gentleman we saw this morningbut what ever is the matter?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PATTY'S FRIGHT.

Days and weeks went on, and still Miss Latimer stayed in Brussels.

Mr. Downes stayed there too. He had managed to be one of the party when Patty went to Waterloo-she was too economical to take a carriage to herselfand during the journey he succeeded in pleasing Miss Latimer, and in rousing her out of her usual languid indifference towards fellow-travellers. Miss Coppock contributed to this result; she sat in a corner of the carriage with her veil down, and kept perfect silence.

"I can't think what possessed you, Patience! I declare if it hadn't been for Mr. Downes my tongue must have rusted before we got to the end of the journey."

Patty was looking at herself in the glass while she spoke, smiling in beautiful triumph at the remembrance of her fellowtraveller's irrepressible admiration. took no heed of the despair in Miss Coppock's haggard face.
"I had a headache," Patience mur-

mured. But Patty went on talking.

"I rather like him, do you know, though he is so English. Before we had been talking half an hour he gave me to understand he was rich, and that he had fine estates, and all that sort of thing. I don't believe travellers usually put more than one address in the book; some don't put any; it shows how purse-proud he is. I believe men think far more of money than to titled people: if he did, he wouldn't women do after all. He says he wonders how we can exist in these small, confined rooms, Patience; so I asked him how he happened to be at such an insignificant place himself. You should have seen what a puffet he got in: he got quite red. He said he came here simply for quiet. He says at the great hotels the English of his class are marked men; they can't get any privacy. Do you know, Patience, I feel sure and certain Mr. Downes's father was the first of his family; at least De Mirancourt always said only mushrooms are full of their own importance. Never mind, he'll be the more easy to manage. If I find that he really is as rich as he makes out, I rather think I shall give him the opportunity he asks for."

"What's that?" In a sharp utterance,

more like a cry than a question.

"Oh, Patience, how you startled me; you've turned me pale with fright. Did you really think Mr. Downes had made me an offer at once? No, he knows better, he's a gentleman, though he is so fussy; he only asked me to let him join us next time we went on an expedition."

"And what did you say?" Patience tried to speak quietly, but she could not

hide the effort this cost her.

"Mercy me, you are fussy now; I said of course I must consult my friend, and I wasn't sure if we should go on any more expeditions. Now you know why he was so extremely devoted in handing you from the carriage; he sees how dependent I am on you." Patty threw herself into a chair and laughed heartily.

"I don't think you can allow him to go about with you. This party was exceptional; it was made up too by the hotelkeeper to fill his carriage, not by you. I thought you said you meant to be so very

select and particular, Patty?"

"Of course, so I am when there's a reason for it; but just now I needn't be half as straitlaced as if I were living at home in Paris or London. If I'm to make acquaintance with Mr. Downes, I must see him sometimes-besides, of course, I've not decided; I shall take a few days and think the matter over."

Patience made no answer and Patty

went on.

"Mr. Downes seems a very suitable person-come now, Patience, you know he is in Parliament, and he does not belong think so much about mere money. I should like a title of course "-Patty put her head on one side and looked pensive, almost more lovely than when she smiled-"but then I want a husband who's rich enough of himself: I should only get hold of a poor spendthrift lord perhaps. Why," she said with a blush, "you ought to be content, Patience, I'm sure you've said enough to me about marrying a poor man." The blush changed into a frown; she remembered that Paul Whitmore was Nuna's husband now.

"I advised you not to marry that young artist who had nothing to offer you but himself; but indeed, Patty, you shouldn't do anything hasty, you might perhaps do much better than this Mr. Downes.'

She turned away as she spoke; something told her she would never influence

Patty by contradiction.

Next morning at breakfast an exquisite bouquet came for Patty, and to Patience's surprise Miss Latimer insisted on taking a

walk instead of a drive.

Days passed on, the ladies and Mr. Downes met frequently, and Miss Coppock's opposition grew. She did not mean Patty to marry just yet; she was determined she should not marry Mr. Downes. She could maintain a dogged, sullen resistance to the acquaintance, but she had no power to cope openly with Patty; she grew more and more silent and determined: if she could have managed it, she would have carried Miss Latimer away by

"We are to visit the old town to-day," said Patty, one morning. "Mr. Downes will meet us at the Grande Place. Now, Patience, do try and be a little more cheerful-I can't fancy what makes you so dull

and quiet."

"I'm tired of Brussels." Patience spoke

wearily, and Patty smiled.

"Ah, well, we shan't stay here much longer." "You old goose," she added to herself, "don't you suppose I know what's the matter with you, and don't you suppose he'll follow us wherever we go now?'

When they came home from visiting the old town, Miss Coppock felt strangely tired. She lay down on a sofa, and stayed there till Patty was obliged to rouse her.

"Come, you must rouse up," she said; "I forgot to tell you Mr. Downes is coming to coffee this evening. Do you know he has never seen me without my bonnet? and I promised he should come—why, Miss Coppock, Patience, what's the matter?"

At her first words Patience had sat up listening, but at the end she fell back

heavily, white and faint. Patty rang for the femme de chambre. Miss Latimer had never had an illness in her life, and she was incredulous about the sufferings of others; but when the good-natured Rosalie found she could not rouse Miss Coppock to consciousness, she ran away and fetched her mistress, and Augustine the cook; and when all their united efforts failed to restore the sick lady to her usual state, they went in a body to Miss Latimer. Patty had been pacing up and down the saloon, in much vexation and disturbance of mind, while the trio labored in Patience's bedroom, and she grew alarmed when she was told she had

better send for a doctor.

The doctor came—an Englishman; he looked hard at Patty.

"I think I saw you in the old town this morning, madam."

"Yes, we were there." Patty spoke haughtily; she thought this man was neglecting his business.

"I had nearly warned you," the doctor said, gravely, "and then I thought a sudden panic might be as harmful to you as the actual risk you ran. The street you were in is full of small-pox cases, and I feel almost sure your friend has taken it."

Patty gave an exclamation of terror, but the doctor signed to her imperatively to control herself.

"I am not sure—I may not be quite sure for two days yet, perhaps longer, but the coincidence is remarkable with some symptoms I have witnessed. Keep yourself quiet," he said, severely. Patty was wringing her hands in a fresh access of despair. "Even if your friend has the disease, she may have it slightly, and you have been wise in sending for me at once."

"But I shall take it, I know I shall!"
Patty almost shrieked; and she put her hands up to her lovely face as if to shield it from disfigurement.

The doctor's lip curled; he looked at

Patty more attentively.

"You cannot stay here," he said. "If you like, I will take a lodging and procure a sœur to nurse your friend; you will accompany her, I suppose?"

"Me! Oh no, I could not; I know nothing about nursing; I should only be in the way. I will pay you whatever you like for your care, if you will only take her away at once."

She put up both hands beseechingly.
"What a lovely creature!" the doctor said to himself; "it would be dreadful if such a face were spoiled; and yet—"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARRIED.

Nuna sat in the old studio expecting her husband. Her needlework had been thrown aside, and then a book which she had taken up by way of passing the time. The words grew to be mere arrangements of senseless letters. Her mind was so full of Paul that she could not take in any outside thought. One day before their marriage he had told her that he was sadly unpunctual, and she had laughed, and had answered she loved him all the better: punctual men were formal, like Will Bright. She thought of this at the end of her two hours' expectation.

"Ah! but then I had not realized how dreadful it is to be away from him; it seems as if the room grows darker when he leaves it. I wonder if the time is as long to him when we are apart."

She gave a slight sigh. There was sorrow on her face, but it had not been brought there only by Paul's absence. She had heard news since he went away—news which she expected, and yet which had troubled her. Her father's marriage with Elizabeth Matthews had taken place two days ago.

Miss Matthews had tried quietly, but steadily, to induce Nuna to listen to Will Bright; but Nuna had proved obstinate, and, to Elizabeth's surprise, Mr. Bright seemed cured of his passion. But if Mr. Beaufort and his daughter took a walk together Elizabeth found her own influence over the Rector weakened, and Miss Matthews' quiet, tortoise-like mind began to perceive that, if she meant to be mistress at the Rectory, she must call in some aid to get rid of Nuna.

She watched her more closely, and she felt sure that the girl was unhappy. Mr. Beaufort one day commented on his daughter's looks to his cousin.

"I believe she really does care about that good-for-nothing young artist," he said, gloomily.

Miss Matthews acted on this hint. If Nuna would not marry Will, she had love; and she walked on fast to the turn better marry Mr. Whitmore. She approached the subject very carefully, but at last she asked Nuna why she had not answered Mr. Whitmore's letter.

"Because I said I would not;" but the tone was sad, not angry, and Miss Matthews hoped on. It would have been against her principles to suggest directly a clandestine correspondence; but her own feelings and wishes were waging war against her principles in a very dangerous

By one of the strange accidents that so often happen in life, and which, if they were duly chronicled, would be far more marvellous than any creation of human fancy, Miss Matthews, coming home from an afternoon's shopping in Guildford, saw Mr. Whitmore on the platform of Ashton station; and as she proceeded to the Rectory in a fly, she saw him walking along the road to the village.

Was he going to see Nuna? At least she could make sure that Nuna should see him. It has been said that Miss Matthews was not naturally intriguing, neither was she quick-witted, so that the part she played this evening came to her piecemeal, instead of as the plan a bolder, shrewder woman would have had time to construct, as she drove homewards. She met Nuna at the garden gate, and the first step seemed to come of itself.

Whitmore, "Did you expect Mr. Nuna? he came down by the same train that I did."

Nuna stood looking at her. Hope and fear grew too strong for the reserve she had maintained towards her cousin.

"If Mr. Whitmore calls here, do you know whether he is to be admitted, Elizabeth? Am I to be allowed to see him?" It was the first time she had owned, openly, that her cousin was deeper in Mr. Beaufort's confidence than she herself was, and she felt a rebellious bitterness to both her father and his adviser.

"No, I believe not; he is not to see you any more;" and then Miss Matthews stopped to consider how she could contrive that the lovers should meet. "If you go up the station road you might meet him." She might have spared this suggestion. Nuna had already turned to the gate; if she hesitated now, she gave up her last hope of seeing Paul. Her

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duty to her father was nothing to her in the road.

Elizabeth's dull brain cleared as she looked after her.

"Dear me, she is gone to meet him;" and then a half-smile came on her pale lips at the probable result of the meeting. "I ought to tell Mr. Beaufort, at any rate;" and she went to his study and told him.

Now, as Nuna sat waiting for her husband in the old quaint room in St. John Street, it seemed to her that one event had followed so fast on another since that meeting with Paul, that she was only waking up to reality; that which had been happening had been a hurried dream —scarcely a happy one. Mingled with the intense joy of Paul's love came the remembrance of her father's anger when he met her and her lover, or rather when he and Will Bright had come upon them suddenly in Carving's Wood Lane.

Paul had persuaded her to go there with him so as to get out of the high road, and time had gone by till evening came, and still she had stood listening to him.

After that evening all had been storm and strife for a while.

Her father and Elizabeth had said she must marry Paul; Mr. Bright was not the only person who had seen her with him in this strange clandestine manner. And so with little of previous courtship, with a haste which had a certain chill of foreboding in it, Nuna found herself standing beside Paul at the altar, saying the words that made her his for ever. Outwardly, Elizabeth had been kind: this had been easy when the Rector yielded so easily to her will, but still Nuna cherished anger against her cousin; she had been too simple and too pre-occupied to suspect the motive that had made Elizabeth befriend Paul's love, and so urge on the marriage, but something told her that it was not any sincere desire for her happi-She felt bitterly, too, that Miss Matthews had destroyed all confidence between herself and her father. And now only a fortnight ago Mr. Beaufort had written to her announcing his intended marriage with Miss Matthews, and had asked her to be present at it; then Nuna's eyes had opened, and she had burst into a passion of indignant tears.

Paul tried to soothe her and to induce

her to go down to Ashton. He had promised to go out sketching for a day or two, so he could not accompany her. But Nuna would not go alone, and her husband let her decide for herself. He was too careless to trouble himself much about Mr. Beaufort's marriage; he knew that her father had never been specially kind to Nuna, so perhaps it was not surprising that she should refuse to go; and then he became absorbed in arranging his little excursion and thought no more about his wife's trouble.

Nuna was very angry still. It was an anger unlikely to die out soon, it had such a root of bitterness. If she had then gone down to that root, and tried to draw up some of its clinging fibres, or at least have washed them free of bitterness with penitent tears, it might have been well for her; unowned, thrust out of sight, was the consciousness that if she had not neglected her father by her self-indulgent, dreamy ways, he would not have needed Elizabeth, and also that she had, by her own undutiful refusal to be present at his marriage, closed the door on her father's

"It is an insult to my own dear mother's memory," and Nuna hardened

herself, as she thought virtuously, against any relenting.

It was a new sensation; her conscience protested, but she would not listen; and so she took the first step in that process which has done so much to mar domestic peace-she wilfully hardened her own

Eight o'clock, and Paul had promised to return at five, and he had been gone three days. Oh, how could he manage to be happy away from her!

A clatter of wheels, then a ringing and

a buzz of voices.

Nuna seemed to make one bound to the head of the staircase; the lower rooms were tenanted by strangers, and she was timid about going down into the hall; but in a minute Paul came rushing upstairs, his hair all ruffled over his eyes, but not enough to hide the gladness in them.
"My own pet!" and he nearly lifted

Nuna off the ground.

Oh, it was worth all the long solitary time she had been enduring to feel that she had him once more all to herself, with no one to come between them-surely this was perfect happiness! Even while

the thought lingered, she felt herself suddenly released, and Paul drew a step or two away.

"O Stephen, I forgot you, I declare. Nuna! here's Stephen Pritchard, come

home at last."

Nuna wished Mr. Pritchard had stayed in Italy, or anywhere away from St. John Street. How mistaken she had been, to fancy she liked this talking, self-asserting man, who positively contradicted Paul himself.

She felt cross with him and with herself for being affected by his presence. looked at her; he was struck by her unusual silence, and Mr. Pritchard saw the look, and smiled.

"The honeymoon is over," he said to himself; "I expect Paul wishes he had

not been in such a hurry."

"What made you so late?" Nuna roused herself to speak.

"That's right, Mrs. Whitmore, call him to account."

Paul appeared to be very busy with his gaselier. "Am I late?" he said.

Nuna felt in a' moment that he was

If they had been alone, she would have put her arms round his neck and have kissed him, but she could not do this before Stephen; she looked up quickly, there was a satirical smile on Mr. Pritchard's face.

"He will think Paul and I are not happy together," she thought, in a nervous,

vexed way.

"No, indeed, I am not calling Paul to account, only I was afraid some accident had happened to the train."

"And suppose I hadn't come home at all?" said Paul laughing.

Nuna laughed too, she had not the slightest fear that her husband was in earnest.

"Oh, I knew better than that, I knew you would keep your promise."

Paul turned round and looked at her: something in his face troubled Nuna.

"Well," he said gravely, "it was a very near shave—if we had lost this train, we should have stayed all night."

"Then I should have sat up till you

Paul did not answer; he thought Nuna silly to prolong this talk before Stephen Pritchard.

Nuna felt uncomfortable; she got up and began to clear the table of her work

and books, to get out of the range of Mr. Pritchard's watchfulness.

Paul was a genius, but he could be silly sometimes. His artist friends had laughed at his anxiety to get home, and had said he was afraid of a lecture, and he had told himself that nothing he could do or say would ever seem wrong or vexatious to his sweet, loving wife. It was specially vexatious that she should have called him to account before such a watchful scoffer as Stephen Pritchard.

One of his abstracted fits mastered him, and but for Mr. Pritchard, the supper would have been very silent.

"I have heard from Ashton," said Nuna at last.

"From your father?"

"Oh no, only the announcement of the marriage in the paper."

"Well, it is a good thing over." Paul spoke carelessly; he was thinking of something else, and Nuna felt wounded.

It is very strange that men and women -at any rate till bitter experience has forced them to open their eyes--rarely use the sense of their own peculiarities of disposition in interpreting their neighbors. Some of us are ready enough to decide that because we should not act in such and such a manner, therefore our fellows are incorrect for so acting; but dreamy, unobservant people, like Nuna, are somewhat blind to outward characteristics, and are apt to rouse from their reveries into a timid, frightened belief that the gravity of their companion is caused by displeasure or indifference, instead of its being more frequently the result of a pre-occupation resembling their own.

Nuna tried to talk to Mr. Pritchard, but the fear of having displeased Paul weighed down her spirits.

Her husband noticed her silence. She

was tired, he thought.

"Don't you sit up, Nuna," and he rose and lit her candle. "Stephen and I shall be late, I dare say."

There was no help for it; she had to say good night, without even a word alone to her husband.

"I shall not go to bed," she said decidedly, as soon as she had closed the double doors that shut off her room from the studio; "that hateful man can't stay here all night."

And at the same moment Pritchard was saying to Paul, "I say, old fellow, don't

let Mrs. Whitmore sit up; I'm not going to bed this hour or more: come across to my rooms, they are quite close, you know, we shall be snugger there."

we shall be snugger there."
Paul hesitated, but he was not going to

be laughed at by Pritchard.

"I'll follow you in a minute," he said, and as soon as Mr. Pritchard had departed he went to find Nuna.

"I say, darling, go to bed, and go to sleep as fast as you can; I'm going to smoke a pipe with Stephen, and he may keep me talking."

When she saw her husband, Nuna had only thought of asking him not to be angry with her; this announcement, added to his frank, cheerful manner, changed her in an instant; the only excuse to be made for her is that she had been overwrought by the separation from Paul and sorrow at her father's marriage.

"O Paul," she said reproachf.illy, "going away again! and I have not had you a minute to myself."

She had thrown her arms around him while she spoke, but he drew back. Men like Paul are not to be scolded into tenderness. Nuna looked up, and saw the same expression that had troubled her on his first arrival.

"I thought you were different to other women, Nuna—nobler and free from pettiness—but you are all alike; you all make this mistake of supposing that men like to be managed. There, don't be silly." He leant down and kissed the face she had hidden in her hands. "I am only joking; there never was such a little darling, was there? Good night!" He took her into his arms and whispered tender, loving nonsense. "Get to sleep as fast as you can," he said, and he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV. PATIENCE'S STORY.

"Gone away!" and then Patience Coppock murmured to herself, "gone away without caring what became of me whether I lived or died."

"Yes, mademoiselle," was the calm answer; and Patience shrank from the quiet, observant eyes fixed on her altered face, and passed on up the stairs.

"Mademoiselle will find a letter from Madame on the table in the salon, and if she requires any attendance Mademoiselle will be kind enough to tell me now."

This being a discreet hint that Mademoiselle Louise intended to take the rest of the evening for her own amusement, Patience said sullenly she would have coffee and something to eat with it, and then she went into the salon.

Louise had opened the door for Miss Coppock to pass in. She stood on the landing with a marked expression of dislike on her placid face—placid all but the eyes, and these at times suggested that the placidity was a mask, and that Mademoiselle Louise had some qualities in

common with a cat.

"It is inconceivable," she said to herself, "that a beautiful young lady like Madame should carry about with her anything so ugly—so unattractive—Miss Coppock is like a gray shadow. She was always ugly, but she is horrible with those holes in her face. Ah, Madame was in the right to depart before her arrival. Ma foi, I wish she had died, it is embarrassing to serve such a person. She is not much more than a servant, and yet it is necessary to serve her—cela m'embête!" Having softened her feelings by expressing them, Louise went to the kitchen to see after coffee.

Patience looked round the charming little room. Traces of Patty's presence lingered there still. A parasol lay on one of the couches, and exquisite flowers, faded now, had been placed in the differ-

ent vases.

Patience had travelled a long way. She was sick for want of food, faint too from weariness, for, in her anxiety to rejoin Patty, she had undertaken the journey from Brussels to Paris before her strength was sufficiently restored; but before she thought of resting herself her eyes roamed hungrily about the room for Patty's letter. There were so many little tables, and these were so covered with the exquisite little treasures Patty had lately collected, that Miss Coppock did not at once see the letter. She found it at last under a china dog, and she snatched at it so eagerly that the dog fell and was broken to fragments.

But Patience took no heed of the dog. She tore open the scented envelope, heedless of the gold and silver crest it bore, and if she had heeded this it would not have prepared her for the news inside. Miss Coppock knew that Patty had talked of setting up a crest and a motto of her

own. Poor Patience! she had looked red enough on her arrival, with that redness which small-pox leaves as the brand of its recent presence; but as she stood beside the little table she grew almost purple while she read.

" DEAR MISS COPPOCK,-You will see by my leaving this letter for you that I have thought of you in your absence. By the time you get it, I hope you will be quite well again, and that you have escaped being marked or disfigured. I hope the doctor and the nurse did their duty by you; they ought to have, for I paid them well. I wonder what you will think of my news? Perhaps I ought to say I am sure you will be glad to learn that I am really settled for life. married our friend Mr. Downes two hours ago at the Embassy. In fact, I write this while I am changing my dress, before we start on our marriage tour. No use in telling you where we are going—and besides, the route is not made out. Madame de Mirancourt says if I do not leave off writing there will not be time to put on my bonnet and mantle properly. It was very naughty of you to fall ill and miss my wedding-my dress is charming, white satin and point d'Alençon -however, De Mirancourt has done her best to supply your place, poor old thing. She came to Brussels at once when I telegraphed for her. It was very awkward being left in that sudden way without a chaperon. I sup-pose you will remain in Paris until I write again? I shall probably require you to go on to London before we return. You will hear from me in a fortnight. Enclosed you will find a cheque for your expenses.

"I am, dear Miss Coppock,
"Your sincere friend,
"ELEANORA MARTHA DOWNES."

Have you sometimes watched fireworks till the grand finale comes, and then tried to see at one glance the vivid tongues of many-colored flames that dart skywards out of a glowing mass below? You cannot distinguish one from another; in the endeavor to see each distinctly, they become blended and confused. Anger, mortification, fear, sorrow, and worse feelings than those, lightened out successively on the dull, red face, till it grew hide-ous with the storm, yet the feelings were so blended that it was difficult to mark them all. Patience threw down the letter and trampled it into the velvet carpet; she clenched her poor worn hands in impotent fury, and then she looked fiercely round the room with those sunken eyes, from which all beauty of color and light had departed, as if she hoped to find something which might help her to revenge herself.

Miss Coppock felt that she had been treated with the most selfish unkindness; but that was nothing compared to the baulking of her carefully laid plans, of her resolution that Patty should not marry till she had got firmer hold of her, and still more her fixed determination that, come what might, Patty should not marry Mr. Downes.

"I knew she was selfish, but then it seemed natural her head should turn a bit, but I didn't think she was sly—I couldn't have thought it of her. If it had been anything but small-pox; I could think she made me ill on purpose to get me out of the way. Why is she to have everything

and me nothing?"

She sank down in one of the luxurious chairs panting with exhaustion. Poor, worn creature! contrasting her lot with Patty's, it seemed a hard one; and yet at the outset Patience Coppock had start-ed along the road of life with fairer prospects than any that seemed likely to open to Patty Westropp. Patience had been very handsome, though she had lacked the natural grace, the charm that doubled Patty's loveliness; but Patience had not been born to hard work, she had been a farmer's daughter with servants of her own, a horse at her disposal, and bonnets and gowns at will. At seventeen these fair prospects had been overcast: her father sank all his savings in a mine on the estate of his landlord; the mine went to ruin, proprietor and tenant along with it, and at seventeen Patience found herself alone in the world, without anything that she could call her own except her wearing apparel and a trifle of pocket-money. At this time of her life she was honest and independent, and she felt crushed with shame at learning the amount of her father's debts. His sudden death brought the knowledge without any warning.

"I will pay them off," the girl said to herself, with the daring hardihood of ignorance; she had not yet learned how hard an oyster the world proves to the unknown

and the friendless.

Her first experience was brief and bitter, and, like many another first experience, it dyed the years that followed with one ineffaceable hue.

A rich lady in the neighborhood, the wife of the owner of a large estate called

Hatchhurst, wanted some one rather better than a nursemaid to teach her children to read; they were babies still in the nursery. Spite of her resolve to clear her father's name, the girl's pride rose: she would not accept the offered post unless she had a room allotted to herself; she refused to associate with the nurses. The lady demurred, and finally yielded, in her heart thinking all the better of Miss Clayton for her request, a request which possibly produced the girl's ruin.

Patience went to Hatchhurst, and for a few weeks all went well with her; her little charges were fairly tractable, and she did not see much of them; their mother wished them to have some hours of play

in the nursery.

"This will give you plenty of spare time, Miss Clayton," the condescending lady added; "time which you may devote

to your own improvement."

When Patience was alone again, she looked at her handsome face in the glass, and told herself she needed no improvement.

Her employers went away on a round of country visits; they were to return in three weeks to meet the heir of the property, the eldest son by a former marriage; he would be independent of his father when he came of age, his mother's large property coming direct to him.

He was just twenty, and was supposed to be spending the long vacation in Italy and Switzerland with a Cambridge tutor.

Two days after his parents had set out on there visiting tour he returned home alone. There were no old servants at Hatchurst. Its new mistress was an imperious dame, very jealous of anything that recalled her predecessor. Her first act had been the dismissal of the household, most of which had known the young squire as a child. He did not care for his little brothers; he found no well-remembered face to welcome him, but he soon discovered that his step-mother had provided him with pleasant pastime in the nursery governess.

He met Patience in the garden at first by chance, then, after a day or so, by appointment. At home Patience had been allowed to associate freely with the young men who came to see her father. Her mother had died years ago. She had been unused to restraint, and when the young master of Hatchhurst asked permission to ccme and hear her sing in her little schoolroom she admitted him gladly. Then came for Patience two short weeks of glowing happiness—happiness in which no dream of the future seemed too unreal, too bright, for fulfilment. She loved for the first time, and she was beloved. love was not equal. Patience had a heart, and she loved with all the strength of womanhood. In return, she got that sort of boyish worship which goes by the name of calf-love, and which is as easily extinguished as any other newly-kindled fire. The young lovers were very happy and very innocent-neither of them looked forward-neither of them guessed that they were suspected and watched.

It had oozed out through Mrs. Robins, the abigail, before she went away with her mistress, that Miss Clayton had insisted on having a separate sitting-room and a separate table from the nurses. Thenceforth her doom was sealed; she was an upstart, sure to go wrong. Mrs. Caxton, the head nurse, and her two handmaids, only waited their mistress's return to report Miss Clayton's "disgraceful goings on with the young master."

One evening the lovers were seated as usual in the schoolroom, the young squire's arm was round Patience's slender waist, and she had hidden her blushing face on his shoulder while he repeated over and over again that, if she would only keep true to him, he would marry her as soon as he was of age.

"Only a year, my darling, no one can

part us then; I-

Patience never heard the end; the door was flung open, and she saw a confused crowd of angry and malicious faces.

She had an uncertain remembrance of being taken to her bedroom by Mrs. Caxton, and of seeing her clothes and possessions packed; but she did not completely recover her senses till she found herself driving leisurely along the road in the grand carriage which had just brought home the mistress of Hatchhurst. Then Miss Clayton realized that she had been turned out of the house in disgrace.

"I am lost, ruined! oh, what will become of me?" But as she drove on this panic of shame lessened; resentment came instead; she had been cruelly, un-

justly treated.

"I have done nothing wrong, nothing to justify this; I gave my love in return

for his; there is no harm in that. Ah, I have only got to trust Maurice; he will take care of me."

But meantime she would not be carried away tamely, and she put her head out of the window and asked the coachman where he was taking her.

He named a town a few miles off, but he spoke so familiarly that Patience shrank back into the carriage in a fresh paroxysm

The coachman set her down at a quiet little inn; he went into the entrance-way with her and gave the landlady a note, and then he drove away.

"You'll have a letter to-morrow, Miss,"

he said, before he went.

The letter came; it was written as to It commented severely on the deceitful and disgraceful conduct of Miss Clayton, who had, the writer said, utterly destroyed her own reputation; but it was added, that regard for a friendless orphan induced Mrs. Downes to try and save Miss Clayton from going further astray: enclosed was a note of introduction to a reformatory for young women in the town to which Patience had been taken; enclosed also was the amount due to her for salary.

Patience tore the letter into fragments. She waited on in hopes of seeing her lover, but time passed and no letter came.

She left the inn, and got herself a cheap lodging in another part of the town. A milliner's apprentice lodged in the same house, and through this girl Patience found employment. At the milliner's she worked at she heard her own story spoken ofshe had taken the precaution to change her name-she heard, too, that her lover had gone abroad again. One day the mistress of Hatchhurst came to her employer's, and before Patience had time to escape she was seen and recognized.

The lady was too valuable a customer to offend, and Patience was again dismiss-

ed without a character.

She was discouraged, almost brokenhearted, but still faith in her lover's constancy and her own independence supported her.

She went to London, and after some struggles which brought her face to face with want, she again got employment at a milliner's.

"I have learned the trade," she said, "and it is more amusing than teaching; and besides, one can get work without a had that kind of tempest in her soul which character at this time of year."

But there were among Patience's fellow-workers girls who had lost their reputation in a less innocent way than she had, and she found herself led into society full of danger to a young, handsome girl.

One day she was summoned to attend one of the principals of the establishment in which she worked; she was to carry a dress which had to be fitted.

Just before they reached the house a gentleman and lady on horseback passed: the lady was young and beautiful, and seemed to be listening attentively to the gentleman riding beside her. Patience looked at the speaker's face and recognized it at once. It was her lover; and his eyes had never looked into hers as lovingly as they now strove to look into those of his companion.

The girl's spirit, chilled almost to death for an instant, rose to defend him. "He thinks I have forgotten him," she said, "and men must amuse themselves."

The couple dismounted at the doorsteps of the very mansion they were bound to, and as she and her employer waited while they passed in, Patience's heart winced at the tender care her lover showed towards his fair companion.

She was left in the hall while a servant ushered her employer upstairs and took the box she had carried.

It seemed to Patience that this was the crisis of all her long-cherished hopes; if she missed this chance of a recognition, she and her lover might never meet again. She had written several letters to him at Hatchhurst, but she felt sure they had not reached his hands; if she let him drift away from her into this great wilderness of London, she gave him up of her own free-will. She sat still, calm outwardly, but so inwardly agitated that her heartbeats almost choked her. Some one was coming down the great staircase into the inner hall in which she sat, but there were tall footmen close by; she could not speak to Maurice before them, and a hot flush spread over her forehead; she could not be seen by him, sitting there like a

In a moment she had glided into the outer-hall, a carriage was waiting, and the house-door stood open; she passed out.

When Patience found herself alone that night in her miserable little lodging, she

seldom subsides without causing shipwreck in such a one as the poor vain mil-

liner's girl.

She had had one moment of exquisite joy when she found herself in the street beside her lover, and then darkness had set in; at first Maurice tried to avoid her, and when he could not do this, he told her he thought she was ill-judged in seeking to renew acquaintance with him. He spoke kindly and gently; he told her he bitterly regretted his own folly, and also the hasty and unfeeling treatment she had experienced from Mrs. Downes. Patience listened first in stupefied surprise; then in a sort of sullen despair; then, when she thought he was leaving her, desperation forced her into one last effort to regain his love.

"O Maurice," she cried out passionately, "if you don't love me, I shall die! Why did you make me love you?"

Maurice grew white with vexation: Patience's words could almost have been heard on the opposite pavement, and he saw people coming towards them.

He pulled out a card-case and held out

his card to her.

"If I can be of any assistance to you," he said in a hurried, vexed tone, "you can write to that address; but I must refuse to see you again."

Patience found herself standing alone

with the card in her hand.

"Here, young woman," said one of the tall footmen, from the top of the steps; "your mistress is asking what's become of you."

"Write to him! ask him for assistance!" The unhappy girl felt as if no depth of misery could wring such a meanness from her. All this went through her brain as she stood alone in her miserable. little room.

In the midst of her frenzy of passion and despair, came a tap at the door. One of her companions had come to visit her; she had brought tickets for the theatre.. She was the worst among Patience's fellow-workers, and the girl had always refused to go about with her; but to-night: she welcomed any escape from herself. She went, and let her companion take her where she pleased.

Then came those months in Patience's life of which she had ever since been trying to hide the traces-a brief epoch of sin and luxury. When this came to an end, she found herself placed in the business at Guildford as Miss Coppock, from London.

She had never been taught thrift, and the chequered life she had led since her father's death had not been likely to foster any regularity of mind or thought. And thus her life had grown into one continual stream of embarrassment and subterfuge, backed by the gloomy, haunting mists of the past. Patience felt no power now to live down evil repute. Her independence had left her when she yielded up her innocence. The aim of her life was to hide away that which she had been, and to keep up the fiction of her new name. When she thought of Maurice, it was with bitter anger; his desertion had thrown her into the frenzy which had led to her ruin. And yet, when at last she saw him again-her Mauricechanged into a calm, self-possessed man of middle age, Patience's heart grew strangely soft, and she felt as if she could lay down her life to serve him.

For, face to face with Maurice Downes, her shame seemed overwhelming; and by that extraordinary process of reasoning, or morbidity, which only exists in unselfish women, Patience shifted the blame of her fall wholly to herself. It seemed to her that her lover had not been as actually faithless as she had—he was still unmarried. He did not recognize her, but his presence crushed her with shame, and she longed to escape from the avenging memories it roused to torture her.

And now, in this letter of Patty's, had come the climax of her misery. The man she still loved, with a strong undying love, had joined his life to Patty's—to a girl who, as Patience knew too well, had no love for him; who merely looked on him as something annexed to herself, a something necessary to the part she meant to play in the world, but a something for which Mr. Downes, personally, was not more desirable than any other landholder of equal position.

The poor wretched sinner crouched lower and lower on the sofa, and again the heartbroken cry sounded—

"O God! is she to have everything—everything?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CLOUDS.

MEANTIME life in the old studio at St. John Street was not gliding on as smoothly as life is always supposed to glide at the end of three-volume novels, when a loving hero and heroine are made one.

Doctors, and those who are freely admitted into domestic life, tell us that the first year of marriage is usually the most troubled. This may depend on the amount of intimacy which has previously existed between the newly-married pair, and also on the power possessed by the wife, not only of conforming herself to her husband's wishes, but of so projecting herself into his character, that she knows, as if by instinct, how best to please him.

In some women, love will do this; in others, where love is quieter, less intense, it may be the result of extreme unselfishness.

It was especially sad for such a nature as Nuna's that her marriage had been so hurried.

Paul was not a man to be read by ordinary rules; and, spite of her love, Nuna's timidity and want of observation came in the way of the thorough confidence which a less shrinking woman would have attained to.

When Paul went off into long hours of reverie, Nuna tried at first to rouse him, and then, getting short, indifferent answers, she grew to fancy she had vexed him. Sometimes she took courage and asked him what she had done, and then he answered playfully, and sunshine came again. With him, sitting near him, even through long hours of silence, she was happy, happy as a loving woman can be; but in his frequent absences she tormented herself. He went away to work, she knew that; but she was jealous of work, of anything that took him away.

Did Paul love her? Was she enough for his happiness?

"Ah, if I were, he would be content to stay at home with me instead of going off alone with that hateful Mr. Pritchard."

And at this time of his life, if Paul had been questioned, he would have said that it was only from habit that he spent so much time away from home—habit, and a certain undefined dread that haunts some men lest they should yield up liberty

of action. He might, at the expense of he stirred the fire vigorously, lit the gas, some trouble, have done this work, the copy of a picture Pritchard had brought from Italy, at home; it was by his wish that they lived at the studio in St. John Mr. Beaufort had said that it Street. would be better for Nuna to have a small house near at hand, and thus be altogether freed from studio life and society; but when Paul told Nuna this would involve separation except at meal-times, she was eager to live entirely in the quaint old house.

"I don't want a drawing-room or any conventional arrangement," she had said; "I only want to be always with you and

to see you paint."

It was winter-time again. Nuna had stayed indoors all day shivering instead of bracing her nerves and her limbs by taking a walk. She was shy of going out alone. Paul often took her out "between the lights," but to-day, directly after dinner, he had disappeared, and had not said where he was going.

Nuna wrote occasionally to her father, but she never mentioned Elizabeth's name in her letters, so it was no wonder that Mr. Beaufort's answers grew short and cold, and only came at long intervals.

"If one could begin everything all over again," thought Nuna-"I wish I had not been cross and stiff about the marriage. Now I suppose Elizabeth will never forgive me, and I can't begin all at once to be different. With Paul too, if we had just one little quarrel—only one—and never any more after, it would be much better than all these private miseries of mine; we should get everything clear and straight for ever.

Doubtful, Nuna; if strife gets let into Eden, there is no saying that he will ever

entirely quit it.

Paul came in presently. Coming in out of the brightly lit hall the room looked cheerless and darker than it really

"Sitting in darkness, eh?-and, darling, scarcely any fire - you careless

Paul spoke good-humoredly, and returned her kisses as he spoke; but he felt that this was not quite the reception he ought to have had on a cold winter's night after a hard day's work. He made no complaint, but instead of petting Nuna as much as she expected him to pet her,

and then turned to go into his dressingroom to get his slippers.

But Nuna was awake now and thorough-

ly penitent.

"Oh, stay, please, don't go yourself, darling-oh, anybody but me would have got them ready.

But Paul put her back in her chair with a strong hand, and fetched the slippers

himself.

When he came back Nuna was crying. "Ah, Paul," she sobbed, "what a horrid, uncomfortable wife I am; how sorry you must be you ever married me!" And then she hid her face on his shoul-

"I don't know that you ought to be blamed," said Paul. "You might have thought I should go out again to Pritchard's as usual, but I shan't be doing that for some time to come. In fact, I believe you'll have such a benefit of me, pet, that you'll wish Stephen back again-he's going to Spain."

Nuna threw her arms round her husband and kissed him till he was fairly

startled at her vehemence.

"Oh, I am so glad," she murmured; "oh, so glad he's going."

"Poor Stephen! Why, Nuna, I'd no idea you were such a little hater."

"I shouldn't hate him if he were anybody else's friend;" she felt ashamed of her words.

"Then you only hate him because he loves me, eh, Nuna; is that it?"

"No, no; I am not so wicked. I suppose I can't bear you to love anybody but

Paul kept silence, he was thinking; but as Nuna nestled closer to him she felt his chest heave as if the thoughts were raising some amount of tumult.

"Turn your face to the fire," he said,

presently.

"No, the light does not reach your eyes; kneel down, facing me-so;" he looked searchingly into her deep, loving eyes. "Do you know what I am looking for, darling?"

"No;" her voice trembled with a vague

"I was looking to see if I could find any jealousy in your eyes, Nuna. I always say you are unlike other women; you have no petty, carping fancies; but you musn't let jealousy get into a corner of that tender heart of yours, or you'll make us both miserable."

She took his hand between hers, kissed

it, and then laid her face on it.

"But, Paul, can one be jealous without knowing it? If I were jealous in that way, you would not despise me for it, would you?"

"I don't know," Paul spoke gravely.
"I have always shrunk from jealousy; my mother said no true woman could be jealous." Nuna shivered. "Come, little woman"—Paul smiled at her—"I want a a song."

"Yes, in a minute, darling; only I must ask one more question." This was the talk she wanted, and she was hungry to go on with it; she could not bear to leave off, just when a few moments more would

lay all her haunting ghosts.

"Not half a syllable;" he broke away from her and went up to the piano, which stood now opposite to the window, between the dressing-room door and that leading to the staircase. "I've been working-hard all day and I'm too tired to argue, I want nothing but rest. I've no doubt you'll sing me to sleep."

She went at once and sang him one song after another. She had a sweet, rich voice, and it had been carefully trained—trained to that exquisite simplicity which marks out the true musician from the pretender, if, indeed, simplicity is not always the badge of true merit.

While Nuna was singing the servant

came in with a note.

Paul took it, but he did not open it; he was listening to Nuna. She was singing the same ballad which had so charmed him the night he dined at the parsonage, the night which had revealed Nuna to him in a new character. Then there had been an intensity of feeling which had thrilled through him while he listened, but now it seemed to him there was a passionate significance in the mournful words as she breathed them.

"Come here, darling."

He took her in his arms and thanked her fondly for the pleasure she had given him. Nuna was too happy to speak, too happy for anything that might disturb this delight. She had Paul all to herself again, to worship and make an idol of to her heart's content.

It seemed to her as if the evening had flown when she found how late it

was

. As soon as she left the room Paul sat down to write letters, and in clearing the table to make room for this he came upon the note he had thrown aside and forgotten.

He opened it, read it, and then flung it into the grate, after noting down the

address.

It was merely a commission to paint a portrait, a lady's portrait, Mrs. Downes of Park Lane.

"Downes—never heard of her. There was a Lady Downes, I remember—never mind, she is some swell or other, no doubt."

He went on with his work; the only comment he made on the note was:

"I hope it is an old woman; they sit the best; the young ones haven't a notion of keeping still."

(To be continued.)

Fraser's Magazine.

ENGLISH REPUBLICANISM.

BY A WORKING MAN.

[Half the world is said to know nothing of the feelings and thoughts of the other half. We insert this article as an assistance towards removing a peculiar and dangerous a form of ignorance.—ED. F.M.]

On March 24 Mr. Gladstone was asked, in his place in the House of Commons, whether his attention had been called to the report of a meeting at which a resolution, declaring that "a Republican form of government was the only one capable

of developing the great resources of the country, and worthy of the confidence and support of all true democrats, was reported to have been carried by acclamation; whether, if the report was correct, it was his intention to ascertain whether, in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, such language was of a treasonable or seditious character; and whether, in the event of such being the opinion of the law officers, the Government

was prepared to take any steps for dealing by law with those who held this language."

Mr. Gladstone replied that his knowledge of the subject was confined to the matter of the resolution as quoted by the member asking the question; that, whether the report was correct or not, it was not the intention of Government to take any steps whatever in the matter; that such opinions as those embodied in the resolution were "wrong and foolish," and needed but to be left unnoticed to sink into "that oblivion which was their destined and their proper portion."

As during the portion of the session that had elapsed up to that date Mr. Gladstone had evinced a decided inclination to verbal quibbling, it is, perhaps, not going too 'far to suggest that possibly he took advantage of the word "only" in the resolution referred to. To assert the resolution referred to. that only under any one form of government can the resources of this country be fully developed is an assumption of final knowledge in politics not only presumptuous, but wrong and foolish, and it must have been to that view of the case, we take it, that Mr. Gladstone applied those epithets. At any rate, it is scarcely possible to conceive that any one, with even a tithe of his claims to be considered a statesman, would stigmatize as wrong and foolish the abstract proposition that a Republic is the best of known forms of government. That surely is a fairly debatable question, as it is undoubtedly one on the affirmative side of which weighty arguments can be adduced.

That in its theory and possibilities a Republic is a better form of government for the working population of a country than either a monarchical or autocratic one may be taken as an admitted truism; and as a natural consequence there has, in England, always been a considerable degree of instinctive Republican feeling among the working classes, and a certain measure of philosophical Republicanism among scholarly and speculative politicians untrammelled by the exigencies of practitical statesmanship. The latter phase of this feeling was, however, regarded as nothing more than a political dilettanteism, while with the working classes the feeling was known to be merely latent under ordinary circumstances, and blind, passionate, and self-harmful whenever under the prompting of political or social excitement it attempted to assert itself. possibility of a Republican party in English politics having practical power to enforce concessions to their views would have been regarded as an absurdity. These are still pretty much the ideas entertained in upper and middle class circles with regard to Republicanism in this country, and until very recently they were substantially correct. At the present time, however, such views are a dangerous mistake. Republicanism has reached a new, an advanced and advancing stage-has become an important though a little recognized or understood actuality of practical politics. For years past Republicanism has been spreading among the working classes doctrinally to such a degree that now it may be safely said that it is—in some more or less modified form -the political creed of ninety-nine working men in a hundred, having any political feeling or belief at all. The last extension of the franchise made the practical assertion of this creed a possibility, and the tone of recent legislation has given a start to the one thing needful for the realization of that possibility-organization.

The fact of such a meeting having been held as that at which the resolution already quoted was passed, need not in itself have been taken as a material evidence of a Republican feeling among the working classes at large. Any petty, notorietyseeking agitator can get up a meeting to pass resolutions upon almost any conceivable subject, and newspapers making an unthinking use of a stock heading will report it as a meeting of the working classes, though more frequently than not it has about as much title to be so described as a gathering of a dozen discon-tented soldiers would have to be cited as a meeting of the British army. Though, however, the particular meeting referred to was in no way an authorized representation of the general body of the working classes, the resolution carried at it was, as it happened, in full accord with the prevailing opinion of those classes. few avowedly Republican meetings held in the Metropolis of which notices have got into the papers are not the only or most important ones that have taken place. There have been many such, and a considerable number of Republican associations have been formed, and are increasing in extent. More significant

still, similar meetings have been held and societies formed in the large manufacturing towns of the provinces, where such things when they do occur have a graver meaning, and indicate a more deep-rooted conviction, and greater firmness and tenacity of purpose, than they do among the (comparatively) mercurial Londoners. clubs make only a small fraction of the numerical strength of the working classes, but they embrace a large percentage of the actively political, while the latent sympathies of the bulk are with them. In short, whether right or wrong, foolish or wise, English Republicanism has grown to be a great political fact-a thing that will not only not sink into oblivion by being left unnoticed, but will be increased in extent and embittered in quality by any high-toned affectation of ignoring its existence. It is a thing for statesmen to grapple with, and certainly a thing the causes, character, aims, and alleged justification of which are worth being looked

Republicanism as it now exists in England is founded less on pure admiration of its own professed principles than upon hatred and contempt for royalty and its concomitants. It has been selected as a creed rather as the broad antithesis to monarchy than from any immediate reference to or detailed knowledge of its working. "Take away the baubles" is a cry that sums up the political aspirations of the working classes; that would have summed them up at any time for many years past; and in their opinion our royalty is not only a bauble in itself, but the prime cause and support of the great amount of injurious baubleism that characterizes the Government of the country throughout-of an hereditary legislature, a State church, an unfairly privileged aristocracy, and a gross system of sinecurism. They regard the royal office as worse than useless, believing that its formalities impede the work of legislation, that its costliness tends to impoverish the nation, and its very existence to degrade true self-respect by making "loyalty" consist —in language at least—in fulsome adulation. To their thinking the Sovereign is the mere cipher of an unnecessary function, or at the best an ornamental official whose services judged on the most liberal scale would be amply paid by the salary of a master of the ceremonies.

These views and the feelings arising out of them were entertained by the present generation of working men with respect to royalty when it had to be considered in the person of the Sovereign only; but as demand after demand came to be made upon the public purse on behalf of the royal family, the ill-feeling was more and more intensified, until at last over the question of the dowry to the Princess Louise it broke out in bitter protest and reviling, and assumed the shape of an organized and formidable opposition. For though the formal opposition to it in Parliament appeared a fiasco, the opposition in the country was formidable. Though neither those who had to combat and overcome this opposition, nor any save those inside the working classes, could be fully aware of the extent and intensity of the feeling of which it was the outcome, it is tolerably evident that they knew the matter to be much more serious than they cared to admit. When, in asking the Parliament to vote the dowry, the Prime Minister spoke of the opponents to it in the country as "rare exceptions," he was rather arrogant than ignorant : he would not have adopted the defensive and explanatory tone he did, had he really believed that the anti-dowry party had been rare exceptions. The attitude of the leading newspapers upon the question was in close keeping with that of the first Minister. They, too, affected to believe that the objectors to the dowry were a singular few; but side by side with rhapsodical leaders setting forth the overflowing and unanimous delight that the nation would feel in granting the dowry, were notices of anti-dowry meetings, and of members of Parliament having been put to the question of the subject by their constituents. These papers must have known from details in the provincial journals that the meetings to protest against the dowry were of a more important character than would fairly be gathered from their brief intimations that such meetings had been held; and while they eagerly seized upon the slightest opportunity for making the opposition appear weak or divided, they persistently declined to insert letters explaining or defending its views. This mode of procedure upon the part of the monarchical portion of the press has, however, been chiefly detrimental to the cause of monarchy.

It is these papers that have been mainly instrumental in giving rise to the existing Republican movement. They stung latent feeling into passionate activity, furnished Republican journals and speakers with the best "points" they could possibly have for purposes of agitation; and by the diversity of their justifications of the dowry, made palpable the weakness of the case for the defence. Some of them based their support of the dowry simply on sentimental grounds: the Princess was young, amiable, pretty, and was making a love match; therefore to grumble at her being dowered by the country was unchivalrous. Others pleaded precedent: her sisters had received dowries, then why should she be refused one? The objection in her case would look like a desire to punish her for marrying the man of her heart. Others, again, taking a bolder tone, said that to object to the dowry was nothing more or less than dishonest, since its payment would only be the stipulated fulfilment of the terms of a contract between the country and the This being to many people an astonishing statement, inquiries naturally began to be made as to where the writings of the contract were to be seen. inquiries were doubtless considered "too blessed particular," but they had to be answered in some fashion; and so these papers, modifying their tone, said: "Well, the writings were not to be seen at all; the contract was not a written, but an implied one"—though the alleged implication was certainly not self-evident. straits to which the defending journals were driven by the inherent weakness of their case are perhaps, however, most strikingly exemplified by a statement in the Pall Mall Gazette for December 10, 1870. All the other papers taking the same side on the dowry question were at one with each other and the anti-dowerists in taking it for granted that the 30,000/. wedding portion and 6,000l. a year asked for were regarded as a substantial matter by all parties concerned; that the income was to be granted as an income, on the understanding that it was required for the usual purpose of an income—the support of those drawing it. But according to the Pall Mall Gazette this was not only a mistaken and unworthy view of the case, but the working classes in particular were aware that it was so. Speaking of a res-

olution of the Land and Labor League, the Pall Mall observed that the working classes "know that the dowry to a royal-Princess on her marriage is neither given nor accepted on account of its money's worth, but rather as a tribute of respect and affection to the family of the Sovereign." To point out that this is sheer nonsense would be a work of supererogation. That any person writing in a highclass journal like the Pall Mall Gazette could have really entertained such a belief is not for a moment to be credited. Many assertions and arguments of this kind were palpably aimed at the working classes, and in some cases, as for instance that just cited, "fathered" upon them; and it should therefore be no matter for wonder that the fact of their finding themselves considered to be so easily gullible by selfevident nonsense should have aroused in them a strong feeling of antagonism.

The simulated ecstasy, slavish tone, and meaningless, unmanly drivelling of the daily papers in reporting the Lorne marriage, upon which the Saturday Review commented with such contemptuous scorn at the time, need not be dwelt upon here; but it may be mentioned that these "gushing" articles were especially effective in intensifying the ill-feeling towards royalty. "To-day," said the Times on the morning of the wedding, "a ray of sunshine will gladden every habitation in this island, and force its way even where uninvited. A daughter of the people in the truest sense of the word is to be married to one of ourselves. The mother is ours, and the daughter is ours. We honor and obey the Queen; we crown her and do her homage, we pray for her, and work for her, and fight for her; we accept her as the despenser of blessings and favors, dignity and honors; we share her joys and are cheered by her consolations." Now, the assumption of the universality of such a tone of feeling as that embodied in the above "loval" outburst was not justifiable by even the most liberal interpretation of literary licence. The assertions were un-true not only in the letter, but in the In hundreds of thousands of spirit. "habitations in this island" the marriage was regarded as a gloomy, not a sunshiny matter, so far as it concerned the dwellers in the habitations—a thing which saddled the country with a further large payment to the idle rich, though millions of the industrious poor were in a state of semistarvation. By the working-class section of "the people," the Princess was not held to be in any sense their daughter, but rather a daughter of the horse leech, of whom they had chiefly heard in association with a cry of "give, give," and they certainly looked upon her husband more in the light of a vampyre fastened upon them than as one of themselves. Being unused to making fine distinctions, they connect the office-holder with the office; and speaking in this sense they do not honor and do not pray for the Queen; and though they do work for her and hers, they are very decidedly of opinion that it is more the pity that they should have to do so. And however unorthodox the belief may be, their idea is that not she, but a higher, is the "dispenser of bless-

ings." These were the real feelings of the working classes with regard to the marriage and royalty generally. By means of meetings, protests, and such press organs as would make known their views, they had given expression to those feelings; and that after this they should find themselves represented as going into ecstasies of joy over the event naturally enraged them. To them such misrepresentation seemed a scornful challenge, and the answer to it has been the organization of a Republican movement, which, however much poohpooh'd in its earlier stages, will ultimately make itself felt. Taking the dowry question in the light of a political contest, the technical victory of the monarchical party was one of the kind that are more disastrous than defeat. If, when it became evident that there was a strong feeling in the country against granting the dowry, the demand for it had been withdrawn, that, combined with the fact that the marriage was one in which natural affection had been allowed to over-ride the unnatural Royal Marriage Act, would have made royalty more popular with the working classes than it had been for many years; now it is infinitely more unpopular than it has ever been before, with the present generation. Those immediately concerned in the dowry business were not well served. Had they been allowed to know the extent of even the public opposition, it is only fair to them to take it for granted that they would themselves have insisted upon the withdrawal of the claim made upon their behalf; while, could they have known how they were talked about in thousands of workshops and by tens of thousands of firesides, they would have shrunk from touching a penny of the money as though it had been the price of blood. Curses both loud and deep were heaped upon them as callous despoilers of the poor. "The rattle of the royal begging-box," "Out-door relief." "Ablebodied paupers," "Royal leeches," "Royal spongers," were the mildest terms of contempt employed in speaking of the subject. It became a stock workshop joke to speak of setting up the Marquis of Lorne as a greengrocer, or teaching him this or that handicraft to enable him to earn an honest living for himself and wife without coming upon the public. Men-decent, steady artisans, and not at all the fearsome kind of creatures whom it pleased "loyal" caricaturists to depict as the only objectors to the dowry-speaking amid applauding circles of shopmates, wished that "the whole tribe of royalty were under the sod," while women, mothers themselves, prayed that its women might be made unfruitful, so that the race of royal paupers might not be increased. All this may seem both very trivial and very coarse, but it is both broadly and literally true; and though the task of telling it is an ungrateful one, we think it is a state of things which should be made known and faced, not slurred over. The spirit that prompts such ill wishes may be an evil one, but, bad or good, it is the one that is broad among the working classes. With them, at any rate, the name and fame of the country's royalty has become a thing of scorn. Nor does the feeling end at that point. In connection with the subject of the dowry the question passed from mouth to mouth, "Why should we, who can scarcely find bread for ourselves, be forced to contribute, in however small a degree, to the sumptuous maintenance of others whom we have never seen, and who are not doing and have never done us or the State any service?" As might have been expected, such questioning, once started, soon went beyond the point out of which it had immediately arisen. "Why," working men went on to ask themselves and each other, "should they be forced to contribute to the support of royalty at all? What use was it? what return did it make to the country for the money it drew from it?

It was admitted upon all hands that it performed no part whatever in the practical work of government, and for what else should the nation be called upon to pay it an annual sum far exceeding in amount the aggregate salaries of the entire execu-The story of its life from day to day and year to year was to be found in the columns of the Court Circular, and to a common understanding it was hard to see how anything recorded of it there could be construed as being of service to the community at large. To men looking at it in this utilitarian spirit the whole thing appeared an all too costly fetish, the extinguishment of which would be a bless-

Even in the overwhelming numerical defeat of the parliamentary opposition to the dowry the Republicans hold that there was a comparative moral victory for them. They point to Mr. Gladstone's labored justification of the demand, and to the noticeably large number of liberal M.P.'s who were conspicuous by their absence on the night of the division with the purpose, it is reasonable to conclude (from the evasive answers given by some of them when questioned by their constituents as to how they would vote over the dowry), of being able to say that they did not vote for the dowry; though that plea will avail them but little when the time for

another election arrives. In discussing the anti-dowry agitation, the Saturday Review - which, though strongly monarchical, did not descend to the pitiful twaddling of the other papers on the same side—observed that there was no room in England for a semi-royal caste. This was a remark that went very much to the heart of the business. In the existing state of public opinion there is not room for such a caste, and the working classes have instinctively seen this all To persevere in forcing that caste upon them beyond the point at which they showed their patience was exhausted was a mistake—in the interests of royalty. Monarchy centred in the Sovereign alone and guided by a policy of non-intrusion might have passed without serious challenge for many years to come; but royalty becoming a caste and constantly asking for money on behalf of its members was a thing which the "responsible advisers" of the Crown might have known would lead to the whole institution being brought

into question, and critically examined in regard to the proportion between its cost and its utility to the country. That it could successfully bear examination on that ground its most enthusiastic admirers would not, we suppose, attempt to maintain; and its advisers are therefore responsible for thrusting it into a false and dangerous position. It is on this ground that the working classes have weighed it, and they believe they have found it utterly wanting. Their unanimous verdict is that its cost to the nation is very great, its usefulness nil. Further they are of opinion that it is worse than merely negatively useless. As they read certain facts, it seems to them that the nominal constitution and policy of the State are prostituted to give still more of the public money to royalty than is avowedly voted to it. the House of Commons the Minister for War gravely defends the maintenance of sinecure colonelcies on the ground that they are reserved as prizes and rewards for specially meritorious and distinguished officers; and yet they are bestowed upon the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and other more or less close connections of royalty simply because they are such connections, since it would puzzle even a courtly minister to point out their special merits or distinguished services as soldiers. A government calling itself liberal, and taking office with retrenchment economy as their watchwords, answers unemployed and starving workmen who apply for aid to emigrate, that they have no money for such a purpose, while at the same time they give thousands to fit up royal yachts and pay the travelling expenses of royalty's relations.

In proof of the argumentative strength of their case, the Republicans refer to the manner in which those who profess to answer them evade the point really at issue. The advocates of monarchy do not say that royalty is useful, or is not costly. What they say is, that practically we have the best Republic in the world; that, even with the expense of our royalty, the total cost of our government is probably less than that of America, since, under the system of the latter, every member of the legislature is paid; and that, even if the cost of royalty was abolished to-morrow, it would not relieve the taxation of the country to any appreciable extent. else they ask: "Would you, by attempting

to subvert monarchy, bring about such a state of affairs as that we have lately seen in France?" To this the Republicans reply, that though, as compared with other monarchical governments, ours may be considered as of a Republican character -that though the sinecurism which is fostered by it may perhaps be less costly and injurious to the country than the extensive jobbery perpetrated by political wire-pullers in America, and though under it there is as great liberty of the subject as in any country—that though all this may be, it is altogether beside the question if brought forward as a justification for continuing to burden the country with the expense of a royalty whose part in the work of government is a legal fiction. If the fact of our members of Parliament serving for nothing brings the entire cost of our government within that of the great Transatlantic Republic, the English Republicans reply, that it is only to money being paid to non-workers that they object. If our present scale of expenditure, or even a greater, were necessary to secure efficient Prime Ministers, Chancellors, etc., they would not have a word to say against it. As to the non-payment of our members, many of the Republicans are of opinion that it would perhaps be better for the nation if we did pay them. Some of our present class of members treat their office as an honorary one, valuing it only as giving them a handle to their name; while it is quite an understood thing that others use their position to promote some sectional "interest," rather than-and if need be at the cost of-the interests of the na-And for such neglect or dereliction of duty, a conscience-salving excuse is, that members are not paid. That the remission of the money-cost of royalty would not afford any sensible relief to the individual tax-payer is, say the Republicans, no answer to the economical argument for its suppression. That plea, if admitted, would put an end to all attempts at economy in State management. Because you cannot cut down expenditure by millions at a stroke, that is no reason why you should not retrench upon a smaller scale if there is an opening for doing so. Besides, the Republicans further argue on this point: if the money now paid to royalty were applied to organize Stateassisted emigration, or some other scheme of that kind, thousands of the poor might

be immediately, sensibly, and permanently benefited; our colonies or waste lands made more valuable; and tax payers *ultimately* relieved to an extent that would be worth considering individually.

To the question, "Do you want to bring about a revolution in this country?" the Republicans generally would reply: "Only a political revolution led up to and carried through by political pressure and agitation." This would in substance be the answer of the grand majority, but there are some within the body who would probably give a more extreme reply. Here and there among the working classes will be found men whose political ideas are summed up in the exclamation that a "thundering good revolution is what is wanted in this country," and that if "there was one to-morrow they would throw down their tools and join it." But these are simply ignorant, self-willed, violent tempered men, who would talk in the same fashion on any other subject on which they happened Though they talk exto feel strongly. plosively, it is exceedingly doubtful whether, if it came to a practical question, they would be found to have even the will to make a revolution; and it is abundantly certain that in any case they have neither the knowledge nor the power necessary for doing so. They have not the slightest idea of warlike organization; they are too hot-tempered and open-mouthed to be members of secret societies; and as they generally manage to exhibit their violent and intolerant character in connection with workshop or trade or benefit club affairs, their class know them too well to let them become leaders.

Then there are the stagey, fanfaronnading Republicans who hoist red flags, address each other as "Citizen," and indulge in high-sounding revolutionary talk. Taking advantage of the spread of Republicanism among the working classes, this melodramatic clique has of late obtruded itself before the public rather conspicuously, and by many has been taken to be the whole instead of a very small part of the Republican movement. If asked whether they aimed at a revolution, these theatric Republicans would likely enough answer that they did, but their doing so would be of no material consequence. If they really have any revolutionary aspirations, they are impotent to carry them out. They are few in number, uninfluential,

have no man of mark among them, and, so far as any idea of revolution is concerned, stand alone and out of sympathy.

The Republicanism existing among the general body of the working classes—and it is only that we have had in view in all we have been saying--is not of a revolutionary character in the warlike sense of the term. It is not of an ultra order even politically. Indeed Republicanism is scarcely the proper name for it. Utilitarianism would be more accurately expressive of its meaning. The best informed among the working class Republicans, those best qualified to form a judgment, and whose opinion and example will have the greatest weight in influencing the action of their fellows, are not inclined to cavil about a word. They know that in many respects our constitution is as beneficial to the country as any Republic could be, and they would not care what the government was called provided it was purged of the (costly) fictional and hereditary elements. That, however, if by any exertion or pressure upon their part the thing can be effected, those elements shall be eradicated, they are firmly resolved. they see some fair prospect of their removal they will be thoroughly dissatisfied, and their discontent will be increased, and their Republicanism made less and less moderate in tone, by delay. Before the dowry agitation many of those who are now laboring to establish Republican organizations among their fellow-workmen took no personal interest in politics, while the few who were actively political had no notion of being anything stronger than Radicals. The conduct of Ministers and the press over the Princess Louise dowry brought a wide-spread Republicanism to life as if by magic; and should monarchical Ministers insist upon quartering the semi-royal caste upon the public purse to the bitter end, it would be hard to say to what it might not lead. This matter of semi-royalty is the sorest point of all with the Republicans. It alarms as well as irritates them. They see how prolific are the children of the Sovereign, they know that their offspring stand in closer relation to the throne than some who are pensioned solely on the ground of such relationship, and they ask themselves, Will it not be an intolerable burden upon the country to be forced to provide incomes for such a number? And, to judge by

late proceedings, they argue that only by completely disestablishing royalty can the nation hope to escape from being saddled with such a weight. At present the more moderate Republicans would be quite agreeable to disestablishment being coupled with equitable pecuniary compensation, but under another turn or two of the dowry screw they would probably incline to some more high-handed mode of procedure.

Though English Republicanism exists chiefly among the working classes, and is only openly avowed within those classes, traces of it are to be found in the middle classes, and the direction of the spread of its doctrine is upward. That some of the ablest writers and thinkers of the day are essentially Republicans is well known. In short, all the elements of a great Republican party lie ready; and were a Von Moltke in political organization to arise among the Republicans, he could make them the most powerful section in the State. Even without the aid of a supreme directing genius there is every probability of their speedily becoming a political party that will enforce consideration from others, if only on account of its strength. Stung by the tone of their opponents upon the dowry question, the Republicans. spoke out with what many of their number now consider an unwise bluntness. "Let us," say these, "have some of the wisdom of the serpent in our proceedings. Let us not talk of a Republic, though weaim at the thing. Let us, if we can, makeroyalty as an old man of the sea around the neck of Ministers. Let us chop, and lop, and pare at its branches, and soweaken even if we cannot cut down the stem. Let us strain every nerve to return to Parliament a clique sufficiently numerous to form a 'balance of power' between the two parties who now make a see-saw of government, and therefore also sufficiently strong to wring concessions from either of them by threatening to join the others on any closely-fought partyquestion. Let us do in a political Rome as political Romans do. Let us be trimmers and intriguers. Let us aid the Liberals of the period so far as their ultimatum is a step in our direction; let us join with the Radicals as far as they will go with us, and carry ourselves as much farther as we can force a way single-handed." This is the counsel that is being

given. As, under existing circumstances, it is the most practical, the line of action indicated in it will, in all probability, be adopted in substance. Whether, however, such a comparatively "mild" policy will be adhered to for any considerable length of time is another question, since, so far as may be judged from "precedent," Ministers will soon be making further requisitions upon behalf of royalty.

That among those whose political cry is now Republicanism there are some who have wrong and foolish ideas upon the subject-who think that under a Republic all things are necessarily pure, and every man sure of constant work and a comfortable living—that there are English Republicans holding such ideas as these, no candid person having a knowledge of the opinions existing among the working classes will for a moment attempt to deny. Nor would one with such a knowledge deny, either, that others, though calling themselves Republicans, are really levellers-men who, if they had their own way, would not be content with merely stopping the granting of State pensions to non-workers, but would likewise try to annex portions of self-earned incomes; who profess to be at a loss to understand why any other man should have more than them, and to consider it a perversion of the laws of nature that other men do have more than them. It is equally true, too, that the weekly newspaper which is the chief "organ" of Republicanism is often blatant and scurrilous, and habitually shows even a greater disregard than newspapers generally for the courtesy that should characterize honest political discussion. In short, English Republicanism, while having its good points, has also its blots, of which these are the chief. But they are only its blots; they do not, as many people suppose, constitute the thing itself. Among the working classes Republicanism has superseded Radicalism. Those who form the bulk of the Republicans do not expect impossibilities from a Republic, and are not so foolish as to hold levelling doctrines, while the better educated among them, even when agreeing with the arguments of the newspaper referred to, deplore and condemn its bad taste-not only as bad taste, but also as being an injury to the cause of Republicanism, since there can be little doubt that the coarse personality, violent invec-

tive, and bombastic tone of Republican journals and orators hitherto, have been instrumental in causing the higher class of Republican writers and thinkers to hold aloof from any movement for practical

organization.

Even with all its present imperfections on its head, however, English Republicanism is not a thing to be contemptuously "daft aside." On the contrary, any one acquainted with the real facts of the case, and at all skilled in reading the signs of the times, will understand that it is a thing that it will be dangerous to treat with either real or affected contempt. In so far as Republicanism means Utilitarianism in Government, the spirit of the age in this country tends towards it. In time it must become the predominating opinion practically, even if not nominally. Any danger to the State that there may be in it would lie in its being goaded into premature attempts to assert its supremacy. It has great thinkers in its ranks, and hosts willing to serve its principles disinterestedly; but as yet it has not statesmen capable of carrying on the practical work of Government, and until it has them it would be a disaster for it as well as for the nation at large if by any coup or fluke it was able to seize the reins of power. Acting statesmen are bound in the interests of all concerned to resist the too rapid advance of Republicanism, but they are equally bound not to oppose it in a manner that is calculated to urge it to extreme courses. The rate and manner of its progress is in a great measure in their hands. The Republicans do not expect any great or sudden concessions. They have no notion of anything in the shape of dethronement. They do not aim at taking away or reducing the present payment to royalty. What they seek-looking at matters practically, and having regard to the spirit of compromise that so largely enters into English politics--is to prevent the cost of monarchy being increased; to keep it strictly within its openly and directly avowed limits; and generally to pave the way to such a state of affairs and opinion that when another than the now reigning Sovereign came to be dealt with, a materially different arrangement-possibly an amicably settled abdication—could be effected. they find themselves making reasonable advances in this direction, all will be well. If they find that they are defied, and their

"rare exceptions" is a dangerous error. those measures as long as they dared. Republicanism is now practically the uni-

views set at nought, there will be a repe- versal political creed of the working classtition of such work as there was before the es-the classes who, when they had not a repeal of the corn laws-perhaps worse. tithe of the political power they have In conclusion we repeat that to believe 'now, forced free trade and reform from that the anti-royalists in England are the obstructives who stood in the way of

Temple Bar.

HERSCHEL AS MUSIC-MASTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF "ELISE POLKO."

IT would be difficult to recognize in the busy and flourishing town of Leeds, situated on the river Aire, and capital of the West Riding of Yorkshire, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, the Leeds of a hundred years ago, containing some sixteen thousand people. The Leeds citizens thought that a more beautiful spot could not be found.

The Yorkshire hills towered above them, the breeze blew fresh in the valley, and many a one sighed as he turned his face homewards to the narrow streets, where even in the warm glowing summer days it was dark and gloomy. Those houses always looked gloomy, gray, and mouldy, the windows always carried a dejected air. Not a morsel of green was to be seen at windows or on window sills. Indeed, no one ever thought of having plants or flowers in the dark rooms of those gloomy streets. The good people of Leeds were only too happy to be able to get a look at trees and flowers in the green valley of the Aire; or, when by chance they had an opportunity of visiting the gardens of the nobility and gentry in the neighborhood.

But there was one exception, for in one of those narrow streets, and in one of those gloomy houses, flowers were to be seen, on a very neat temporary window sill. There were pots of flourishing mignonette, rosemary, and some very pretty evergreens. These flowers belonged to a foreigner who lodged there in the year 1758. Every morning his neighbors saw him bending over his dear flowers, tending them with gentle reverence. The young man-as was the fashion of those days-wore his hair powdered and tied up behind. He had an intellectual brow, bright eyes, and a mouth speaking of genuine happiness; his tout ensemble was particularly pleasing and striking, and his color was bright as that of any High-

By his neighbors he was called the "Foreigner," but for the Leeds folk he was "the handsome music master;" at least, his pupils had given him this flattering title. But his true name was Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel. It was not an easy name for English lips, and they therefore ignored it. Herschel was the son of a musical composer in Hanover; he had come to London for the sake of increasing his musical knowledge. He had then been engaged by the Earl of Darlington, to train the choir at Durham. When his engagement there ceased, he came to Leeds, highly recommended by the Earl, and for the present settled himself in that town, as music-master, with the hope of hereafter removing to Halifax, and becoming organist of the church there, its organist being old and infirm.

In Leeds, Herschel had every chance of success, for its only music-master was aged, and becoming deafer every day, and more and more addicted to the snuff-box.

There could be no doubt, that the lovely hands and fingers of the fair young ladies of Leeds required better supervision than their poor old music-master could now give them, and they soon took advantage of their opportunity. Indeed, they could not get a better master than the blue-eyed foreigner, who spoke such charming broken English. Never had there been heard in Leeds so many spinets, or so few false notes, as in the time of the foreign music master.

When Herschel played the organ in the great church in Leeds, the House of God was like a beautiful flower garden, so crowded was it with youth and beauty. Still, notwithstanding this, Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel was only a poor musicpoorly paid. Everything was very expensive in Leeds, and then he wore out so many pairs of shoes; and, high though his four-storied rooms were, the rent seemedstrange to say-even higher; indeed, the laughing rosy faces of his pupils were the brightest episodes in the foreigner's life. Day after day, from early morning until late at night, he worked and walked in the one gray coat; in summer's heat, in winter's cold. When it blew very hard, he took off his hat, and carried it carefully under his arm, and went without hat or umbrella. But he was pleasant and kind with his pupils, and always looked a gentleman. The cold only made his cheeks glow brighter, and the hottest sun improved his good looks.

The young girls are very much interested in that young man who is never seen at the tavern, and who always pays his tailor's bills. What can prevent the musicmaster, according to his wont, from sauntering by the river's bank, and meeting friendly glances and winning smiles?

Opposite Herschel's window was another tall, narrow house, with just such another window as his own. Every afternoon an old man, conducted by a girl, was led to this window, and placed in a chair by it; then the girl placed herself opposite the old man, and began to read from a large book. The man's head was generally bent down on his chest, but sometimes he raised it, as if struck by something the girl read; then the music-master could see his clear-cut profile and the strong lines around his mouth.

The girl sat near the window, on a high chair; her figure seemed deformed-one shoulder higher than the other. You saw that she was young, by her brow and softlyrounded cheeks; but Herschel had never yet seen a girl's face so pale, so grave.

Her beautiful brown hair was braided in heavy plaits, but not with the care with which maidens usually arrange their tresses; she had no dear eyes to see it, no dear lips to say to her: "How pretty you are with your hair so beautifully arranged!" Sundays and week-days she wore black, relieved by no collar, no cuffs; no fresh flower ever brightened her sombre toilette.

Herschel felt his heart ache for this girl, and when she opened her window, longed to be able to do so for her, for he saw

master, for his music lessons were but cate hands. When his own window was open he could hear her weak sad voice, reading; and though he could not understand a word of what she said, yet at once he began to think of an old forgotten song which he used to hear his grandmother sing long ago. Then the music-master used to seat himself before his spinet and commence playing the old tune; but he soon forgot his old tune, and commenced merry lively airs, which used to bring his childhood vividly before him; he struck up some quadrilles and other dances, and very soon he found himself once more with his young sisters, their childish figures draped in scarlet cloaks, amongst a group of lively young friends assembled at his father's house—he the happiest and brightest of all. Then Herschel came back to his present life, closed the spinet, went to the window, and there perceived that the girl had been listening to him; her white hands lay folded on the large book, and her eyes were full of sadness.

"I am sure that poor girl has never had a dance; and Herschel, for very pity's sake, would have played all night long for her, if by so doing, he could have given her any pleasure.

"Indeed, the prison-life of the little pale girl opposite became every day more and more a matter of surprise. She never went out; no one ever came to see her; no flower stood in her window; no singing-bird made her lonely life brighter. Still she did not look melancholy or morose-only grave; but so grave. Once he saw that she could smile and blush like other maidens, for she had done so one day, that he had dared to give her a neighborly salute. How happy he would have been, if he had only been permitted to give her one of his flowers! But he dared not do this.

Herschel's landlady had told him many curious things about his opposite neighbors. They were father and daughter. The man—George Thornton—had been teacher of arithmetic and mathematics in a boy's school; but Thornton had taken it into his foolish head to meddle with things with which he had nothing to dosuch as the stars; always looking up at them, until he forgot looking at the things around him. He neglected wife, child, and school, from which he had had a good salary. He had to be dismissed from his what hard work it was for her poor deli- duties there with a small pension, on

which with some tuitions in mathematics—which were his hobby—he had to manage as best he might. Thornton spent half the day making calculations; the other half he slept. During the night, he watched the stars from his miserable little garret, which he dignified with the name

of "Observatory."

"Thornton," the good woman went on to say, "had allowed his only child to fall from a table, at a time when his wife lay ill, and the maid had gone out for milk, leaving the little Georgina in her father's care. He was making some 'calculations.' as he calls them, so he seated her on his table, at which he was working; he gave her a book to look at, but from the book fell a slip of paper with some 'calculations.' Alas! at once he became so abstracted that he remembered nothing, until he heard the child crying, and saw her lying on the floor, to which she had fallen. She has been deformed from that day, poor child! It is also told of the foolish creature that, when his poor wife was dying, they went up to his garret to tell him to come down, and that he cried out: 'Oh, can she not wait a moment, for Venus is just coming out?' But the poor woman could not wait; so when he did come down, instead of his loving, faithful wife, he only found a lifeless corpse, and a half-fainting, deformed child, tightly clasped in the dead woman's arms.

For eight days and nights he lived without his beloved calculations, but on the ninth he was at them again, staring at his

stars.

Georgina and the maid shared the housekeeping, the child worked at her needle, and tried to be as clever at it as she had seen her mother. The good Martha tried to be a mother to the girl, and watched and tended her, as if she were her own child, so the days glided calmly away for this pair, without sunshine but without storm.

But dark clouds now came to Georgina: her father's eyes had been very weak, and after another year he became quite blind, and as George Thornton was anything but a patient blind man, Georgina had very much to bear.

After the first months of despair, Thornton fell into a hopeless dejection; it was then that poor Georgina thought of reading to her father. She took Newton's works, from which she had so often seen

her father read, and with a trembling voice commenced her task. She had her reward; for the first time since his terrible affliction, she saw a ray of happiness pass over that clouded face; and when she had finished she saw that her poor father was weeping—his heart was touched. From this day Georgina read every day from four o'clock until seven in the evening; the morning, she always sat with her work in the little room adjoining her father's bedroom; this was his time for sleep, and she sat there to be within calling, if he required anything.

During the nights the blind man still haunted his observatory; he paced up and down that poor little garret, and groped with trembling hands amongst his instruments, and then the hot tears flowed over them; it was very, very hard to be patient. Sometimes Thornton expressed a wish to breathe the fresh air, and then Georgina guided his steps; and this was her life

until she reached seventeen.

But since the young music-master had come to live opposite, all kinds of strange fancies had come into her head, and she used to laugh with Martha over them. For instance, she wished for some flowerpots, and then she longed for a spinet, and to have supple fingers to glide over the keys; she wished for—Well! she did not care to tell all she wished for.

One day as Herschel was entering his door, old Martha rushed out of hers, nearly upsetting him in her haste; she looked at him with a terrified face, and cried, "Oh! are you a doctor?"

"No, but I can go for one."

"Then run, run, our little one is ill; it is the reading, the reading. I always said it would be so—she has broken a bloodvessel."

The young man dashed off for Dr. Churchill, as fast as feet could carry him; the handsome Miss Churchill was one of his pupils; the young lady saw the "handsome music-master" rush in like one frenzied to her father's house; she went to the glass, arranged her hair, and then crept down to listen at her father's door to the wild prayers of this love-stricken Herschel. "Oh, it is poor little Georgina Thornton, she has burst a blood-vessel, she cannot live long, she is fast going to her mother."

"And it was for this that he was so excited, and in such a hurry," she mur-

mured; "and all for the sake of a hunchback!" And Miss Churchill resolved to take no more lessons from her "handsome music-master."

But even if all his pupils had followed Miss Churchill's example, Herschel would not have grieved; a complete change had come over his life; every day, Sunday and holiday, late and early, found him with the blind man, filling the daughter's

How did it all come about? It was as a dream for him. How had he ever gained courage to offer any kindnesses to that blind man, he did not know; he could only remember, that he found himself one day before the man, and that Georgina's father had pressed his hand and asked him to return.

The reading at first did not go on very smoothly; English was a strange language for Herschel, and he could not even understand what he read for Thornton; but things began to look better and grow brighter, and light streamed into Herschel's soul, and shone out through his eyes; it was like sunshine in spring. Herschel read to Thornton from Newton, and he himself seemed to enter a new The music-master had never heard of these things before, he longed to hear, to know more of this wonderful science; he never tired now of talking the starry system over with Thornton. Was the young German going to be bewitched too? He sat as it were at the feet of the master, and drank in deep draughts of this new, this delightful knowledge; everything else was tame in com-parison with it. Busy restless life he could not endure, these calm still nights were his hours of true happiness.

He felt it all, he knew it all, he was no longer a music-master, he was an astronomer, he felt drawn towards the heavens, as it were, by golden links, ever higher and higher. Nothing in creation has such a power to charm as these heavenly bodies. Friedrich Herschel had found out his work on earth, or rather in heaven. Every star in the firmament seemed to speak to our young astronomer in a language which poets and inspired astronomers alone can understand. They also spoke of peace, and hope, and future glory. The star of Herschel was rising. Who could then have predicted its coming light and grandeur?

The old saying, "that nobody can serve two masters," was very soon verified in the case of the "handsome music-master," for he very quickly began to neglect his pupils; he was no longer satisfied with the reading hours which he devoted to the blind man, but he spent days and parts of nights over the works of Ferguson, Brahe, of Johann Kepler, the then modern authority on astronomy. Thornton had given him Kepler's "De Motibus Stellæ Martis;" this book Herschel always carried about with him, and on cloudy nights, when he could take no observations, he placed it under his pillow and slept on it. The young German did not at all care, if he lost his pupils; with Kepler he forgot everything. How grateful he felt to the poor schoolmaster, who had pointed to him the way upward! How punctual he always was at Thornton's, and how he prolonged his readings there!

Poor little Georgina was down-stairs again, and sat by the window in her chair, propped up with pillows. The day began now when they heard the young musicmaster knock at their door, and all the sunshine disappeared as his step descended the stairs. By degrees he had brought over all his flower-pots to the sick girl, and she tenderly cherished and tended them. He had also, with much trouble, procured a bird for her, but he had no money to procure a cage. Georgina's delight was great, when her lively companion grew friendly enough to perch on her finger. She, looking very pretty, as she thus sat nestling in the great chair, which partially concealed her deformed figure, her bright little head thrown out in relief.

Georgina was indeed a sweet-looking maiden of seventeen summers, a lovely flower; a transparent rosy tinge colored her cheeks, large tender blue eyes gleamed out, and delicate lips smiled gratefully. Of late, her beautiful hair had been more carefully arranged, and she commenced wearing snowy collars and cuffs. Herschel was indeed surprised to see how nice the girl sometimes looked. She did not look the same girl, who used to sit in that window long ago, but still it was only a passing thought he could afford to give Georgina; all his thoughts, all his glances were towards the heavens, he had none for those on earth.

So the time passed quickly for those three who sat together there; outwardly they were the same, inwardly great changes had passed in their hearts. As weeks passed, the blind man seemed to grow happier and calmer; his sorrow seemed to be passing away. He gave his telescope to the young man to use. More and more confidential grew the conversation between these two, he even confided to the young foreigner, how he had himself been inventing an instrument, by which to take extended observations, when his work was put an end to, by this terrible affliction of blindness. And poor Thornton went on to say, what honors, what fame would have been his, if he could only have perfected his invention. Then he sent Martha up-stairs for this wonderful invention; she brought a mere skeleton plan in her hand, this she gave to Thornton, who passed his hand over it lovingly, and then, with a sigh, pushed it to Herschel, saying, in a sneering tone, "Here, I give it you, perhaps you will be able to produce what I once dreamt of

"I will!" exclaimed the young man in an ecstasy of delight, and he carried the machine away with him, holding it with

the tenderest care.

From this time forth Herschel ever secretly meditated on the possibility of constructing such an instrument, or, rather, of completing the one which the school-master had commenced. But his heart wanted to pour itself out to some sympathizing heart, and at last he decided to write and tell all his hopes to his dear little sister of fourteen years old—Caroline. A load fell from his heart, when he had posted his letter to Hanover.

Four weeks elapsed before any answer arrived to Herschel's letter. In those days maidens had not so much time for letter-writing as the "young ladies" of the present day, and Caroline had taken a long time to write the following letter:

My DEAR BROTHER:—You have written a wonderful letter to me, I can scarcely understand it. But our father must not hear of it. He would be so grieved to hear that you had given up music; he is heart and soul in music; and cannot understand how any one, after having touched a key or a string of any musical instrument, can ever cease being a musician. I, too, can understand this, for I think that there is nothing so beautiful as good music; nothing but

purity can abide in our hearts, when listening to melodious strains; still I can feel with you—feel how noble it would be to ascend that ladder which the blind man has given you—who could refrain from desiring to climb the heavens—the beautiful heavens—when the way has been pointed out to us? I wish I could climb with you, or at least hold the ladder for you. However, dear brother, you must listen to me, and take advice, and that is, do not be in a hurry climbing your ladder, take plenty of time. And then you must eat and drink, and who will give you anything if you send all your pupils away?

away?
My own dear brother, you know we cannot help you; if I had any money, or could earn any, you should have it to the last farthing, but, alas! no, I have it not. I feel that hunger may be suffered in a good cause in Lieben Vaterlande, but it must be very hard to be hungry in a strange land; I fear that, even for the sake of the beautiful stars, I could not starve; I advise you not to do so either; if you do, then do not write to me, I

could not bear to hear it.

Be sure to read very much, study those clever astronomical works of which you tell me so much; this will help you to climb the ladder. If you do become an astronomer, then I know you will become a great one, for when a music-master ceases from his profession, then it must be to become something great in another way, is it not so?

We are all very well, and think much of you. Who knows, but that some day one of us may go over to help you. I hear an astronomer has many calculations to make.

Do you remember that at school I was the cleverest in arithmetic? I wish that it did not cost so much to go to England.

The pretty Elizabeth, who was so fond of dancing with you, is to be married next week to the grocer at the corner of our street. Your poor starling, who used to whistle so beautifully, died last Christmas night. We have erected a beautiful black cross, at our good mother's grave, and planted evergreensaround it.

Farewell, dear brother, take care of yourself, and the good God will watch over you.

Write again, and very soon, to Your truly loving sister

CAROLINE.

If Georgina had seen the delight with which Herschel read this letter, and how he pressed it to his heart, she would most assuredly have tasted the bitterness of jealousy, for her lonely heart clung to the young German with passionate tenderness—a smile, a word, a pressure of his hand, gave her new life. In his absence, she dreamed away the hours, thinking of him, caressing his bird, tending his flowers, and

so occupied herself until his return again next day. And did not every one love him? Her father, who never liked any one, liked the young German; and had he not won even old prudish Martha's heart, by running so quickly for Dr. Churchill, that day she herself was taken so ill. Ever since that time, Martha had faithfully dusted and arranged his room, saying, "He deserves that, at least, he has been so kind to my child." was very fond of talking of Herschel, and found a very ready listener in Georgina, who, however, very often blushed at words which Martha let drop; and her tender heart throbbed at the hope, which the old servant at last began to inspire her withthat the bright day would yet come, when the young music-master would bring herthe wreath of orange-blossoms.

For Martha, no one was so beautiful or so good as her child, and even the first duke in the land might have been proud

of winning her little hand.

The spinet lay untouched, young Herschel's cheeks were no longer bright, a strange earnestness overshadowed his brow. He had very few pupils now, for his pupils, incited by Miss Churchill's report of his "being in love with a curious, deformed little thing, whom nobody ever saw," one by one dismissed him. Days came when he experienced the bitterness of suffering hunger, in a foreign land; but Herschel tried to console himself with the knowledge that Kepler, too, had undergone like privations, and no complaint had passed over his lips; why could he not bear too? However, when making his observations on starlight nights, or engaged in deep calculations, or perhaps absorbed with Ferguson, Brahe, or Kepler, he found his dry crust and glass of cold water ambrosia and nectar.

One day the German came with beaming eyes, to tell the blind man that he had every hope of finishing the instrument, of which he had laid the foundation.

"Your castle will be there," he cried, "and perhaps a greater one than you dreamt of. What a pity it is that you cannot live with me in it."

The blind man, at these words, raised his head, as if he had received a sudden shock; a strange look passed over his face, as with a forced smile, and stammering lips, he said, "you are dreaming."

"No, no," replied Herschel, "I am

wide awake; I think in two months that it will be finished; but most decidedly, I must go to London; I must see more, and learn more, even if I have to starve. I will become something great; you must not be ashamed of your pupil."

"You deceive yourself and me," murmured the old man in an excited way, "to perfect such an instrument would require as many years as you have taken months. Consider, my young friend, that it took me many, many years, to lay the basis of that plan, and do you think that your young hands, and your young

"If you will only come with me and share my work," replied the young man, "every piece shall pass through your hands, then it will be your work and my

head, is superior to the old one?"

work."

"Very well, I will go; I will go at once, take me with you at once, immedi-

ately."

They had left the house some time before Martha thought of going up to see Georgina, but when she did, she found the girl lying senseless on the floor, by the side of the bed.

The old servant lifted her darling up, laid her on the bed, and after a time succeeded in restoring her. When she recovered consciousness, the poor child threw her arms round the faithful old Martha's neck, crying, "He must not go; he must not go to London; I shall die if he does."

Weeks passed; day after day Thornton was to be found in Herschel's room, asking thousands of restless questions, ever excited, ever on the qui vive. He even learned to find his way to the music master's by himself, and Herschel often found him in his room, on returning home, his landlady always allowing the poor blind

man free ingress and egress.

Absorbed and gloomy, Thornton sat for hours daily with Herschel, heaving every now and then heavy sighs, and from time to time wringing his poor hands; the old bitter feelings had come back to his heart, that feeling of rebellion against the affliction which had been sent to him. He could not be patient with this everlasting night on him. Then he wandered from room to room; and for whole nights he passed up and down his little room, moaning and wailing for his lost star,—it was very hard.

But another pain was added to that of this feeling of terrible darkness. From morning until morning it ever lived on, it never left him, it ate into his very heart. This pain was jealousy, jealousy that young Herschel could perfect and com-

plete his work.

Only a few more days and the work would be finished, that work which was life to Herschel. This day the blind man seemed more impatient than usual; the reading hour was come; Georgina stood gazing silently into the street. Herschel's step was heard coming up the stairs, though slower than usual; he entered the room with a face pale as death, and in a mechanical way exclaimed, "Thornton, I have some advice to ask from you, some one has stolen my instrument."

He passed Georgina without seeing her, and seated himself opposite Thornton.

"Stolen," repeated Thornton, and an expression like sunshine passed over his

face. "When?"

"I do not know, I worked at it for the last time yesterday evening; since which I have not seen it. I only missed it an hour since."

"Have you searched well for it everywhere?"

"No corner has remained unsearched, the good, landlady has turned everything topsy-turvy; but all in vain."

"It must have been a clever thief!

But surely it was not finished."

"Do you not think that some one may, perhaps, have taken it away in—fun?"

"No one dare play tricks with such things. I would have killed the man who would have taken it out of my sight for even one hour. Think of all the labor which you have bestowed upon that instrument."

"Give me your advice, what shall I

do?"

"Go to the magistrate," replied the old

man, coldly and harshly.

Mechanically, Herschel rose and left the room, without a word. As he went down-stairs, he felt a soft hand laid on his shoulder. Georgina stood before him. She trembled on attempting to speak; but no word could she utter.

Notwithstanding his own excitement, he perceived her agitation, and taking her hand said, "Do not grieve so much about it, Georgina, we may find it. You

will make yourself ill."

"Do you think about me," she hurriedly replied, "that is nothing; but we must have your instrument back at any cost."

" Now, then help me to find it."

"I will."

"Tell me, do you not think it possible —that your father—out of fun——"

"No, no; that cannot be. I cannot once remember having heard my father joke. I think it would frighten me to hear him do so."

"Then, let me go. God bless you!"
Georgina gazed after Herschel, holding herself by the banister. There she stood; she knew nothing, felt nothing, did not see it becoming darker and darker; did not feel herself carried away by two strong hands, and only awoke to consciousness to hear Martha whispering in her ear: "Ah! you foolish little thing, why are you so grieved? He cannot go to London now."

The lost instrument was sought for everywhere, but nowhere could it be found. A strict investigation took place concerning it. Even the blind man was cross-examined, but all to no purpose. There were simple folk who felt convinced that a certain personage with cloven feet had whisked it away, and carried it to his dark castle to see the stars with.

Leeds had now lost all attraction for Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel; he had lost all trust in its inhabitants, and he hailed as a gift from heaven the position of organist at Halifax which was now offered to him. He had never been at Thornton's since that eventful night. A strange feeling prevented him going there. Martha now never came to dust his room. Herschel contented himself with writing a few affectionate and grateful words of farewell to Georgina, and then shook the dust of Leeds from off his feet.

A year had scarcely elapsed since the "handsome music master" had left Leeds, when a very sad occurrence took place there. The poor little Georgina had been found, one morning, drowned in the Aire. Shortly after this had happened, an old woman had appeared before the magistrate, to accuse herself as a "thief" and a "murderer." She stated that it was she who had stolen the instrument from Herschel, and that then she had thrown it into the Aire. Martha—for it was she—being asked why she had done so, obsti-

nately refused to answer, but became more and more excited, lamenting over her darling Georgina, "who had been drowned looking for that instrument, because she had promised Herschel to find it for him; and the fairies had pointed out the spot to the poor child, but the darling had bent too low, and had so been drowned. And, sure, the instrument had been stolen for the best; but, alas! it did not keep them together." And such was the burden of poor Martha's story. She was kept a long time in prison; and, after she was released, her face was never again seen in Leads.

The blind Thornton lived for many years after in the family of his kind-hearted landlady, whose youngest son, a lame lad, used to read for him daily; but there was no tear shed for Thornton, when he was found dead one morning in his attic.

Notwithstanding the loss of his instrument, and the disappointment of not getting to London—notwithstanding all his frustrated hopes, Herschel became that

celebrated astronomer with whose name all the world is familiar.

In the year 1774, Herschel had discovered by the reflector, which he had himself invented, the ring of Saturn and the satellites of Jupiter. He also published his calculations of the altitude of the moon. Five years later, on the 15th of March, 1781, which happened to be the thirty-first anniversary of his dear sister Caroline's birth, Herschel discovered a new planet. That planet is known best by the name of Uranus, but he called it the Georgium Sidus.

Was it in honor of King George III. of England (as the English believe), or was it in memory of the little Georgina, that the ex-music master named his planet? Who can tell?

King George gave Herschel a kingly recompense. Herschel was no longer a poor man. At Slough, near Windsor, in his quiet retreat with the young wife who adored him, he carried on his scientific studies without cares and without interruptions.

Cornhill Magazine.

LIFE IN MARS.

It may prove interesting to consider a few of the facts which astronomers have taught us about the planet of war. For of all the planets, he is the one they can study best. He does not, indeed, come so near to us as Venus, nor does he, in the telescope, present so noble an appearance as Jupiter. Venus outshines him in the heavens, and Jupiter seems to show more interesting details in the telescopic field. Yet we see Mars, in reality, far better than either of those two planets. If ever we are to recognize the signs of life in any orb of those which people space, it will be in Mars that such signs will be first traced. As Venus comes near to us she assumes the form of the crescent moon; we have but a fore-shortened view of a portion of her illuminated hemisphere, and her intensely bright light defeats the scrutiny of the most skilful observer. At the time of her nearest approach, she is lost wholly to our view in the splendor of the solar rays, her unilluminated or night hemisphere being directed also towards us. With Jupiter, the case is different. When at his nearest he is seen under

most favorable conditions, and the enormous dimensions of his belts render them very obvious and very beautiful features for the scrutiny of the telescopist. But then he is some 370 millions of miles from us at such a time, whereas Mars, when most favorably placed for telescopic study, is but 37 millions of miles away. A square mile on the surface of Mars would appear a hundred times larger than a square mile on the surface of Jupiter, supposing both planets studied when at their nearest. It is clear, then, that, as respects surface details, Mars is examined under much more favorable conditions than the giant planet Jupiter.

But here the question is naturally suggested whether our own moon, which is but a quarter of a million of miles from us, ought not first to be examined for signs of life, or, at least, of being fitted for the support of life. When the telescope was first invented, it is certain that astronomers were more hopeful of recognizing such signs in the moon than in any other celestial body. As telescopes of greater and greater power were constructed, our

satellite was searched with a more and more eager scrutiny. And many a long year elapsed before astronomers would accept the conclusion that the moon's surface is wholly unfitted for the support of any of those forms of life with which we are familiar upon earth. That the belief in lunar men prevailed in the popular mind long after astronomers had abandoned it, is shown by the eager credulity with which the story of Sir John Herschel's supposed observations of the customs and manners of the Lunarians was accepted even among well-educated men. Who can forget the gravity with which that most amazing hoax was repeated in all quarters? It was, indeed, ingeniously contrived. The anxiety of Sir John Herschel to secure the assistance of King William, and the care with which "our sailor-king" inquired whether the interests of nautical astronomy would be advanced by the proposed inquiries; the plausible explanation of the mode of observation, depending, we were gravely assured, upon the transfusion of light; the trembling anxiety of Herschel and his fellow-workers as the moment arrived when their search was to commence; the flowers, resembling poppies, which first rewarded their scrutiny; and the final introduction upon the scene of those winged beings-not, strictly speaking, men, nor properly to be called angels-to whom Herschel assigned the generic appellation, Vespertilio Homo, or Bat-men. All these things, and many others equally amusing, were described with marvellous gravity, and with an attention to details reminding one of the descriptions in Gulliver's Travels. One can hardly wonder, then, that the narrative was received in many quarters with unquestioning faith, nor, perhaps, even at the simplicity with which (as Sir John Herschel himself relates) well-meaning persons planned measures for sending missionaries "among the poor benighted Lunarians."

Yet astronomers have long known full certainly that no forms of life such as we are familiar with can exist upon the moon. They know that if our satellite has an atmosphere at all, that atmosphere must be so limited in extent that no creatures we are acquainted with could live in it. They know that she has no oceans, seas, rivers, or lakes, neither clouds nor rains, and that if she had there would be no

winds to waft moisture from place to place, or to cause the clouds to drop fatness upon the lunar fields. They know also that the moon's surface is subjected alternately to a cold far more intense than that which binds our arctic regions in everlasting frost, and to a heat compared with which the fierce noon of a tropical day is as the freshness of a spring morning. They search only over the lunar disk for the signs of volcanic action, feeling well assured that no traces of the existence of living creatures will ever be detected in that desolate orb.

But with Mars the case is far otherwise. All that we have learned respecting this charming planet leads to the conclusion that it is well fitted to be the abode of life. We can trace, indeed, the progress of such changes as we may conceive that the inhabitants of Venus or of Mercury must recognize in the case of our own earth. The progress of summer and winter in the northern and southern halves of the planet, the effects due to the progress of the Martial day, from sunrise to sunset-nay, even hourly changes, corresponding to those which take place in our own skies, as clouds gather over our continents, or fall in rain, or are dissipated by solar heat: such signs as these that Mars is a world like ours can be recognized most clearly by all who care to study the planet with a telescope of adequate

As regards the atmosphere of Mars, by the way, the earliest telescopic observers fell into a somewhat strange mistake. For, noticing that stars seemed to disappear from view at some considerable distance from the planet, they assigned to the Martial atmosphere a depth of many hundreds of miles,-we care not to say how many. More careful observation, however, showed that the phenomenon upon which so much stress had been laid was merely optical. Sir J. South and other observers, carefully studying the planet with telescopes of modern construction, have been able to prove abundantly that the atmosphere of Mars has no such abnormal extension as Cassini and others of the earlier telescopists had imagined.

The early observations made on the polar snows of Mars were more trustworthy. Maraldi found that at each of two points nearly opposite to each other

on the globe of the planet, a white spot could be recognized, whose light, indeed, was so brilliant as to far outshine that emitted by the remainder of the disc. The idea that these white spots correspond in any way to the polar snows on our own earth does not seem to have occurred to Maraldi. Yet he made observations which were well calculated to suggest the idea, for he noted that one of the spots had at a certain time diminished greatly in size. Instead, however, of ascribing this change to the progress of the Martial seasons, he was led to the strange conclusion that the white spot was undergoing a process of continuous decrease, and he even announced the date when, as he supposed, it would finally disappear.

No such disappearance took place, however. When Sir W. Herschel began his series of observations upon Mars, more than half a century later, the spots were still there. The energy of our great astronomer did not suffer these striking features to remain long unexamined. Searching, as was his wont, after terrestrial analogies-or, at least, analogies depending on known facts—he was quickly led to associate the white spots with our arctic regions. It would follow, of course, that in the summer months of either Martial hemisphere, the snow cap would be reduced in size, while in the winter it would attain its greatest dimensions. Sir W. Herschel found this to be the case, and he was able to show that the changes which Maraldi had interpreted as suggesting the eventual disappearance of one of the bright spots, were due to the progress of the Martial summer. Precisely as in our summer months, those who voyage across the Atlantic may sail in far higher latitudes than they could safely venture to traverse in winter, so in Mars the polar ice and snow is limited within a far narrower region in summer than in winter.

But after all (it may be urged), to suppose that these two bright spots are formed in reality of ice and snow is rather venture-some. Might we not imagine that some other material than water is concerned in the observed changes? What reason have we for inferring that the same elements that we are familiar with exist out yonder

in space?

The answer to these questions,—or, rather, the answers, for we have to do with a whole series of facts, dovetailing in the

most satisfactory manner into each other,
—will be found full of interest.

We all know that Mars shines with a ruddy light. He is, indeed, far the ruddiest star in the heavens: Aldebaran and Antares are pale beside him. Now, in the telescope the surface of Mars does not appear wholly red. We have seen that at two opposite points his orb exhibits white spots. But, besides these regions, there are others which are not red. Dark spaces are seen, sometimes strangely complicated in figure, which present a wellmarked tinge of greenish blue. Here, then, we have a feature which we should certainly expect to find if the polar spots are really snow-caps; for the existence of water in quantities sufficient to account for snow regions covering many thousand square miles of the surface of Mars would undoubtedly lead us to infer the existence of oceans, and these oceans might be expected to resemble our own oceans in their general tint. According to this view, the dark greenish-blue markings on Mars would come to be regarded as the Martial

If this be the case, then, we may note in passing that the seas of Mars cover a much smaller proportion of his surface than those of our own earth. The extent of our seas being to that of our continents about the proportion of 11 to 4: in Mars the land and sea surfaces would seem to be nearly equal in extent. The seas in Mars are also very singularly shaped. They run into long inlets and straits; many are bottle or flask shaped—that is, we see a somewhat rounded inland sea connected with what must be called the main ocean by a narrow inlet; and further it would seem as though oceanic communication must be far more complete in Mars (notwithstanding the relative smallness of his ocean surface) than on our own earth. One could travel by sea between all parts of Marswith very few exceptions—the long inlets and the flask-shaped seas breaking up his land surface much more completely than the actual extent of water would lead us to infer. It may be supposed that on the other hand land communication is far more complete in the case of Mars than in that of our own earth. This is, indeed, the case; insomuch that such Martialists as object to sea travelling (and we can scarcely suppose sea-sickness to be a phenomenon peculiar to our own earth) may

very readily avoid it, and yet not be debarred from visiting any portion of their miniature world, save one or two extensive islands. Even these are separated by such narrow seas from the neighboring continents, that we may regard it as fairly within the power of the Martial Brunels and Stephensons to bridge over the intervening straits, and so to enable the advocates of land voyaging to visit these portions of their planet. This view is encouraged by the consideration that all engineering operations must be much more readily effected in Mars than on our own The force of gravity is so small at the surface of Mars that a mass which on the earth weighs a pound, would weigh on Mars but about six and a quarter ounces, so that in every way the work of the engineer, and of his ally the spadesman, would be lightened. A being shaped as men are, but fourteen feet high, would be as active as a man six feet high, and many times more powerful. On such a scale, then, might the Martial navvies be built. But that is not all. The soil in which they would work would weigh very much less, mass for mass, than that in which our terrestrial spadesmen labor. So that, between the far greater powers of Martial beings, and the far greater lightness of the materials they would have to deal with in constructing roads, canals, bridges, or the like, we may very reasonably conclude that the progress of such labors must be very much more rapid, and their scale very much more important, than in the case of our own earth.

But let us return to our oceans, remembering that at present we have not proved that the dark greenish-blue regions we have called oceans, really consist of water.

It might seem hopeless to inquire whether this is the case. Unless the astronomer could visit Mars and sail upon the Martial seas, he could never learn—so at a first view one might fairly judge—whether the dark markings he chooses to call oceans are really so or not.

But he possesses an instrument which can answer even such a question as this. The spectroscope, the ally of the telescope—useless without the latter, but able to tell us much which the most powerful telescope could never reveal—has been called in to solve this special problem. It cannot, indeed, directly answer our question. It cannot so analyze the light from

the greenish markings as to tell us the nature of the material which emits or reflects to us that peculiarly tinted light. But the astronomer and physicist is capable of reasoning as to certain effects which must necessarily follow if the planet of war have oceans and polar snowcaps, and which could not possibly appear if the markings we call oceans were not really so, nor the white spots at the Martial poles really snow-caps. Extensive seas in one part of the planet, and extensive snow regions in another, would imply in a manner there could be no mistaking, that the vapor of water is raised in large quantities from the Martial oceans to be transferred by Martial winds to polar regions, there to fall in snow-showers. It is this aqueous vapor in the Martial atmosphere that the spectroscope can inform us about. Our spectroscopists know quite well what the vapor of water is capable of showing in the rainbow-tinted streak which is called the spectrum. When white light is caused to shine through a sufficient quantity of the vapor of water, the rainbow-tinted streak forming the spectrum of white light is seen to be crossed by certain dark lines, whose position and arrangement there is no mistaking. Now the light we get from Mars is reflected sunlight, but it is sunlight which has been subjected to more than reflection, since it has passed twice through the depths of the Martial atmosphere, first while passing to his surface, and secondly while leaving that surface on its voyage towards ourselves. If that double passage have carried it through the vapor of water, the spectroscope will certainly tell us of the

Let us see how this problem was dealt with by our most skilful spectroscopist, Dr. Huggins, justly called the Herschel of the spectroscope. The following account is an epitome of his own narrative: "On February 14 he examined Mars with a spectroscope attached to his powerful eight-inch refractor. The rainbowcolored streak was crossed, near the orange part, by groups of lines agreeing in position with those seen in the solar spectrum when the sun is low down, and so shines through the vapor-laden lower strata of our atmosphere. To determine whether these lines belonged to the light from Mars or were caused by our own atmosphere, Dr. Huggins turned his spectroscope towards the moon, which was at the time nearer to the horizon than Mars, so that the lines belonging to our own atmosphere would be stronger in the moon's spectrum than in that of the planet. But the groups of lines referred to were not visible in the lunar spectrum. It remained clear, therefore, that they belonged to the atmosphere of Mars, and not to our own."

This observation removes all reasonable doubt as to the real character as well of the dark greenish-blue markings as of the white polar caps. We see that Mars certainly possesses seas resembling our own, and as certainly that he has his arctic regions, waxing and waning, as our own do, with the progress of the seasons. But, in fact, Dr. Huggins's observation proves much more than this. The aqueous vapor raised from the Martial seas can find its way to the Martial poles only along a certain course—that is, by traversing a Martial atmosphere. Mars certainly has an atmosphere, therefore, though whether the constitution of that atmosphere exactly resembles that of our own air is not so certainly known. On this point the spectroscope has given no positive information, yet it allows us to draw this negative inference—that, inasmuch as no new lines are seen in the spectrum of the planet, it would seem likely that no gases other than those existing in our own atmosphere are present in the atmosphere of Mars.

But we are naturally led to inquire whether the phenomena which our meteorologists have to deal with-clouds, fog, and mist, wind-storms and rain-storms -can be recognized, either directly or in their effects, when Mars is studied with the telescope. The answer is full of interest. We have been able to learn much respecting the meteorology of this distant world. In the first place, we see that at times the features of his globe - those wellrecognized markings which indicate the figure of oceans and continents—are hidden from view as if by clouds. A whitish light replaces the well-marked red color of the continents or the equally wellmarked green-blue tint of the oceans. But more. We can at times actually watch the gradual clearing up of the Martial skies, for we can see the whitish region of light gradually growing smaller and smaller, the features it had concealed

coming gradually into view. On one occasion Mr. Lockyer was observing Mars with an excellent telescope, six inches in aperture, when he became aware that a change of this sort was in progress. A certain well known sea was partially concealed from view by a great cloud-mass spreading over many thousand square miles of the Martial surface. But as the hours passed, the clouds seemed to be melting away, whether by the sun's heat or because they had fallen in rain was, of course, not determinable. When Mr. Lockyer ceased observing for the evening-at about half-past eleven-a large proportion of the sea before concealed had come into view. But on the same night, the eagle-eyed Dawes, the prince of modern telescopists, as he has been called, was also studying the planet of war. Waiting until the outlines of the oceans and continents had become clearly discernible, he made ("in the wee sma' hours ayont the twae'") an excellent drawing of Mars. When this was compared with the drawing made at an earlier hour by Mr. Lockyer, it was seen that the clouds which had concealed a portion of the planet had, at a later hour, passed completely away, insomuch that the whole of the shore-line, which was at first concealed, had been restored to view. And it is worthy of notice that, referring these events to Martial time, it appeared that the cloudy weather in this part of Mars had occurred in the forenoon, the midday hour (as often happens on earth) bringing clear weather, which would seem to have lasted until the Martial afternoon was far advanced.

But we can also learn something of the general progress of the weather during a Martial day. It would seem that, as a rule, the Martial mornings and evenings are misty. This, at least, seems the most satisfactory explanation of the whitish light which is usually seen all round the planet's disc; for the parts of the planet which lie near the edge of the disc are those where the sun is low—that is, where it is either morning or evening out yonder on Mars. The presence, therefore, of this whitish light would seem to indicate misty mornings and misty evenings in Mars.

It seems clear, too, that—as with ourselves—winter is more cloudy than summer; for it is always noticed that near the Martial solstices the markings on that half of the planet where winter is in progress are very indistinctly seen, a whitish light sometimes replacing the red and green markings altogether in these regions. On the contrary, at these seasons, the regions where summer is in progress are generally very well seen.

The reader will infer from what has been said on these points, that the study of Mars cannot be carried on very rapidly by our astronomers; for, in the first place, Mars only returns to our midnight skies at intervals of more than two years, and he remains but for a short time favorably placed for observation. Then one-half of his surface only can be seen at a time, and nearly one-half even of that hemisphere is commonly concealed by clouds, which also extend all round the disc, so that perhaps but about one-eighth of the planet's surface can be favorably studied. When we add to these considerations the circumstance that not one night out of ten in our climate-or, perhaps, in any-is well suited for the use of powerful telescopes, while even favorable nights cannot always be devoted to the study of Mars (other celestial objects often requiring special atten-tion), it will be understood that the progress of discovery has not been so rapid as, at a first view, might be expected. When we are told that more than two centuries have elapsed since the telescopic study of Mars began, it seems as though ample time had been given for research; but the time which has been actually available for that purpose has been far more limited than that estimate would imply.

And now returning to the consideration of the probable condition of Mars, with respect to those circumstances which we regard as associated with the requirements of living creatures, let us briefly inquire how far we can determine aught as to the geological structure of the planet. Here the spectroscope cannot help us. The telescope, and such reasoning as may fairly be applied to the relations already dealt with, must here be our main resource. We see, then, that the land regions of the planet present a ruddy tinge. Sir John Herschel has suggested, and we are not here concerned to deny, that this is probably due to the ochreish nature of the soil. The planet, in fact, is to be regarded as perhaps passing through a geological era resembling that through which our own

earth was passing when the Old Red Sandstone constituted the main proportion of her continents. But it certainly must be admitted, as a remarkable circumstance, that we can trace no signs of extensive forests in Mars, nor any such appearances as we should imagine that our prairies must present to telescopists in Venus or Mercury. One is almost invited to adopt the bizarre notion of that French astronomer who suggested that vegetation on Mars is red instead of verdant—that in this distant and miniature world the poet may sing of spring, more truly than our terrestrial poets, that

She cometh blushing like a maid,

As respects the absence of forests, we may perhaps find a sufficient explanation in the fact that lofty trees would exist under somewhat unfavorable conditions in Mars; for gravity being so much less than on our own earth, the stability of objects having equal dimensions would be correspondingly reduced. On the other hand, the winds which blow in Mars are probably, as Professor Phillips has pointed out, exceedingly violent; so that, to quote a striking paper which appeared last year in the Spectator (in a review of a work by the present writer), "if currents of air in Mars are of more than usual violence, while the solidifying force of friction which resists them is much smaller than here, it may be a reasonable inference that 'natural selection' has already weeded out the loftier growing trees, which would stand less chance in encounters with hurricanes than our own." The absence of prairies is not so easily explained, however; and the idea is in fact suggested that some of those regions which have hitherto been included among the Martial seas, are in reality regions richly covered with verdure. Nor are we wholly without evidence in favor of this view; for there is a certain very wide tract in Mars respecting which the late Mr. Dawes remarked to the present writer that he found himself greatly perplexed. "At times," he said, "I seem to see clear traces of seas there; but at other times I find no such traces." These regions have accordingly been regarded as extensive tracts of marsh land. But the idea seems at least worth considering that they may be forest regions or extensive prairies.

There must needs be rivers in Mars,

since the clouds, which often cover whole continents, must pour down enormous quantities of rain, and this rain-fall must find a course for itself along the Martial valleys to the sea. Indeed we can have no doubt that Mars has been the scene of those volcanic disturbances to which our own mountains, hills, valleys, and ravines owe their origin. The very existence of continents and oceans implies an unevenness of surface which can only be explained as the effect of subterranean forces. Volcanoes must exist, then, in Mars; nor can his inhabitants be wholly safe from such earthquake throes as we experience. It may be questioned, indeed, whether subterranean forces in Mars are not relatively far more intense than in our own Earth,—the materials of which the planet is formed being not only somewhat less massive in themselves, but also held down by a gravity much less effective.

It would seem, also, that the Martial oceans must be traversed by currents somewhat resembling those which traverse our own oceans. There is, indeed, a very marked difference between our seas and those of Mars. For apart from the circumstance that the terrestrial oceans cover a much greater proportion of the earth's surface, the Martial seas are scarcely traversed by appreciable tides. Mars has no moon to sway his ocean waters, and though the sun has power over his seas to some slight extent, yet the tidal waves thus raised would be very unimportant, even though the seas of Mars were extensive enough for the generation of true tidal oscillations. For, in the first place, Mars is much farther from the sun, and the sun's action is correspondingly reduced-it is reduced, in fact, on this account alone more than threefold. But, further, Mars is much smaller than the earth, and the dimensions of our earth have much to do with the matter of the sun's tide-raising power. Every one knows how the explanation of the tides runs in our books of astronomy and geography. The sun is nearer to the water turned directly towards

him than he is to the centre of the earth; he therefore draws that water away from the earth, or in other words raises a wave: but again, says the explanation, the sun is nearer to the earth's centre than to the water on the side turned away from him, and therefore he draws the earth away from that water, or a wave is raised on the farther as well as on the nearer side of the earth. If the earth were smaller, the sun would not be so much nearer to the water turned towards him, nor so much farther from the water turned away from him-so that both waves would be reduced in dimensions. Applying this consideration to the case of Mars, whose orb is much smaller than the earth's, we see that any tidal wave raised by the sun in Martial seas must needs be of very small dimen-

But the existence of ocean currents appears to depend very little on the presence of tidal waves. In the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, and the Baltic Sea wellmarked currents exist, although the tidal wave scarcely affects these seas. Sea-currents would indeed seem to be due to the effects of evaporation taking place extensively over certain portions of the sea surface; and we know that evaporation must proceed very freely in the case of the seas of Mars, since clouds form so marked a feature of his atmospheric economy. We may conclude, therefore, that his seas are traversed by currents, and further that most of those effects which our students of physical geography ascribe to ocean currents, take place also in the case of Mars.

Summing up the results here considered, we seem to recognize abundant reasons for regarding the ruddy planet which is now shining so conspicuously in our skies as a fit abode for living creatures. It would seem, indeed, unreasonable to doubt that that globe is habitable which presents so many analogies to our own, and which differs from our own in no circumstances that can be regarded as essential to the wants of living creatures.

Chambers's Journal.

CRITICAL CURIOSITIES.

LOCKE's understanding was not credit- Milton excepted, all English poets were ably displayed when he endorsed the mere ballad-makers beside "everlasting opinion of his friend Molyneux, that, Blackmore." Equally unhappy as a critic was Waller, when he pronounced Paradise Lost a tedious poem, whose only merit was its length; Walpole dismissed Humphry Clinker as a party novel, written by a profligate hireling; and Rymer set Cowley's epic above Tasso's Jerusalem. Pope saw his Essay on Criticism written down as "a pert, insipid heap of commonplace;" his Windsor Castle described as "an obscure, ambiguous, barbarous rhapsody;" and had the pleasure of informing a friend-who told him there was a thing just out called an Essay on Man, which was most abominable stuff, without coherence or connection -that he had seen the "thing" before it went to press, since it was his own writing; upon which the astonished critic seized his hat, "blushed, bowed, and took his leave for ever!" Scott's novels have been called pantomimes, and Dicken's stories pot-house pleasantries. Ritson discovered Burns did not appear to his usual advantage in song-writing; and Mrs. Lenox found out that Shakespeare lacked invention, and was deficient in judgment!

A collection of Shakespearean criticisms would make a very curious volume, but it would hardly contain an odder example than that of the swell who complained that Hamlet was "dooced full of quotations." Worthy Mr. Pepys, who, despite sundry vows of theatrical abstinence, found himself pretty regularly in the playhouse, has set down in his Diary his honest opinion of the plays he saw. The most insipid, ridiculous play he ever saw in his life was A Midsummer Night's Dream; he was pleased by no part of The Merry Wives of Windsor; and Othello, which he had esteemed a mighty good play, became a mean thing in his eyes after reading The Adventures of Five Hours. On the other hand, he admired Hamlet exceedingly, when Betterton played the hero; and Macbeth he considered "an excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable;" while that "most innocent play," The Tempest, although displaying no great wit, was yet "good above ordinary plays." It must be remembered, in the Secretary's behalf, that the versions of Shakespeare's plays witnessed by him were too often the adapta-

tions of Dryden and other marrers of the great dramatist's works. Oliver Goldsmith had not that excuse for his depreciation of Shakespeare. He was especially offended by the famous "To be or not to be" soliloguy, which he calls a chaos of incongruous metaphors, proving his case in the following fashion: " If the metaphors were reduced to painting, we should find it a very difficult task, if not altogether impracticable, to represent with any propriety outrageous Fortune using her slings and arrows, between which there is no sort of analogy in nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculously absurd than that of a man taking arms against a sea; exclusive of the incongruous medley of slings, arrows, and seas, justled within the compass of one reflection. What follows is a strange rhapsody of broken images, of sleeping, dreaming, and shifting off a coil, which last conveys no idea that can be represented on canvas. A man may be exhibited shuffling off his garments or his chains; but how he should shuffle off a coil, which is another term for noise and tumult, we cannot comprehend. Then we have 'long-lived Calamity,' and 'Time armed with whips and scorns;' and 'patient Merit spurned at by Unworthiness;' and 'Misery with a bare bodkin going to make his own quietus,' which is at best but a mean metaphor. These are followed by figures 'sweating under fardles of burdens,' 'puzzled with doubts,' shaking with fears,' and 'flying from evils.' Finally, we see 'Resolution sicklied o'er with pale thought,' a conception like that of representing health by sickness; and a 'current of pith turned away so as to lose the name of action,' which is both an error of fancy and a solecism in sense." Goldsmith also falls foul of Hamlet for describing death as

That undiscovered country, from whose bourne No traveller returns,

when he had just been talking with his father's spirit piping hot from purgatory.

When Professor Felton, reading A Midsummer Night's Dream to the captain of the ship of which he was a passenger, came to the description of Oberon sitting on a promontory listening to a merinaid on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. "The dolphin's back," said he, "is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled

him!" read Macbeth with a French friend, but the first scene proved enough for both; for the Frenchman broke out: "Monsieur Vallake, you have told me dat Shakspeare is de poet of nature and common-sense; good! Now, vat is dis? Here is his play open - Macbess - yes; good, very good! Well, here is tree old-old vat you call veetch, vid de broom and no close on at all-yes; upon the blasted heath-good! Von veetch say to the oder veetch: 'Ven shall we tree meet agen?' De oder veetch she say: 'In tondare;' de oder she say: 'In lightning'-and she say to dem herself agen: 'In rain!' Eh bien ! now dis is not nature! dis is not common-sense! Oh, no! De tree old veetch shall nevare go out to meet upon de blasted heath with no close on in tondare, lightning and in rain. Ah, no! It is not common-sense! ma foi, dey stay at home !- aha!" Such matterof-fact criticism reminds us of the story told by the Rev. Newman Hall of the negro preacher who informed his flock that Adam was made of wet clay, and set up against some palings to dry; and upon a sceptical darkey rising to ask, "Who made the palings, den?" retorted, "Sit down, sar! such questions as dat would upset any system of teology!"

Extorted criticisms are apt to prove severe ones, and no wonder; the victim, if he has any spirit, naturally resenting what seems an attempt to force him to flatter the extorter. When Henderson the actor asked Johnson what he thought of Joseph Reed's Dido, the doctor replied: "Sir, I never did the man an injury, yet he would read his tragedy to me!" A Scotch lady, pressed in the author's presence to express her opinion of a poem called Eternity, said: "It is a bonny poem, and weel named Eternity, for it will never be read in time!"-a verdict for which, doubtless, the poet was very grateful. No man, perhaps, ever extorted such a compliment out of another as Boswell did out of Lord Thurlow; when, just after the publication of his famous book, Johnson's biographer stopped him, as he was hurrying to the House of Lords, with: "Have you read my book?" and received for answer: "Yes, hang you! every word of it-I couldn't help myself!"

Sometimes a man's friends favor him with

Wallack the actor undertook to it comes unsolicited. Richard Wagner sent Offenbach a copy of his work, Le Règne des Juifs dans la Musique, which his brother-composer acknowledged thus: "DEAR WAGNER-You will do better to write music!" Upon this, the musician of the future forwarded his Meistersinger, eliciting a second note from Offenbach: "DEAR WAGNER-On reflection, you will do better, I think, to continue writing books!" When Thomson sent a presentation copy of his Winter to Joseph Mitchell, the latter wrote back:

> Beauties and faults so thick lie scattered here, Those I could read if these were not so near.

An ungracious acknowledgment of the gift, stinging the poet to reply:

Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell? Why Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye?

Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be, Is all I ask, and all I want from thee!

We may be sure Sir Walter was more amused than offended when his faithful Purdie, after delighting him with the assurance that the novels were invaluable to him, went on: "For when I've been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, I take up one of your novels, and I'm asleep directly." Fancy Mr. Hatton's delight, after playing in his best style two of Bach's finest fugues at a London concert, at being told that a lady who was present, on being asked next day how she liked the pianoforte playing, replied that there was none; the only thing approaching to instrumental music she had heard the whole evening was when some one came in between the parts and tuned the piano ! Mr. Marquis Chisholm found his pianoforte playing better appreciated by the good folks of Yokohama; he did not indulge in fugues, but gave them some of their own favorite airs; and upon paying a second visit, the grateful Japanese presented him with a sort of testimonial, in the shape of a sketch of himself, surrounded with high-flown panegyrics of him and his instrument. But there was one note none of his admirers would translate for his edification; however, he found somebody to help him in the difficulty, and discovered the troublesome sentences ran thus: " Mystery. The loss of one great man is a whole nation's grief; a man of true genius should be best known and most encouraged in the place criticism, none the more welcome because of his birth. Hence, if this Marquis Chisholm is a great man in his own country—why didn't he stay there?"

Professional jealousy has occasionally paid unwilling homage to the merit of a rival. When the painter Le Brun heard of Le Sœur's death, he exclaimed: "I feel as if a thorn had been taken out of my foot." What actor could desire a stronger testimony to his versatility than that wrung from Kitty Clive as she anxiously watched Garrick fron the wings, and at last blurted out: "Confound the fellow, he could act a gridiron!" Mistress Clive was happy at concentrated criticism; it would be difficult to say more in a few words than she did when she described the acting of Siddons as "all truth and daylight." Pacchiarotti, the operasinger, extorted an involuntary compliment when singing one night in Metastasio's Artaxerxes; all at once the orchestra became mute; turning angrily to the leader, Pacchiarotti asked what they were about. Awaking as if from a trance, the musician sobbed out: "We are crying, sir." So at Farinelli's first rehearsal in England, the members of the orchestra were so dumfounded by his splendid singing that they quite forgot to do their part in the performance. A still greater compliment was paid him by Senesino, who had to play a ferocious tyrant in an opera wherein Farinelli figured as his captive. Farinelli's very first song so charmed his fellow-singer, that, forgetting his assumed character altogether, Seresino ran towards his supposed victim, and fairly embraced him. Music had indeed charmed the savage.

Varelst the flower-painter was happily flattered by Matthew Prior when he wrote:

When famed Varelst this little wonder drew, Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view; Finding the painter's science at a stand, The goddess snatched the pencil from his hand, And, finishing the piece, she, smiling, said: "Behold one work of mine shall never fade!"

Very happy, too, though not so complimentary, is Macaulay's description of Atterbury's defence of *The Letters of Phalaris*, as "the very best book ever written on the wrong side of a question, of both sides of which the writer was profoundly ignorant." In as profound ignorance did Victor Hugo take up his pen to acknowledge a poetical epistle from Roubaix, telling his unknown correspondent: "I distinctly see your image in your verses;

your every idea came out of a head surrounded by a wreath of blonde ringlets. Oh, my child, may you retain for a long time those tresses which the scissors of age have not yet touched!" The recipient of this tender apostrophe was a man of sixty-five, and a bricklayer to boot!

The well-known remark of the countryman contemplating the pigs portrayed by a great painter, that they were plaguy like pigs, but no one ever saw three pigs feeding together but one of them had a foot in the trough, is a fair example of practical criticism. We are indebted to the late Cardinal Wiseman for another. At the Manchester Exhibition was a large fresco of the Death of Absalom. On the one side was seen the Jewish prince hanging by his hair from the branches of an oak : on the other was the mule he had been riding, galloping away, wild and scared. Two men, evidently of horsy proclivities, looked at the picture a long time in silence; at length one of them exclaimed: "Well, he deserves it! What a stupid fellow he must have been to think of riding such a vicious brute as that with nothing but a snaffle!" A good story, too, was that told by the same dignitary, of the English gentleman taking his Yorkshire groom through the Vatican Museum, and making him halt in the centre of the Salla della Biga before a marble model of an ancient chariot drawn by two horses running at full speed, with distended nostrils and dishevelled manes. "Look at these two horses, and tell me what you think of them," said the master. The Yorkshireman, interested at once, set about examining them in the same spirit as he would have done had they been living animals he was commissioned to buy. He patted the necks and flanks of the marble steeds, stroked their stony coats, and scrutinised them carefully from head to heel. "Now," said the gentleman, "what do you say to them?" "Why, sir, that is a splendid animal; I don't think much of t' other!" His judgment was not at fault; the horse he admired was the work of the ancient sculptor, the one he did not think much of was a modern restoration. The practised eye of the groom recognised the truthfulness of the old artist. An artist may, however, be too truthful to please, as John Riley found out when Charles II. exclaimed, as he looked upon his own portrait by that painter: "Is this like me? Then, od's-fish, I am an ugly fellow!" Riley was too honest for courtly patrons, and it was not surprising that Lely's pencil should be preferred to transmit the features of the frail beauties of his, time to canvas; whether he did transmit them, we may be allowed to doubt, after reading Mr. Pepys' note: "This day I did first see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some maids of honor, done by Lely; good, but not like."

Mr. Lowell, in the mock-reviews affixed to his Biglow Papers, has smartly ridiculed the eccentricities of American criticism, and not without ample provocation. A San Francisco journalist, desiring to give his readers a faint idea of the performance of a band of Chinese musicians, asks them to imagine themselves "in a boiler-manufactory where five hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz-mill upon the other, with a drunken charivari party with six hundred instruments in front, and four thousand enraged cats on the roof." A Philadelphian newspaper takes an actress to task in the following

pleasant fashion: "We took the liberty of telling Miss Western, that though misery and remorse may be expressed by letting a long piece of black wool hang out of the mouth, and munching it abstractedly, there are better ways of revealing the emotions of the soul. But Miss Western persists in chawing her shawl night after night with a regularity and exactness which indicates she considers it very fine art." An irreverent art-critic declared the Washington statue in Boston State-house conveyed to any one looking upon it for the first time the unæsthetic impression that it represented a man getting up in his night-shirt and attempting to light the gas. Criticisms to match the above might be gathered in any quantity from the columns of American newspapers; but it would be hard to find one couched in stranger form than that given utterance to by the independent editor, as he styled himself, of the Nevada Union Gazette, when speaking of Carlyle and Tennyson— " Guess them thar men ken sling ink, they

London Society.

THE DUTCHMAN AT HOME,

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the summer months Amsterdam is not, for many reasons, a particularly sweet and wholesome place of re-When it is considered that a sidence. vast population has been living there for many centuries, and that all down below is simply one huge cesspool, which cannot be effectually emptied or cleansed, the wonder is that any one can live there at all. And yet the place is by no means unhealthy for the natives who are acclimatized. Amsterdammers, indeed, boast with almost perfect truth, that cholera has never visited them. For this two has never visited them. For this two reasons are given. First, the water-supply for drinking purposes is all brought in great purity from a distance. Secondly, the stinks stifle the cholera. If any germs get into the canals or down below anywhere, they have not a chance. Let a man tumble into an Amsterdam canal, or into the London docks, though the best swimmer in the world, his chance of es-

cape is equally small, and for the same reason is poisoned instantly. Can it be wondered then that from the spicy shore of his beloved canals, where, though choleras and fevers, like Clarence in his Malmsey butt, lie drunk unto death in the stench they love, but where each passing barge exuscitates odors the reverse of Sabæan—our Amsterdammer flies, as summer comes on, to the sweeter air of his country house? All who have one do so.

A house in town with us, now-a days, means a house in London only; for Bath and Tunbridge have sunk into mere huge collections of lodging houses, except indeed for those who reside all the year round. But just as our great-great-grandfathers would have a town house in these places, which, together, with Canterbury, York, and other important county towns, were almost rivals, on equal terms with London itself, raised as they sometimes

temporarily were, to the dignity of royal residences—so it is now in Holland. Wealthy merchants, country gentlemen, and noblemen, remove for the winter into the town house in Utrecht, Arnheim, Amsterdam, or wherever it may be. A nobleman in Holland! Are there any? who ever heard of them? Scarcely anybody out of the country; and even there the nobleman is known intimately by few out of his own circle; for, compelled by circumstances, he is a proud and exclusive

Say what people will, England is intensely aristocratic. High birth, a personal share by ancestry in illustrious deeds and men, relationship in an hereditary House of Lords, a well-defined position among his fellows, esprit de corps, generated and kept alive at public schools and universities, and amid manly sports, together with, in most cases, a conspicuous share in the government of his country, as magistrate, member of either House, or high-class civil servant, or again, as the wearer of a sword, such things as these so far assure to an English country-gentleman or nobleman his acknowledged place, that no amount of mingling with his inferiors in birth, nothing indeed but the most unmitigated blackguardism, scarce even that with those below him, can deprive him of it. To a Dutch nobleman, all these advantages, high birth excepted, are, as the rule, wanting; and therefore in his very democratic country, a kingdom by accident only, he is a being aloof from all but his kind. An English nobleman claims his nobility, and his claim is allowed by all his countrymen. The Dutch nobleman looks upon himself, and is regarded by other noblemen, as a nobleman; but among other classes his claim is not maintained so easily. Proud, therefore, he is, to a degree; but never insolent to his inferiors, because he never seeks the chance. Delighting in the quiet pleasures of his country house; nothing of a sportsman, but fond of a handsome turn-out; rather given sometimes to high play: on the whole, a quiet, estimable, domesticated man, who does not trouble himself with other people's business; and if he has a fine house, or castle—as he loves to call it—and grounds, does not shut them in with high walls, but allows all to see them and himself in the enjoyment of them, provided always that his implied motto,

"Ne me touche pas !" be sufficiently regarded

Vagrants, sturdy beggars, and loafers, are sternly repressed by this order-loving and industrious people, and professional thieves have but a hard life of it. At a distance, therefore, from large towns, and, indeed, in their suburbs, people live with complacent security in the full gaze of their neighbors and passers-by, the fences of the gardens being mere symbols, sometimes barely eighteen inches high; for as no one thinks of trespassing, and straying cattle inflict no small penalty upon their owners, a Dutchman jealous of privacy, who should put up a tall brick wall, would be held churlish indeed.

Except in the case of a few show places it is unusual to see any good smooth turf. Mynheer carefully raises a scanty crop of hay from the lawn in front of his house; so that croquet is played under discouraging conditions at present. His theory of beauty seems to be that all ground should bear a crop. Tulip-beds, tulips; potato-patches, potatoes; grassplot, hay: he has no idea of mowing, sweeping, and rolling, simply to produce a smooth green turf, the absence of which, however, is a great eyesore at most country houses.

Good gardening is the same everywhere; but the Dutchman's kitchengarden, commonly of considerable area, is kept in order, like a market-gardener's, with a view to produce solely, and makes no show of especial trimness. Weeds are ruthlessly kept down, but he has no particular pride in gravel walks, nor is he fastidious in borders. He likes to have a sun-dial or a colored glass globe on a light stand, to reflect surrounding objects, but the hot-houses and pits are few and far between. Acres of beans and peas, carefully propped as vines, and almost as graceful, are seen in every garden. Singularly enough, rhubarb, when grown at all—it is scarcely ever eaten—has its place in the flower-garden. Carrots, turnips, onions, and the essential esculents are raised in bountiful profusion; for, as has been said, your Dutchman is a great vegetarian. What we call wall-fruitpeaches and other stone fruit—are trained in any convenient part of the garden to catch the sun, upon trellis backed with rush-matwork, eight or ten feet high, and costing about sevenpence the linear yard;

this often serves for the garden fence. What is the cost of an English garden wall? but then garden robbers are unknown among the Datch.

Country houses in Holland may be regarded chiefly as summer retreats for mothers, grown-up daughters, and the younger children. The elder children go to school, the young men stick close to the towns and the office desk, and paterfamilias goes backwards and forwards once or twice a week, or perhaps daily, to his town house and place of business. So that, except on Sunday, ladies in the country commonly have the greater part of the day to themselves. Their mornings are devoted to household matters and study: afternoons, to driving, making calls, and walking. Athletic games, archery, and croquet do not take kindly root-do they anywhere out of England? And as men ride on horseback but little, and ladies not at all, the only resource in this state of things is the billiard-room, with which most houses are provided. One means of passing the time never fails the men-tobacco. The Dutchman with his long pipe is almost a thing of the past; but it would be indeed strange to see one at any hour of the day without a cigar. Young and old smoke ever. Cigars of home growth and make are plentiful, very cheap, and tolerable for smoking, if one be but careful to throw away the last half of his cigar; but really fair Havannahs and Manillas are to be had at a cost of about twopence a piece and upwards. The Dutchman smokes everywhere except in church-in the house, out of the house, and in my lady's chamber. My lady is fortunately bred and born to the business of endurance, and after-training makes her perfect: she certainly has a stay-at-home husband as the reward of her acquiescence in his tranquillising sensuality. Game is not plentiful; but as few care for sport of any kind-young men having generally plenty of work to do, older men who have more leisure caring little for the pleasure of bodily exertion—it becomes the chiefest of a game-keeper's duties to supply the The table of his town-staying master. ease-loving Hollander, however, occasionally gets into a boat and drags his pools, or angles for roach and perch, like any punting cockney up Thames, in the placid enjoyment of his everlasting cigar, and

thus calmly satisfies the yearning of his soul for active field-sports.

Sunday is the great day in the country. Then, the young men come out of the towns for the day, and all having duly attended morning service in church, afternoon calls, dinner-parties, and flirting help to render the rest of the day very agreeable, but rather unsabbatical.

Is it possible that even the young of these sober-minded people fall in love? Young people do fall in love, in the customary manner, and the swain makes his offer without any intermediary assistance. A marriage of convenience is an unheardof thing. Consent of parents, however, is necessary, for without it the marriage of persons, even up to the age of thirty, may be declared absolutely null and void; but any one who is more than twenty-one has a legal means of bringing a recalcitrant parent to reason. When all that delightful private arrangement has been made, and consent of parents obtained, the engagement soon gets abroad, and the young couple have to go in company to make calls upon his friends and her friends. The proverbial slip 'twixt cup and lip is not unknown in Holland as elsewhere; nevertheless this system of making formal engaged calls certainly does tend to prevent a rupture upon slight grounds; for it is a matter of no small embarrassment to call upon the same people a second time and ceremoniously introduce sweetheart number two! It is held to be part of a lover's duties to accompany his mistress to parties and balls, and also his right and pleasure to take her to theatres and concerts unaccompanied by a chaperone; but he is seldom asked to pay a visit in the same house with her for more than the day. Lovers always choose the house and buy the furniture together during the courtship. When the time comes the two go together alone to the Town Hall for the "aanteekening" or betrothal. This is merely a public notice of the intention to marry, and is given in writing. The notice is then put into a kind of box, protected by brass wire, and placed for some time in a conspicuous part of the Hall. Banns are also published in church. A runaway match is held to be thoroughly disgraceful, is accomplished with difficulty, and seldom attempted. Friends now, in place of wedding cards, receive by post a lithographed

document announcing the aanteekening. On the first Sunday afternoon subsequent to this, the bruid and bruidgom, who are thus called in the interval between the aanteekening and the wedding day, hold a grand reception in the drawing-room of the father of the bruid. A sofa, sometimes gaily decorated with flowers and evergreens, being occupied by the two, the bruid's relations range themselves at his right hand, the bruidgom's at hers. The bruid wears her wedding dress, veil and orange wreath on this occasion, and the company generally are in gala costume. Visitors then, when announced, march up between the two opposite lines of relations and make pretty speeches to the happy pair; and, after having entrusted themselves for a short time to the care of the bruidsmeisjes, who, dressed for the occasion, show the presents placed upon a table at the other end of the room, and offer hippocras and sweets called "bruidssuikers," and cake, make a rapid departure, and are succeeded by others. The wedding commonly takes place on the Thursday week after reception Sunday, and during the interval balls and parties are given in honor of the young couple. On the appointed day the wedding party, bruid and bruidgom going alone in the first carriage, make first for the Town Hall. The Burgomaster marries them, makes a little speech, and receives their signatures; to all this there must be four witnesses. Then to church in the same order. The party having assembled in a sort of vestry, the bruidgom gives his right arm to the bruid and leads the way to the chancel (reserved now-a-days for marriages only) or to the body of the church in front of the pulpit. Here the pair seat themselves upon a central sofa, and relations range themselves as at the aanteekening reception. The ceremony is simple, the couple being already married. After a hymn has been sung they merely have to acknowledge the fact of marriage in answer to the clergyman, and having advanced to two kneeling chairs ready placed a few steps in front, receive a blessing from him and a short exhortation. No ring is used, but one is sometimes worn subsequently. The new husband then gives his left arm to his wife and leads the way home again. The wedding breakfast is a small affair, attended by very near relations only, and the happy pair slip off without adieux

as soon as possible. The wedding dress is never worn again in its original state. Settlements seem to be in full accord with the Code Napoleon.

When a baby is born, a notification of the fact is at once sent round to all friends, and even to tradesmen and dependants: in the case of people of wealth, who can afford the luxury of men-servants, these are the messengers, wearing white gloves in honor of the auspicious event. Each day, for two or three weeks after the confinement, a paper bulletin is placed on the door-post, or inside of the glass above the door, to the effect that mevrouw and the baby are going on well. It is nevertheless considered proper, and indeed expected, that friends should call and make inquiries and leave cards, and that pretty constantly. But all these bulletins and inquiries cease when mevrouw holds her kramvisiten, or boudoir reception, for married ladies only. On this occasion the baby, dressed in the height of prevailing fashion, and wearing a beautiful long white veil, is brought in by the monthly nurse, who expects to receive a gratuity from each visitor, a perquisite always considered in engaging her. And it may not be our of place to mention that it is only of late years that the ancient institution of midwives has begun to fail in favor of male accoucheurs, who formerly were only called in when a mother, however wealthy and well-born, was almost in extremis; and then, whatever might be their theoretical knowledge, their services, from want of practical skill, were commonly of no great advantage: the fashion is changing now. The kramvisiters are presented with caudle, and a plate with cinnamon cake is handed round. It is customary during this period to send out to young lady friends little packets of carrawayseed comfits, which are sprinkled upon bread and butter, and thus eaten to the health of the new baby.

When mynheer dies, the body is at once removed from the chamber of death into another room, generally the diningroom, or one of the chief rooms of the house, the blinds are drawn close up to the top, and the shutters completely closed, so that the house looks, and is intended to look, empty: the soul of the house is gone. The notary is immediately sent for, and seals are put by him without delay upon every article or room he may

think proper to select. Next comes the for a long time past by the little ones, a relic of bygone times, probably the ancient feudal herald. (Mutes and nodding plumes, and all the various trappings and frippery of our own funerals, are without doubt heraldic and feudal in their origin.) A herald he certainly is, and of woe, for it is his duty, taking a list of friends and acquaintance, to go round to all with a message in set form to the effect that mynheer so and so (next follow his titles, dignities, and offices) is dead. Everybody then puts on some sign of mourning, and goes that very day, the day of death, to the house, where the family sit in the drawing-room ready to receive condolences. Is it possible to imagine any more trying formality for all to go through? Yet there the bereaved ones remain, in the house of death, in the darkened chamber, compelled to display their grief in the presence of all their friends, and to say a few words to each in answer to their expressions of sympathy and grief. Even a little toddling thing of four or five will march up to mevrouw and utter its little set speech about "sad loss," which is certain to produce a fresh outburst of grief and tears. To crown all, any visitor can ask, is even expected to ask, for a last view of the dead body of their friend as it lies in a sort of state in the shell. The funeral is always an expensive affair. Many aansprechers, occasionally forty or fifty, seem to be required. Undertakers' coaches are there without end, and friends send their empty carriages to swell the state as with ourselves. Ladies wear very deep crape and long veils. The widow's veil reaches to her feet for the first few weeks; she wears no cap, but her mourning, with a gradually shortening veil, lasts two years. A gentleman in deep mourning is expected to go about at all hours for six weeks in black, with a dress tail-coat and white necktie!

On the 5th of December, St. Nicholas, the only saint in the reformed Dutch calendar, revisits the glimpses of the moon, to reward all good children, and to threaten the bad. He generally appears as an old man, with a mantle of fur and a long white beard—mynheer, or the eldest son disguised. The saint has a knack of recollecting all the peccadilloes committed

aansprecher, a very noticeable person in and allots the gifts, which he carries in a Amsterdam and the large towns, and wallet by his side, in accordance with conduct; so that his coming is looked for by all with mingled hopes and fears. It is becoming more and more the custom for everybody in the house to give a present to everybody, so that the number of trifles bought throughout the country is enormous, and the custom, while it inflicts no little tax upon the store of pocket-money, is the occasion of much mysterious ingenuity in discovering what present will be most acceptable. The following story was told to the writer as a fact, perhaps, to test his credulity.

A young gentleman in Amsterdam had been a year or two ago paying his addresses without success to a young lady. The father of the maiden was altogether obdurate and could not be induced to favor the suit; but the swain had observed certain symptoms which led him to believe that his attentions were not wholly unacceptable to the lady. When the festival of St. Nicholas approached, some waggish friends proposed a plan of offering his hand and heart, the drollery of which might possibly soften the unwilling father and assure the lady of the entire devotion of his person.

On the eve of St. Nicholas a long and rather narrow box, with some holes in the lid, was conveyed to the house of Mynheer -, addressed to Jufvrouw with the swain's compliments, in addition to which, without the latter's knowledge, the facetious friends had painted in large letters, "een dikke vrijer," a fat lover. The box arrived at the usual five-o'clock dinner hour, and the daughter seeing the box in the hall, and reading the address, wished at once to open it. But her father, who perhaps smelt a rat, and knew better than his daughter the possible humors of the day, said, "No, let us have dinner first, and meanwhile have the box brought into the dining-room." With some trouble the box was removed there by the maids -dinner dragged its slow length along, was artfully protracted, and the opening of the box kept in abeyance until it was almost time to go to bed. Then the hammer was missing-the screw-driver could not be found-and at last the opening of the wonderful box put off until next morning. "Goede nacht, slaap goed," all departed, save Mynheer -, the father. With bed-candle in hand, he went to the box, listened carefully for a moment or two, and then giving the box a slight kick, proceeded to moralize aloud: "What a fool that little donkey of a fellow is to suppose I will ever let him have my daughter? I wonder what he has sent her! what can these little holes be for? ah! here is one of mevrouw's knitting-needles—let us poke one in and see if we can make out."

girl, therefore, who longs to escape from the hard labor of field-work—for a heavy portion of this is done by females—considers herself fortunate indeed, if some kindly-disposed housekeeper should take her in and teach her some domestic work. Few servants are kept, and indeed there is not work enough for many. For, in the first place, the ladies of the house do a great deal of household work in the early morning, and throughout the day

"For God's sake don't," said a stifled voice from the box, "or you will poke my eye out!"

"Bless me, who's this? what can it

be ?"

"I am Mynheer F—," said the voice; "for heaven's sake let me out; I can't stand it much longer."

"Will you promise never to speak to

my daughter again, if I do?"

"No, I won't, I'll die first."

"Very well then—good night."
"Don't be so inhuman; I shall be dead
in another hour."

"Will you promise?"

"No," said the voice in the box, more faintly; "never."

"Well, you are a brave little soul. I'll

let you out."

Sly father took out screw-driver and hammer from his own pocket, where they had been lost, and let out the poor lover's very cramped, but plump and comely

person.

"Now I am a free man," said the latter, in a somewhat weak voice—and no wonder—"I give my free promise, as you have saved my life, not to speak to your daughter again without your permission."

"Well," rejoined the father, kicking the box, "if you have not done for her more than most sweet-hearts would, you

have certainly got into less."

Small wit on the one side, and diplomatic gratitude on the other, made them so well pleased that they shook hands and parted such good friends, that F. soon after overcame Mynheer ——'s repugnance to the match, and before the next St. Nicholas won the lady too.

There is no scarcity of excellent servants in Holland. Emigration thins the numbers of either sex but little; and as there are but few manufactures, the younger rustic females are not drained off for handiwork in the large towns. A prettiest of fingers are employed for a couple hours at least in preparing a dish with in preparing a dish with its surely never seen out of Holland. Fancy at twelve o'clock "coffee drinking," when the centre of the table is occupied by a large dish with an elegant pyramid of

her in and teach her some domestic work. Few servants are kept, and indeed there is not work enough for many. For, in the first place, the ladies of the house do a great deal of household work in the early morning, and throughout the day disdain to have done for them what they can do for themselves. You never hear an everlasting running up and down stairs and ringing of bells, and "bring this," and "go up to my room and fetch that," and, "shut the window," and "put on some coals," which after all is nothing more than finding work for an otherwise ornamental servant, and a fanciful luxury for a lazy mistress. And, secondly, as has been said, the quantity of furniture in each room, though the rooms themselves are generally roomy and high, is by no means great, so that household work is readily done, even by a domestic who knows little more than how to rub and wipe. The housemaid, however, of a newly-married couple has a rather hard berth of it for the first few months; for the top of the new dining-room table is sent to its purchaser in the rough, and has to be polished every morning for a couple of hours or so with linseed oil and plenty of elbow grease. The effect, in the end is glorious, and lasts for ever. No plates, however hot, will dim its glories, and it continues to shine to the end of its existence, and with little care, clear and bright as a mirror. And then again, the last finish to household work is probably done by more delicate hands, for until "coffee-drinking," at twelve o'clock, a visitor must expect to see little of the ladies. The pickling and preserving, the preparation of fruit for the table, those mighty dishes of beans and peas, the sidedishes and other delicacies for the day, all bear signs of a delicate touch and a cultivated intelligence. In the season of shrimps, which, like the fish, are brought all alive and kicking to the house, the prettiest of fingers are employed for a couple hours at least in preparing a dish which is surely never seen out of Holland. when the centre of the table is occupied

which you eat wholesale with a spoon! and very fine eating they are too.

Actual wages are low: 51. or 61. a year for a plain cook or housemaid; but the national institution of "tips" supplements pretty fairly these low wages. Nobody thinks of going out of doors without a supply of half-gulden, to give as occasion may require; and occasions often do require; for a half gulden at least is expected in return for any little service performed by your friends' servants, other than that of simply opening the street-door. This is an arrangement so perfectly understood and acted upon by all, that people who see a great deal of company pay their servants smaller wages than do those who live more retired from the world. It should be known that all presents to servants are put into a general fund, which is equitably divided at definite intervals. By this custom, cooks and other servants whom visitors have no opportunity of seeing, but whose services materially contribute to the comfort of his visit, participate in the donation given at the door or in the bedroom; but the coachman, who expects something, if even you accompany your friend in his own carriage, keeps what he gets for his own pocket. The regular tariff of a half-gulden, which is very seldom exceeded-and no wonder, considering how often the tax is levied-makes the custom tolerable and even agreeable to the giver. How often one would be well pleased to acknowledge some little service or civility from a friend's servant by a quiet little sixpenny tip, which John or Mary would take as a matter of course with a bow or curtsey, and not think you a mean fellow for not giving half-a-crown, which would be at least five times too much for the occasion. Knowing halfa-crown to be too much, a shilling a vague mean, and ashamed to offer the proper sum, sixpence, you give nothing, and go away with the pleasant feeling that you are under unpaid obligations; and have a kind of uncertainty about your exact relations with aforesaid John or Mary when you may next require some similar service at their hands. We are coming rapidly to the half-crown-or-nothing system, which is bad for everybody. Bad for the rich who do not get enough for their money;, for those not rich, who are called stingy, and feel something like it, when it is bash-

a peck or so of ready shelled shrimps, fulness alone that makes them seem so; and for the servants, who get into the way of estimating their master's friends at a purely money value, and treat them accordingly.

> No nation has in its time fought and suffered so much for religion as the Dutch. Freedom, religious and political, gained by the blood of their forefathers so lavishly shed, they now enjoy to the fullest extent. This freedom, supported as it is by proud recollections of former glories, by the subtle influence of an almost uncontaminated mother-tongue, by present tranquil prosperity, and by the feeling strong in every Dutchman's breast, that his dykes give him the power of destroying, Samsonlike, in a supreme moment, himself and foes together in one tremendous act of annihilation, render the nation one of the most patriotic in the world. And they are an eminently religious people too.

> The comparatively smaller bodies of Lutherans and Roman Catholics excepted, the Dutch Reformed Church represents the religion of the country. The members of this rank themselves Orthodox, and Liberal or Modern. The former class are now to be found in full strength in the country districts; but the people of the towns are pretty evenly divided between The Liberal, or Modern, as the the two. more advanced are called, are of recent growth, and owe their existence chiefly to the preaching of a few eloquent men still living; but also, of course, to the general tendency in these days of religious thought, which has been so largely influenced by the free handling of the Scriptures. If the Liberals may be described as representing the broadest of our Broad-churchmen, the Moderns, advancing, as they rapidly are, beyond the region of belief in dogma and miracle, hold doctrines differing scarcely, if at all, from those of Unitarians. The Orthodox, as their name implies, represent those whose faith resists novelties unknown to the early Reformers. Ministers of all denominations are paid by the state, at a general average of 250l. a year with a parsonage; but none can claim pay, those of the Reformed Church who are appointed to regular parishes excepted, until a congregation is formed in sufficient numbers to justify the demand. There is a religious parochial system, but not of that very rigid kind, which some of us think a burden, others a bond of love; for, in

Amsterdam and other large towns, where there are several churches, the clergy preach in circuit; and every week a list is posted of the various churches and of the clergymen who will conduct the services. Accordingly, if a person made a practice of going to his own parish church, he would hear on one Sunday the highest orthodox tenets upheld, and on the next, perhaps, a denial of all the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. This usage does beyond all doubt explain, to a very important extent, the exceedingly rapid spread of "modern" ideas; but it also effectually eradicates any scions that might spring of that highly respectable British superstition which intercepts all straying from one's own parochial fold. For, almost as a matter of course, as nobody has any particular affection for the mere bricks and mortar, and I may add, copious whitewash, of his own parish church-everybody goes to the church where a favorite preacher is to be found; and ladies, those gentle but determined enthusiasts, will often stand outside for hours beforehand to secure a place where Domini Pantekoek or other great orator may be heard. The order of service is similar, in most respects, to that in use among Presbyterian and other kindred bodies. This being an easily ascertained fact, the language also being an unknown tongue, an English visitor, terrified by reports of the length of the service, seldom attempts the feat of going to a Dutch church, unless with the slightly profane objects of the sight-seer. If, however, a laudable curiosity should be of force at once to prompt and absolve, he will see and hear not a little to interest, and beguile the time.

No right-minded person of course ought to know how other people behave in church; but if a man, devout indeed, but ignorant of the language of the service, should allow himself to look around in a Dutch Reformed church, he will get a general idea that the order of service is similar in most respects to that of other Presbyterian bodies. He will observe, that the church, large as it almost without exception is, and of considerable antiquity (there are not half-dozen new churches in Holland), is not too large for the congregation as it crowded in. Most of the men walked in with their hats on, and a low buzz of conversation was kept up by people taking their places, a layman meanwhile reading in a monotonous way a short portion of Scripture. Nothing can well be more irreverent than this commencement of the service, and most Dutch people themselves deplore it. A psalm is given out by the clergyman. The book of psalms dates back to Reformation times; and contains the tunes also, printed in ancient diamond-shaped notes, representing and sung in ecclesiastical time. A semibreve requires at least three seconds, and a minim six, for full expression; and the congregation seem determined to give each its full value. In the interval between these prolonged notes, which are sung with full power of voice, the organ seems to go mad in a rapid succession of harmonic chords up and down the scale, and just when the lungs have been thoroughly exhausted by shouting out a lengthy semibreve, comes with a rapid run and a crash upon the next chord for singing; and when the voices have settled down to tackle this, off it goes again into such heights and depths, that one trembles to think it may lose altogether its hold upon the voice, were it not certain of its mark, as poor Leotard used to be after a fling and double summersault from his flying trapeze. But after all, the singing, plain to such a degree that it is difficult to discover melody, from mere bigness of sound when a vast number of voices are all singing at their strongest in unison, is not without a certain rugged grandeur. The preacher is listened to with deep attention, and speaks, assisted by his huge sounding-board, with a good deal of graceful action and much energy, in tones modulated to reach the farthermost corners of the huge fabric. The study of oratory as an art evidently forms part of the clerical training. There are invariably two collections during the service; one for the poor, and one for church expenses; and everybody makes a point of giving a trifle. Men and women sit on opposite sides, or men outside and women in the centre: and the latter have to pay, during the winter, a third small sum for the use of a foot-warmer, for the churches are bitterly cold.

Religious instruction by some authorized person is held to be an essential part of every Dutch child's education; and without a formal certificate of attendance upon classes for the purpose, and of confirmation, neither rich nor poor can claim

a civic status, or make way in the world. But the classes of any authorized minister of religion, a Jewish rabbi for instance, may be attended; and "one's own clergyman" means usually one's favorite preacher. It is not uncommon, however, in large towns, for several clergyman who have an aptitude for teaching, to devote themselves especially to this work, while others who are great in preaching set themselves in great measure to that part of clerical duty.

The religious lessons and catechising are made, it is said, extremely interesting; and young people say that they take great delight in them, and miss a lesson with reluctance. Children up to the age of twelve or so are seldom taken to church, for the service is by no means a suitable one for the very young; but their moral training is excellent if a judgment may be made by outward behavior. Implicit obedience to parents remarkably distinguishes Dutch children of all ages; and merry and happy as they look, there is seldom witnessed any of that unpleasant pertness and self-assertion which is a growing evil in English children. Children and parents in Holland see a great deal of one

another; and nurse and governess have

not that almost sole control which exerci-

ses so baneful an influence in many English homes. As soon as a child can use a spoon dexterously, he is held to be a proper companion for his parents at all meals; and at dinner parties even the little children are present. It is true that considering the inordinate length of such an entertainment, the little ones may sometimes find the ceremony not a little tiresome, but their presence and lively prattle render a solemn, stately and dull party impossible. How often does a dull British dinner-party brighten up when the children come down to dessert?

These chapters must now close. tional portraiture is the business of the formal historian: the writer has not attempted it. Foibles he leaves to cynics. Faults the Dutch may have : he has been careless to observe them. His task, of which he has now told the story, was once known to be that of a somewhat inquisitive "chiel amang them taking notes;" in "prentin" these he has not knowingly betrayed the secrets of any family circle -basest of acts-but has endeavored, in general terms, to bring before English readers the daily life and manners of the most hospitable, kindly and domestic people in the world. A Dutch friend is a friend indeed.

The Spectator.

APHASIA.

A curious and very elaborate and careful book, by Dr. Bateman, of Norwich, on the remarkable disease which doctors now call Aphasia, suggests a great many questions as to the nature of the working of the mind, quite as difficult and curious as any Dr. Bateman discusses in relation to the working of the brain. Most of our readers probably know that aphasia is the general name for a disease, usually, but not, as far as is known, invariably, connected with some serious affection of the brain, which causes those who suffer from it frequently to articulate sounds or words very different from the sounds or words they are aiming at, so that an aphasic lady has been known, for instance, to come forward to meet a guest with a cordial smile and an outstretched hand, and then articulate "Pig, Brute, Stupid fool!" in place of the words of welcome really expressing the thought in her mind (Dr. Bateman, p. 105),

while in other cases the words articulated when the patient was intending to read aloud turned out simply gibberish. Thus of one patient we read:—

"In order to ascertain and place on record the peculiar imperfection of language which he exhibited, Dr. Osborne selected the following sentence from the by-laws of the College of Physicians, viz.:—'It shall be in the power of the College to examine or not to examine any Licentiate, previous to his admission to a Fellowship, as they shall think fit.' Having requested him to read this aloud, he read as follows:—'An the be what in the temother of the trothotodoo to majorum or that emidrate ein einkrastrai mestreit to ketra totombreidei to ra fromtreido asthat kekritest.''

—where, as the physician remarked, the patient, though unable to articulate the words and letters before him, did yet articulate combinations of letters and words much more difficult. Again, there is a

case registered where a man with this affection lost his way, as one may say, only in relation to a single letter,-always substituting z for f, so that asking (in German) for Kaffee (coffee), he appeared to ask for Kazzee (sounded like Katze, cat,) (Dr. Bateman, p. 53). Again, another case is given (p. 100) of a gentleman who after a blow on the head lost his knowledge of Greek, and did not appear to have lost anything else. Evidently, then, this affection of the mind, to whatever cause due, is to be found in the most curiously different modes and degrees, -in one case seeming to consist in mere loss of power over the muscles of articulation so that the patient articulates completely different sounds from those he intends to articulate, yet is aware of his own failure to say what he means, -in another he retains this power in full, except in the case of a single letter, for which he always substitutes one and the same letter though a wrong one,while in another case, a whole province of assimilated sounds vanishes from his memory in a single group, and is obliterated just as it would be by complete disuse. In some cases, then, the mind seems to go in search of the right sound or word, and to seize hold of the wrong one, through some confusion in the action of the proper nerves or muscles; in some cases not to know even at which sounds to aim at all. Now, what is the proper mental interpretation of such facts as these? How is it to be explained that, without any loss of intelligence, the great "instrument of thought," as language has been called, should so completely defy the power which produced it and defined its exact sphere of duty?

As regards the mere incapacity for rightly directing the muscles so as to articulate the proper sounds, while the clear power to recognize the right sounds, as articulated by others, remains,-the commonest sort of aphasia,-we do not know that there is anything more remarkable than in that incapacity to restrain the muscles of the arm to their proper functions which is so frequently exhibited by sufferers from St. Vitus's dance. A man who, on meeting you in the streets, suddenly points up to the clock of St. Paul's instead of shaking hands, is really in precisely the same position as the lady who said "Pig, brute, stupid fool," instead of "I am very glad to see you,"-supposing,

that is, that the latter clearly recognized her own misdirection of oral energy. The failure was solely in the proper nervous control over certain muscles, and though the effect is much stranger and more grotesque to us in relation to language than in relation to muscular movements of the arm, there is no real difference. A man partially paralyzed attempting to move will often do the very opposite thing to what he attempted, but that does not in any degree affect the condition of his mind, only the control of his mind over his body. And so also it is, when the wrong words come out of the mouth, and are recognized by the speaker to be the wrong words. And even when they are not so recognized,—even when a certain amount of failure of memory is added to the failure of muscular power, there is at least no greater problem than in the case of any other failure of memory caused by physical disease. All you have in that case is what is so commonly seen in paralysis, a simultaneous failure of regulating power and of physical energy. Sometimes the physical energy will go without the regulating power; sometimes the regulating power without the physical energy; and sometimes they will go together. But there is at least no greater difficulty about this class of cases of aphasia than about the ordinary cases of paralysis,—the peculiarity being simply this, that so much useless articulating power is left, which we hardly expect to see left when that which makes it useful, the power to economize and direct it aright, is taken away. There is, however, nothing more surprising in the survival of the power to articulate without the power to discriminate the exact sounds which you desire to articulate, than in the survival of the power to think without the power to direct the current of your own thoughts, -than which nothing is more common. The former loss is the loss of the link between volition and articulation,-the latter the loss of the link between volition and thought. Perhaps the latter is the more rather than the less surprising loss of the two; yet how completely it may be sometimes seen in opium-eaters has long been one of the most familiar of the facts of morbid psychology.

But there is a class of cases to which we have slightly alluded that does seem to involve a much greater paradox than to many suggest, as the physician who attended him (Dr. Scoresby Jackson) remarked, that the Greek knowledge was all "deposited" in a particular square inch of brain, the injury of which just destroyed this knowledge without invading any other sphere of the intellect. Fortunately, however, this kind of fact does not stand alone. A French priest, attended by M. Piorry, after an attack of paralysis lost entirely the power of employing substantives, while retaining in general the full command of all other parts of speech. Thus, when he wanted to ask for his hat, he said, "Donnez-moi ce qui se met sur la. . . .," but he could not remember the word for "head" any better than the word for "hat;" and his physician adds, "mais le mot 'tête' ne lui venait pas," and goes on to say that he sought to express the same thing twenty times, but that he always got to an insurmountable difficulty whenever he came to a noun substantive. Again, a Dublin physician, Dr. Graves, had a case in which a patient could not recall any noun substantive (common or proper), but could always recall its initial letter. He, therefore, made himself a pocket dictionary of the words in the most general use, including the proper names of his children and servants and friends, and in conversation would always refer to this dictionary, and run his eye down the initial letter he recalled till he reached the name of which he was in search, "keeping his finger and eye fixed on the word until he had finished his sentence;"-but the moment he had closed the book he again forgot the name, though he never forgot the initial letter, and could always again recover it by means of his dictionary. Now, take these three cases together, and we observe that in one case the whole network of associations contained in a single language was lost through the agency of the disease; in the next case, only all the examples of a single part of speech (noun substantives) in one language; in the last case not even this, but all the examples of the same part of speech, minus the initial letter, which was uniformly retained. These last cases show pretty conclusively,what, indeed, every sensible man would trains of thought, affects first those con-

this. The case of the patient who, by a judge at once,—that it was not owing to blow on his head, lost completely the the connection of Greek with any partiknowledge of Greek, without appearing cular spot on the brain that the Greek, to suffer any other loss whatever, would and the Greek alone, fled the first-named patient's memory after the blow. For in the second case the link between the memory's failures was that which binds together the same part of speech, all specimens of which were blotted out from a memory otherwise retaining command of the language; and in the third case, it did not even go so far as that, but only blotted out all that followed the first letter in the names belonging to that part of speech, leaving the initial of the noun substantive as completely at command as it did all the letters of the other parts of speech. Now if it be extravagantly absurd to suppose that a distinct spot in the brain would need to be injured not only for every part of speech in every separate tongue, but for every separate letter in those parts of speech, and that it would take a rather greater injury to the brain to blot out, for instance, a word of six letters than one of five,—the supposition that the knowledge of Greek, and of Greek alone, was lost as a result of the particular spot of the brain on which the blow descended, must be quite as absurd; for the same kind of inference would be just as legitimate to show that the names of the noun substantives of each language had a spot in the brain to themselves, and each letter of each noun substantive also.

What, then, do these curious cases point to? We suspect to this,—that injuries to the brain, and especially to the nervous system, are very apt to deprive us, first of our command of those acquisitions of knowledge which have owed most to laborious efforts of attention, and least to mere routine or unconscious habit. Every one must have noticed how when he begins to think closely of the composition of some word which he may have written a hundred times every day of his life, the word seems to grow unreal and unmeaning to him, till he cannot for his life know how to spell it, or whether it be a real word at all. To regain its naturalness, he must come on it by a side-path, -must surprise it, as it were, without having the gaze of his mind fixed full upon it. Well, our theory is that anything which tends to break the link,—as all paralytic affections clearly do,-between the will and the

ceptions which have been most studiously and laboriously and self-consciously acquired. There is a case of a patient in the Edinburg Royal Infirmary, under Dr. Gairdner, whose loss of language was so complete, that he could communicate with other people only by signs (Dr. Bateman, After a time, Dr. Gairdner observed that the other patients in the Infirmary thought this man was shamming, and the reason they gave was, that though he could not speak in any other way, he could swear freely. Yet this patient soon after died suddenly, and his brain was found to be much eaten away by cancer. And the explanation offered by Dr. Hughlins Jackson of such a capacity to swear found in patients who had lost their ordinary powers of communicating their thoughts, is very remarkable. The will, he says, has lost the power to command the articulation, but the involuntary emotions have not; and ejaculations of all kinds are probably due to the action of the involuntary part of the nervous system, to what is called "reflex action." "Just as a paralyzed foot will jump when the sole is tickled, so these words" (ejaculations, oaths, &c.,) "start out when the mind is excited. Such ejaculations seem to have become easy by long habit, and require but slight stimulus for perfect execution." If that explanation has, as we believe, a great deal of truth in it, it might account for the disappearance of a laboriously acquired language, before any impression had been made on any other language more completely bound up with the familiar life of ordinary habit. And it would also perhaps account for the two or three cases in which noun substantives disappear, or at least seem to disappear, before other parts of speech. With regard to proper names, it is matter of notoriety how much more easily they slip the memory than any others, and we suspect the reason is simply this,—that these names, only denoting individuals and not qualities, do not get embedded in phrases in which they are always recurring involuntarily, and with-out any effort of attention, but always require some effort of deliberate and conscious recollection, however slight, to recover them. And, in a much less degree, the same is true of common nouns, at least in the cases in which the memory appears to fail with relation to them, namely, as the predicates of sentences. We suspect that aphasic patients, if their cases

were properly examined, would be found to forget adjectives and verbs used predicatively, i. e., in the focal points of sentences, quite as much. But when a certain partial deprivation of speech has taken place, nouns are so much more useful than any other parts of speech that the effort of the patient's attention is sure to be fixed on the noun. If the poor old priest had had two hats and had wished to describe which of the two he wanted, we suspect the failure would have come in relation to the descriptive adjective rather than the noun. If he had wished to say, "Give me the white one," the embarrassment would have arisen at the word "white." So, had he wished to say, "I don't wish to walk, but to ride," it seems to us most probable that his memory would have failed him at the verb, where the focus of the attention in this case is situated. Similarly we should account for the case of the farmer who could index all the wanting nouns by their first letters. should think it likely that the look of the words had associated itself in his mind with their first letters without any sort of effort of attention,-by one of those incidental acquisitions of memory which take so much . more hold upon us because they are never consciously learnt, - and that therefore these first letters had survived in his memory the full names and sounds to which, before he had learned them, he had probably had to give a certain amount of voluntary and conscious effort. Every one knows that when in search of a word, the first thing his memory catches hold of is the look or sound of some predominant letter in it, which has incidentally forced itself on his attention, whether by the eye or the voice. Some people never recognize words so easily by sound as by sight; and these are usually readers who have come across the word involuntarily, in a book, fifty times for every time they have pronounced it with their own lips.

We suspect, then, that in cases of aphasia, it is not the part of the brain affected which determines the particular loss of naming power, but the history of the individual intellect, and that that side of the memory is soonest affected which has owed most to laborious and conscious effort. One thing the history of aphasia certainly proves,—that thought, and clear thought, is possible without names, a proposition

very often indeed denied.

The Academy.

A NEW AMERICAN POET.

Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller. London: Longmans and Co.

This is a truly remarkable book. To glance through its pages is to observe a number of picturesque things picturesquely put, expressed in a vivid flowing form and melodious words, and indicating strange, outlandish, and romantic experiences. The reader requires no great persuasion to leave off mere skimming and set-to at regular perusal; and, when he does so, he finds the pleasurable impression confirmed and intensified.

Mr. Miller is a Californian, domiciled between the Pacific and the Sierra Nevada, who has lived and written "on the rough edges of the frontier." Last winter he published, or at least printed, in London, a small volume named Pacific Poems, consisting of two of the compositions now republished—one of them in a considerably modified form. San Francisco and the city of Mexico were known to him; but it is only in the summer of 1870 that he for the first time saw and detested New York, and soon afterwards reached Lon-Thus much he gives us to know in a few nervous, modest, and at the same time resolute words of preface-reproduced here, with a postscript, from his former volume. He is prepared to be told and to believe that there are crudities in his book; but he adds significantly, "poetry with me is a passion which defies Mr. Miller's preface would command sympathetic respect even if his We feel at once that we verses did not. have to deal with a man, not with a mere vendor of literary wares. To argue with him would be no use, and to abuse him no satisfaction. Luckily we are not called upon to do either; but, while responding to his invitation to point out without reticence what shows as faulty, we have emphatically to pronounce him an excellent and fascinating poet, qualified, by these his first works, to take rank among the distinguished poets of the time, and to greet them as peers.

The volume, of some 300 pages, contains only seven poems. The last of these—a tribute to the glorious memories of Burns and Byron—is comparatively short: all the rest are compositions of some substantial length, and of a narrative charac-

ter, though Ina—considerably the longest of all—assumes a very loose form of dramatic dialogue. Mr. Miller treats of the scenes and personages and the aspects of life that he knows—knows intimately and feels intensely; and very novel scenes, strange personages, and startling aspects these are. This fact alone would lend to his book a singular interest, which is amply sustained by the author's contagious ardor for what he writes about, and his rich and indeed splendid powers of poetic presentment. A poet whose domestic hearth is a hut in an unfathomable cañon, whose forest has been a quinine wood, permeated by monkeys,

"Like shuttles hurried through and through The threads a hasty weaver weaves,"

and whose song-bird is a cockatoo, and to whom these things, and not the converse of them, are all the genuine formative experiences and typical realities or images of a life, is sure to tell us something which we shall be both curious and interested to think over. There is an impassable gap between the alien *couleur locale* of even so great a poet as Victor Hugo in such a work as Les Orientales, and the native recipiency of one like our Californian author, whose very blood and bones are related to the things he describes, and from whom a perception and a knowledge so extremely unlike our own are no more separable than his eyes and his brain. Such being the exceptionable nature of Mr. Miller's subject-matter, the best way of obtaining some specific idea of his work, both in its beauties and in its defects-which latter no doubt are neither few or insignificant—may be to give a brief account of his stories.

The first poem, named Arazonian, is the life-experience of a gold-washer from Arazona, which he relates to a friendly-disposed farmer. The gold-washer had in his youth been in love with a bright-haired Annette Macleod. He then went off to the gold region, and for about twenty-one years saw and heard nothing about Annette, but still cherished the thought of her with fervid affection. An Indian woman became his companion in gold ventures, and, it might be inferred, his concubine,

were we not told that she was "as pure as a nun." One day she challenges him with his undying love for the beautiful blonde: he returns a short answer, and takes no very definite measures for shielding her from a raging storm which comes on over the cañon on the instant. She, excited to a semi-suicidal frenzy, dies in the storm. The gold-washer, fencing with the horrid remorse at his heart, and keeping a vision of beautiful blonde hair before his mental eye, goes off to rediscover An-nette Macleod. He sees the very image of her at a town-pump; but, when he calls her name, it turns out that this blooming damsel is but the daughter of the Annette of olden days, long since married. The gold-washer, thus drinking the dregs of bitterness from both his affaires de cœur, returns to his gold-finding, resolved to make of this the gorgeous and miserable work of his remaining years. He is a splendid personage in Mr. Miller's brilliant and bounding verses, and only "less than Archangel ruined." The second poem, With Walker in Nicaragua, appears to relate the author's own youthful experiences. Walker, whom we English have so frequently stigmatized as "the filibuster," is presented as a magnificent hero of the class to whom human laws form no obstacle. Mr. Miller is as loyal to his memory as was ever Jacobite to that of a Charles Edward, and probably with better reason. There is a wild, mysterious, exploratory splendor in this poem, a daring sense of adventure, and a glorious richness of passion both for brown-skinned Montezuman maidenhood and for the intrepid military chief, which place the work very high indeed both among Mr. Miller's writings (we think it clearly the best of all, with the possible exception of Arazonian) and in the poetry of our time generally. Walker, of course, is seized and shot before the poem closes, and the Montezuman damsel comes to as deplorable an end as the gold-adventuress of the preceding poem. After a courtship the rap-tures of which are only paralleled by its purity, she makes frantic efforts to reach her lover, now retreating by sea, along with his fellows, after a military disaster. She follows in a canoe; brandishes in the eye of the steersman a dagger which her lover had given her as a token sure to be recognized; but somehow (we are not told why) no recognition ensues, the lover

himself being lulled in uneasy slumbers, and the maiden topples over and is drowned. Californian, the next poem in the series, has very little story amid lavish tracts of description-or we might rather say of picture-writing, for Mr. Miller executes his work of this kind more by vivid flashes of portrayal and of imagery than by consecutive defining. A votary of the ancient Indian or Montezuman faith does any amount of confused miscellaneous fighting, and is slain: the woman who loves him casts herself into the beacon-fire. The Last Taschastas is another story of native valor and turmoil. An Indian chief of advanced age makes a raid upon the settlers: he is vanquished, seized, and put in a boat, to be transported, with hisbeautiful daughter, to some remote region. While on the boat he darts a poisoned arrow at his principal adversary, and kills him: he is then shot down, and no further account of the fate of his daughter is vouchsafed. The Tale of the Tall Alcalde, which follows, has something which, according to Mr. Miller's standard, almost simulates a plot. We are first introduced to an Alcalde in the town of Renalda, of abnormal stature, and of a dignified virtue equally abnormal. At a symposium in honor of the Annunciation, the Alcalde is induced-by a concerted and insidious plot as it may be gathered, between an advocate and a priest-to narrate his early adventures. These prove to have been of a sort by no means consonant to 'the Olympian calm of his mature years. In youth, with an Indian girl whom he loved,. he had joined a band of Indians, had fought in their cause, and had been imprisoned... The girl seeks him out in his durance, but cannot obtain access to him save at the price of her chastity. Loathing the wretch who demands this sacrifice, she nevertheless consents, but with a firm resolve not to survive the desired moment when herlover shall be liberated. This result is eventually obtained; and the Indian heroine, revealing her shame and her selfdevotion, stabs herself to the heart. The future Alcalde, after this catastrophe, vows revenge; and prowls about with a vigorous and successful intent to murder which would have done credit to the Southern chivalry enrolled in the Ku-Klux Klan. At length, however, a scene of rural domestic bliss promotes milder thoughts. The outlaw returns within the pale of

civilization, and enters on the career which has at last made him an Alcalde. When the enlightened but too confiding jurist has revealed thus much, the wily advocate starts up, denounces him, and orders his instant seizure; but to no avail. The Alcalde, who at the moment "seemed taller than a church's spire," declines to be handled, and grinds his drinking-glass to powder; and then

"He turned on his heel, he strode through the hall,
Grand as a god, so grandly tall,
And white and cold as a chiselled stone.
He passed him out the abobé door
Into the night, and he passed alone,
And never was known or heard of more."

We now come to the last of the poems the semi-dramatic composition named Ina. It is a curious guazzabuglio (to use an expressive Italian term) of picturesque perceptions both of external nature and of the human heart, along with a chaos of the constructive or regulative powers of the understanding. Every now and then there is a sort of titantic and intrinsically poetical utterance in it which reminds one of Marlowe; a like splendor and far reach of words, with a like-or indeed a greater-contempt of quiet common sense, and overstraining of the framework. Ina is a passionate young woman, in love with Don Carlos, but resolved upon marrying, in faithful espousals, a suitor of heavy purse and advanced age; with the scarcely disguised motive, however, of afterwards enjoying, in the arms of the ardent Carlos, a youthful widowhood which is distinctly forecast as a very early contingency. Carlos does not quite "see it," and goes off in disgust to lead a wild hunting-life in the mountains—rough good-fellowship mellowed by misogyny. Ina soon realizes the summit of her ambition. Her aged bridegroom dies; she joins the hunting party in the disguise of a young mountaineer; and, after hearing from her companions various salvoes of story-telling to the dishonor of the serpent woman, she reveals and proposes herself to Don Carlos. The Don tells her that he cannot think of demeaning himself to a lady who comes to him second-hand; and the Donna, plucking up her spirit, as well as a vigorous modicum of good sense which has from the first endeared her to the reader athwart the coarseness of her own plans and the fantasticalities of her surroundings,

informs him that he may make himself easy without her, once and for all.

Such, reduced to a caput mortuum, are the materials of this striking book, through whose veins (if we may prolong the figure) the blood pulsates with an abounding rush, while gorgeous sub-tropical suns, resplendent moons, and abashing majesties of mountain-form, ring round the gladiatorial human life. The reader will hardly need, after our summary, to be told that Byron is the poet whose spirit most sways and overshadows that of Joaquin Miller. The latter is indeed a writer of original mind and style; and there is a weighty difference between a Californian who has really engaged in, or at least had lifelong cognizance of, all sorts of wild semi-civilized adventure, and a noble lord to whom the like range of experience forms the distractions of a season or the zest of a tour. Still, the poetic analogy is strikingly visible, and has a very mixed influence upon Mr. Miller's work. On one side, taking interest as he does, like Byron, in adventurous picturesque personages, with the virtues and vices of the life of defiance, full of passion and resource (for Mr. Miller has the art of making us respect the intellectual calibre of all his characters, whatever they may do, and however closely they may approximate to savages), he is lifted at once above the mild and mediocre or the merely photographic levels of work: on the other hand, he exhibits life not only under the rudimentary and incomplete conditions which his subject matter suggests, but with an effect of abortiveness and gloom due partly, no doubt, to the Byronic tradition, and so extreme as to be almost morbid. His interest in life seems to be very much that of a gambler, who plays a stake, conscious that the chances are against him; or, one might rather say, of a man who watches a game played with loaded dice, and who sees his friend ruined by an undenounceable conspiracy. In Ina, for instance, gratuitous misery is poured forth, as from a bucket, with a liberally cruel hand. It is intensely unsatisfactory to be told of a lovely, girlish, and wealthy widow, steeped in amorous grace, constancy, and spirit, making love to the hot-blooded youth who has adored her all his life, and whom she has confessedly adored-only to be repulsed with a stolid obtuse morgue, and then to wrap our eyes by two lovers, who can find no better employment than persistently carover his headstone. In this tale the very motif has a twist of dislocation: in some others, as our summary will have shown, the conception, though mainly monotonthe poet shows little gift for constructing a story. In Arazonian, for example-an excellent and truly engrossing poem-the reader is unable to credit the central fact; namely, that the gold-washer, having for twenty-one years lost sight of his early love so entirely as not to know that she has been married for a long series of years, travels in good faith to search her out and wed her, and accepts at first sight her daughter as being her authentic self. It might perhaps be added, without cynicism, that the daughter, who so absolutely realizes to the many-labored gold-washer the person of his long-lost love, should really have stood to his feelings in that relation; and that his natural and compensatory course would have been to court her on

Excitement and ambition may be called the twin geniuses of Mr. Miller's poetical character. Everything is to him both vital and suggestive; and some curious specimens might be culled of the fervid interfusion of external nature and the human soul in his descriptive passages. The great factors of the natural worldthe sea, the mountains, the sun, moon, and stars-become personalities, animated with an intense life and a dominant possession. which, in Ina especially, recall something may be proud of him. of the manner of Alexander Smith,

herself round in her dignity, and close the whether in characterizing the objects of last avenue to a right mutual understand- nature, or in the frenzied aspirations of ing. We see Love assassinated before the human spirit. It should be understood, however, that the only poet to whom he bears a considerable or essenving the death's-head and marrow-bones tial analogy is Byron. In Arazonian indeed the resemblance of diction and versification is rather to Browning, and some passages might seem to be directly founded on the Flight of the Duchess: but I ous, is interesting in a high degree, but learn that this resemblance is merely fortuitous. As such, it is an interesting reciprocal confirmation of the value of the peculiarities of narrative form belonging to both poems. At times also there is a recognizable ring of Swinburne, especially as regards alliteration, and a vigôrous elastic assonance, not only in the syllables but in the collocation of words and phrases.

There is little space, and not much occasion, for dwelling on verbal or other minute defects. The swing and melody of the verse are abundant: yet many faulty lines or rhymes, with some decided perversities in this way, could be cited; along with platitudes of phrase, or odd and inadmissible words. All these are minor matters. Mr. Miller has realized his poetic identity under very exceptional conditions, highly favorable to spirit and originality, but the contrary so far as completion or the accepted rules of composition are concerned. He is a poet, and an admirable poet. His first works prove it to demonstration, and superabundantly; and no doubt his future writings will reinforce the proof with some added maturity and charm. He is not the sort of man to be abashed or hurt by criticism. Let me add that the less attention he pays to objections, even if well-He loves the beasts and founded, and the more he continues to birds, and finds them kin to him: a snake write out of the fulness of his own natural has its claim of blood-relationship. At gifts, the better it will probably be for times he runs riot in over-charged fancies, both himself and his readers. America

W. M. Rossetti.

St. Paul's.

IN THE PORCH.

BY A SUMMER-DAY STOIC.

"Cultivons notre Jardin."

Across my neighbor's waste of whins For roods the rabbit burrows; You scarce can see where first begins His range of steaming furrows;

I am not sad that he is great,
He does not ask my pardon;
Beside his wall I cultivate—
I cultivate my garden.

I envy not my neighbor's trees,
To me it nothing matters
Whether in east or western breeze
His "dry-tongued laurel patters."
Me too the bays become; but still,
I sleep without narcotics,
Though he can bind his brows at will
With odorous exotics.

My neighbor, those for whom you shine
Magnificent assert you;
Extol your wisdom and your wine—
Your venison and your virtue;
So be it. Still for me the gorseWill blaze about the thicket;
The Common's purblind pauper horse
Will peer across my wicket;

For me the geese will thread the furze,
In hissing file, to follow
The tinker's sputtering wheel that whirs
Across the breezy hollow;
And look, where smoke of gipsy huts
Curls blue against the bushes,
That little copse is famed for nuts,
For nightingales and thrushes!

But hark! I hear my neighbor's drums!

Some dreary deputation

Of Envy, or of Wonder, comes
In guise of adulation.

Poor neighbor! Though you like the tune,
One little pinch of care is
Enough to clog a whole balloon

Of aura popularis;

Not amulets, nor epiderm
As tough as armadillo's
Can shield you if Suspicion worm
Betwixt your easy pillows;
And, though on ortolans you sup,
Beside you shadowy sitters
Can pour in your ungenial cup
Unstimulating bitters.

Let Envy crave and misers save,
Let Folly ride her circuit;
I hold that, on this side the grave,
To find one's vein and work it,
To keep one's wants both fit and few,
To cringe to no condition,
To count a candid friend or two,
May bound a man's ambition.

Swell, South-wind, swell my neighbor's sails;
Fill, Fortune, fill his coffers;
If Fate has made his rôle the whale's,
And me the minnow's offers;
I am not sad that he is great,
He need not ask my pardon;
Beside his wall I cultivate—
I cultivate my garden.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

HARRIET G. HOSMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE confiding by Congress of the statue of Abraham Lincoln to the hands of Miss Vinnie Ream was unfortunate, not merely as securing a bad statue for the nation,the Capitol has so much bad statuary that a piece more or less could make little difference,-it was the implied assumption that when the American people would put into monumental marble a record of one of its greatest and most illustrious men, no American could be found better fitted for the task than an inexperienced girl, utterly unknown to the arts, and scarcely known at all outside of the Washington lobby. This it is that mingled such gall with the criticism which Miss Ream's work encountered, and how far it is from truth may be shown by the mention of Miss HARRIET G. Hosmer. Here is an artist who is a woman, if that is what we want, who has won for herself a leading place among contemporary sculptors, and who with Hiram Powers has brought imperishable honor upon American art; her name is known and her talents respected everywhere, yet in our National Congress there was no one cultured enough to appreciate her claims, and at the same time strong enough to urge them.

It is not our purpose, however, to reopen a humiliating question whose moral has already been pointed. It is more pleasant to contemplate the actual achievements of American art, and no nobler or more brilliant record of them can be found than in the career of Miss Hosmer.

HARRIET G. HOSMER was born in Waterbury, Mass., on the 9th of Oct., 1830. She was the daughter of an eminent physician of that town, who had lost his wife and only other child by consumption, and who made the preservation of health the first consideration in her early training. Her childhood and youth were spent in occupations and pursuits more like those of a boy than of the conventional young lady; she is said to have been expelled from one school, and pronounced incorrigible at another, and it was not until she was placed in the celebrated school of Mrs. Sedgwick, at Lenox, that her bold and turbulent nature was successfully restrained. Restrained, but not eradicated; for the fearless, high-spirited girl has developed into the equally fearless, high-spirited and unconventional woman, whose "eccentricities" have for years been the standing wonder of the Romans.

She was in her sixteenth year when she entered this school, and she remained there three years. "When in her nine-teenth year," says a recent biographer, "she returned to Watertown, much improved by the wise directions given to her energies, and her early predilections ripened with a purpose to make sculpture a pursuit. She had a thought—she must make it a thing." Having this end in view, and her father consenting, she entered the studio of Mr. Stephenson, in Boston, for lessons in drawing and modelling, and subsequently, in order to perfect herself in anatomy, went to St. Louis to take advantage of the consent of the medical college there to admit female students. Here she went through the regular college course, receiving a diploma for her attainments; and the immense value of the knowledge thus acquired has shown itself in all her subsequent work.

Returning to Watertown, Dr. Hosmer fitted up a studio for her in his garden, and there she produced her first works in marble,—a reduced copy of Canova's bust of Napoleon, and an ideal work, Hesper. Hesper was much praised at the time, and on its completion Miss Hosmer resolved to carry out at once the one aspiration of

all artists-namely, to go to Rome. This was "Puck," an exquisitely humorous litfortunate enough to obtain a place as pupil, and a favorite one, in the studio of the renowned John Gibson, and spent her first months in modelling from the antique. Her first original work in Rome was a bust of Daphne, and another one of Medusa, both of which were completed in 1853.

In the summer of 1852 she finished her first full-length figure in marble,—a statue of the nymph Œnone. This was ordered by her friend Wayland Crow, Esq., of St. Louis, and gave so much satisfaction that she at once received a commission to execute a similar work for the Mercantile Library at St. Louis. This commission was filled two years later by a life-size statue of Beatrice Cenci, representing the maiden lying in her cell after the torture had been applied, and just before her execution.

Both these statues are very beautiful, the latter especially, showing a high order of creative talent, and both have been cordially admired. In them are already conspicuous the qualities which have characterized all her later work: clearly conceived ideas, marked simplicity, and directness in working them out, unfailing perception of the just limitations of her art, and a thorough knowledge of all its mechanical possibilities.

Miss Hosmer's next work, designed under the pressure of pecuniary wants,

resolution was intensified and fixed by an tle figure based on Shakespeare's descripacquaintance with Miss Charlotte Cush- tion of the fairy. This was finished in 1855, man, and in the winter of 1852, accompa- and from that time patronage has been nied by her father, she reached "the ample and success assured. We can do Eternal City." There Miss Hosmer was no more here than give a list of her subsequent works, most of which are sufficiently well known to need no comments. They are, "a mortuary monument" in the church of San Andrew del Fratte at Rome; "Will-o'-the-wisp;" a noble statue of "Zenobia:" a bronze statue of heroic size of Col. Thomas Hart Benton, which now stands in Lafayette Park, St. Louis, and which has been pronounced by an able critic "the best specimen of monumental statuary in America;" the "Sleeping Faun," and a companion "Waking Faun;" a statue of a drowned girl, illustrating Hood's Bridge of Sighs; several designs for gateways, fountains, and chimney-pieces; and grandest of all, though not yet carried out, a design for the "Freedmen's Monument to Lincoln."

Miss Hosmer is yet in the prime of life, being scarcely forty years old, and we may hope that many more will be added to the above list before the final record of her work is made up. Her studio is said to be the most beautiful in Rome, and she occupies a leading position in the art society of the Eternal City. This studio and its owner are the most fruitful theme of the gossip-mongers who now infest Italy, and for particulars of Miss Hosmer's present work and life we may refer our readers to the next non-political letter they may happen to see dated from Rome.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Around a Spring. By GUSTAVE DROZ. New York: Holt & Williams.

FOR genuine Summer-reading,—reading which is interesting without being too stimulative either of thought or emotion, and which can be com-menced, laid aside, or re-read at any time, we advise all our readers to get "Around a Spring." It is a translation from the French (Autour d'une Source), and in it will be found most of those characteristics which mark the better class of French fiction, and which, in spite of a decided tinge of voluptuousness, and a cool, cynical analysis of human motives, will give it a strong hold upon posterity. In it, too, may be found those features which distinguish French fiction from English novels of the same class. Even in the best of these latter, there is a lavishness of substance and of color which is almost barbaric in its affluence, everything is given in its minutest details,

and a chart of each character is furnished at the start so that there shall be no possibility of mistake. In M. Droz, on the other hand, we have a good example of the exquisite finish and precision of French literary art, and of that gradual evolution of character which is part of its method. "Around a Spring," for instance, is a story of the way in which the curé of Grand Fort, a simple, sincere, earnest, and unsophisticated man, is entangled and ruined, and his work undone, by some selfish schemers from Paris who intrude upon his quiet village in the mountains; yet the chief in-terest of the story lies in the curé's character which is so gradually developed before us, that our study is not whether it is consistent with a "key" which the author has previously furnished us, but whether each new step accords with what has gone before, and with the general impression made upon our minds. This, no doubt, is nature's me

thod, and it is followed not only in portraying character but in the scenery and general framework of the novel. M. Droz is an artist, a keen analyst of those motives which give individuality and coherence to human actions, and moreover a most graceful and charming story-teller. Several of his novels are announced by Mesrs. Holt & Williams and will no doubt be cordially welcomed by the public.

The Erckman-Chatrian Novels. A New Edition. New York: Scribner & Co.

OF all the novels "written with a purpose," those of the famous literary firm of Erckman-Chatrian are probably the most effective as they certainly stand in the front rank as works of art. Millions of copies of them have been sold in France during the past twenty years, and they have done more doubtless than any other agency in exposing the sham of the First Empire, the essential hollowsnan of the Fish Emilitary glory, and in show-ing what war, stripped of its "pomp and circum-stance," really means. The unanimity with which stance," really means. the French people rushed into the recent war at the beck of blundering politicians was no doubt very discouraging to those who would fain believe that the mission of these novels had been fulfilled; but such an influence must in the nature of things make itself felt in time, and one of the most healthful symptoms that France has manifested since the war is the demand for them, which is said to be as great now as ever. Such scenes as are presented in "The Conscript" and "The Blockade of Phalsburg" must have a profound effect, read in the lurid light of the recent experiences and present condition of the large majority of the French people; and the lessons which they teach will not be lost.

These novels, however, have already been reviewed at length in the ECLECTIC, and one of them, "The Blockade of Phalsburg," was translated for and first appeared in our pages. The new edition of Messrs. Scribner & Co. embraces them all, and the low price at which it is issued ought to make MM. Erckman-Chatrian as popular in America as they are in France. We commend them especially to those who have been raised in the ignorant belief that "French novels" are of necessity prurient and demoralizing. No purer, more earnest, or more wholesome stories were ever written than these of which we have spoken, and few which, founded upon temporary and local incidents, have awakened such general and permanent interest.

Reminiscences of Fifty Years.—By MARK BOYD. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Boyd is a bore, and a bore of such magnitude as could only be developed by fifty years of persistent dining out and "agitation" of popular questions. Some of his reminiscences are interesting merely by reason of the names with which they are associated, others contain feeble hints that a good aneedote may really lie hidden in the verbiage; but by far the larger number are without point, reason, or interest, and seem to have been written with the sole purpose of proclaiming that Mr. Boyd or his family has enjoyed personal intercourse with certain high and mighty personages. It is really amusing to read some of the stuff which Mr Boyd perpetrates under savory

headings, and then speculate upon the character of mind which a person must have who believes that the public can be brought to feel an interest in it. Also to speculate upon how many of these "reminiscences" one could listen to in an evening without drinking himself into imbecility in sheer self-defence.

Sidney Smith said that no Scotchman could get a joke into his head without a surgical operation. In Mr. Boyd we have one who has succeeded apparently in getting several into his head, but the period of life at which he has published this book precludes the hope that, through the medium of the pen, he will ever be able to get them out. When above all things spirited and pointed language is requisite, his phraseology is as stilted, lumbering, and elaborate as that of a legal treatise. It is seldom that we have so conspicuous an illustration of how effectually words may drown ideas, or of how dull a man may be who has associated with famous men.

The Historical Reader. By John J. Anderson, A.M. New York: Clark & Maynard.

THE plan upon which this Reader is compiled seems to us an excellent one, and likely if introduced in the schools to impart a new interest to the study of history. It substitutes for the brief, disconnected, and usually rhetorical "extracts" found in the ordinary text-books, "Selections from standard writers of Ancient and Modern History, interspersed with illustrative passages from British and American poets," These selections are arranged chronologically, and divided into "American History," "English, Scottish, and French History," and "Miscellaneous History." They represent most of the leading historians, ancient and modern, especially those of England and America; and give the student a vivid and tolerably connected general outline of the whole course of history, together with such details of important events as are likely to impress them on the youthful mind. Besides the selections, there are, to quote from the title page, "Explanatory observations, notes, &c., to which are added a Vocabulary of Difficult Words, and Biographical and Geographical Indexes."

The volume as a whole is a marked improvement, both in plan and execution, on the ordinary compilation, and will no doubt increase the reputation which Mr. Anderson has already made as one of the most thoughtful students of the practical needs of our educators.

New York Illustrated, New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A NEW edition of this admirable hand-book gives us an opportunity of saying a few words of commendation. It is as serviceable as any other of the numerous "guides" to the city, and is incomparably handsomer and more suggestive: Choice wood-cuts of the parks, churches, principal public buildings, &c., embellish its pages, the accompanying text is accurate and readable, and handsome type with fine paper invite the reader's perusal. Nothing so artistic and attractive of its kind has yet been issued, and even for those who cannot make a visit, it is likely to satisfy (or perhaps stimulate) a good deal of the curiosity about the great metropolis.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Livy's History of Rome. Literally translated by D. Spellman, A.M.M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 2 vols. 12mo, cloth, pp. 747, 725. Price \$3.00

Olive. A Novel. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 428. Price \$1.50.

Sophocles. Greek Text. New York: Harper & Bros. 18mo, cloth, pp. 340. Price 75 cents.

Her Lord and Master. A Tale. By Florence Marryatt. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. paper, pp. 117. Price 50 cents.

Route of a Month's Tour through the Alps of Switzerland. By Prof. JAMES D. DANA. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co. 12mo, paper, pp. 11. Price 25 cents.

Pickwick Papers. By CHARLES DICKENS. A New Edition with Portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 326. Price 75 cents.

Marquis and Merchant, A Novel. By MORTIMER COLLINS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 167. Price 50 cents.

German Conversation Tables. A New Method of Teaching German in Classes, By Augustus Lodeman. New York: Holt & Williams, 16mo, boards, pp. 36. Price 40 cents.

Won-Not Wooed. A Novel. By the Author of "Bred in the Bone" &c., &c. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 131. Price 50 cents.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A National Library is to be established in the State of Nicaragua, Central America.

The Circulation of newspapers in Great Britain has increased from forty-five millions in 1831 to seven hundred millions in 1870.

Dr. John Henry Newman has re-written his History of Arianism, and a new edition comprising these changes will soon be issued.

The Coming Race, a novel of the future, which has excited much interest in England, is generally attributed to Mr. Laurence Oliphant.

Among other Indian languages which are being brought under print in the United States are the Dakota, of which we have a primer and a spellingbook, and the Ponape.

A Critic in the Academy declares George Sand's last novelette in the Revue de Deux Mondes "as melancholy a production as ever signalized the decadence of a nation or a writer."

The honorary degree of D. C. L. has been conferred upon M. Henri Taine by the University of Oxford, at which he is now delivering a series of lectures on the French Literature of the 18th Century.

The Phænix, the magazine for Chinese and Japanese, published in London, is now giving, besides a course of Chinese novels, a translation of a Japanese novel, on account of the attention that has been excited by Japanese tales.

Mr. Furnivall claims to have settled what was Chaucer's first poem, and what was the succession of his first four, namely: 1, "The Compleynte to Pite"; 2, "The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse"; 3, "The Parlament of Foules"; 4, "The Compleynt of Mars."

It is rumored that Prof. Yowett intends, in course of time, to publish a volume supplementary to his translation of Plato, in which he will discuss at length the question of the genuineness of the Platonic dialogues, and other points that he was unable to treat of within the limits of his recent work.

A new weekly newspaper, the Journal des Annexés, is published at Brussels, and is shortly to be brought out daily. The editor is M. E. Vacca, formerly editor of the Indépendant de la Moselle, and the object of the new paper is to defend the interests and make known the wants of those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who, owing to the cession of their country to Prussia, have determined to emigrate, and to settle in Belgium or France.

The Dublin Evening Mail announces the discovery of what is said to be the first Runic inscription ever found in Ireland. The discovery was made at the opening of a tumulus on the estate of Lord Rathdonnell, at Gernon's Town, County Louth. Among the objects which were brought to light was a bronze sword, which bore the inscription in Runic characters, interpreted as meaning "Tomri of Solshoff owns this sword." Readers of Irish history will remember that Tomri, or Tomar, was the name also of the owner of that "collar of gold" which Moore says Malachi "won from the proud invader." The sword has been sent to Copenhagen for further examination of the Runic characters.

Mr. Scott, of the British Museum, informs us that he has discovered, in a MS. tract on "The Excellency of the English Tongue," penned circ. 1590, by Richard Carew of Antony, Esq., and addressed to William Camden, then Head Master of Westminster Grammar School, a mention of Shakespeare. The passage runs—"Will you read Virgil, take the Earl of Surrey, Catullus, Shakespheare." The tract has been already printed in Camden's "Remains." It is singular that the passage should have hitherto been overlooked by Shakespearean critics, as it is, undoubtedly, an earlier notice of Shakespeare as a poet, without any allusion to his plays, than any mentioned by his biographers.—Athenaum.

New Edition of the Koran.—M. Aristide Fanton, a member of the French Bar, now residing at Constantinople, has recently come into possession of a singularly valuable MS. of the Koran, and has had it reproduced in phototype in England for the Mohammedan book market. The fac-simile thus obtained is very beautiful, and will, we have no doubt, be eagerly purchased by the adherents of Islam throughout the world. The MS. from which it is taken is one of six copies

written about 180 years ago by a renowned Turkish scribe, named Haffiz Osman. Of these six copies, one is in the possession of the Sultan, another belongs to Prince Mustapha, a third to the Khedive, a fourth to the Emir of Bokhara; and a fifth to M. Fanton. The ownership of the sixth has not been ascertained.

The most ambitious of the many volumes of verses inspired by the military triumphs of Germany (Das Lied vom neuen Deutschen Reich, a series of 500 sonnets by Oscar Redwitz) has been fortunate in calling forth letters of acknowledgment to the author from Bismarck and von Moltke, the principal themes of his muse. The former writes in a conventional and diplomatic style; but the aged general appears sincerely to envy the laurels of the great men in the past who owed nothing to these extraneous causes "chance, fortune, fate, or'the divine ordinance," by the help of which the German army worked its miracles. It was on this ground he deprecates the excessive praise addressed to him, in a few sentences which may be read with more interest than the poem which suggested them. One sonnet or two on contemporary politics might pass muster, but 500 is too many.

Some Literature of the Franco-German War. Amongst recent French publications on different subjects connected with the Franco-German war are "Le Blocus de Metz en 1870," published by the Municipal Council of Metz. Three interesting the Municipal Council of Metz. Three interesting and detailed reports form an introduction to the work: the first, by M. Prost, gives a general summary of the events; the second, by M. Justin Worms, is on the means adopted with reference to provisions; the third, by M. Emile Michel, gives an account of the ambulances and of the assistance rendered by the women of Metz. The "Histoire de l'Armée de Chalons, Campagne de Sedan," by a volunteer of the Army of the Rhine, which has reached a second edition, gives a very impartial account of the events, and will live longer than the majority of pamphlets on the subject. The "Tablettes d'un Mobile, Journal His-torique et Anecdotique du Siège de Paris," by MM. L. de Villiers and M. G. de Targes, is a very interesting story of Paris during the siege, told with all the events and anecdotes as they occurred day by day.

History of the Idyll,-A suggestive essay on the history of the Idyll in Antiquity and the Middle Ages occurs in a late number of Gosche's Archiv für Literaturgeschichte. The origin of this species of poetry is to be referred, not to the simple, but to an over-refined state of society. a transition period in the development of a people occurs, the feeling of despondency and doubt which it causes makes thoughtful men take refuge in the contemplation of nature. But nature unassociated with man is soon felt to be a wilderness, and accordingly for purposes of art it is peopled with the figures most akin to it, the shepherd and the fisherman, Hence arises the Idyll, which therefore generally implies the idea of contrast, and that contrast unfavorable to the writers' own time. Thus in Hebrew literature, though it would be a mistake to exclude the story of Hagar and Ishmael, or that of Ruth, from the class of idylls because of their simple truthful character,

yet the term is more rightly applied to the descriptions in the Song of Solomon, which were written from this more advanced and more critical point of view, and are a protest of fresh nature against artificial splendor, and of simple feeling against re-fined sensuality. Similarly in India, notwithstanding the idyllic episodes and descriptions of nature that are found in the earlier poems, it is in the writings of Kalidasa, who flourished probably about the Christian era, and consequently at a time when Indian culture had reached a high point, that the true idyllic treatment first appears. From his time almost to the present day the same feature is found in that literature at different periods; but always artistic, and usually as the work of a self-conscious With the exception of Solomon's Song, and one Indian poem-the Gitagovinda of Jayadevathe form of poem which we term idyll is not found in Eastern literature. The Alexandrian age, in which idyllid poetry, as a distinct branch of literature, really took its rise, corresponds in its features to those just mentioned. The greatness of Theocritus consisted in his combining three elements which had existed separately in Greek poetry before -feeling for nature in Homer, realistic descriptions of character in the Comedians, and emotion in the Tragedians. Virgil again is the representative of a period of mental unrest. By the time the Idyll has passed into his hands, it has become more rhetorical and more sentimental: he introduced allegory into it-an element, the influence of which became permanent at the revival of letters. Idyllic episodes may be found in the writings of other Latin poets, especially Ausonius, but almost the only real idylls that are found in classical literature after Virgil are the Moretum-wrongly attributed to him and far more Theocritean in tone than any of his compositions; and the "romance" of Da-phnis and Chloe by Longos, which may almost be said to bridge the gulf between the ancient and The rest of the essay is devoted modern world. to an account of the rise of the village-tale in Germany, the peculiar character of which is determined by the village-life, which forms so essential an element in the history of German civilization. Especial attention is drawn to the early story of Ruodlieb, thoroughly German in tone, though in a Latin garb; and to that of Helmbrecht in the 13th century, in which the same features are found: with these is classed the early English story of Phyllis and Flora. From this literature we turn to its counterpart, though with numerous points of contrast, the "Pastourelle" of North France, and the "Pastourene" of North France, and the "Pastoreta" of Provence, in which the injurious influence of the Virgilian allegory shows itself at an early period. Finally, the decline in tone of this literature, both in Germany and France, towards the close of the Middle Ages, is pointed out, owing to the contempt with which the peasants had come to be regarded.

SCIENCE.

A New Heat Measurer.—It is known to electricians that the resistance of a conductor is increased by elevation of its temperature. Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., takes advantage of this fact to construct a pyrometer by which to measure the temperature of a furnace. The pyrometer (heatmeasurer), in this instance, is a small cylinder of

platinum, to which long wires are attached. The cylinder is placed in the middle of a furnace, where it becomes of the same temperature as all that surrounds it; and the amount of this temperature is recorded by a voltameter outside the furnace, to which the wires are fastened. The length of wire is unimportant; so that a manufacturer may, if he pleases, have in his office indications of the heat of a furnace at a distance of a mile or more

The Best Way of Transmitting Power by Means of Leather Belts .- The experiments made in the United States, with a view to discover the best way of transmitting power by means of leather belts, have led to the conclusion, that the effectual way to prevent the slipping of the belts is to cover the pulleys with leather. From this, it would appear that leather on leather offers a certain steadiness, and with the further advantage that the belt does not fly off, and wears out less rapidly than when it runs on iron or wood. It is found in practice in a spinning-factory, that a belt running on leather will produce a thread free from knots, and of much greater length, within a given time, than when running (and slipping) on an iron pulley. And we learn that in a steam-mill with five run of mill-stones, each set ground twentyseven bushels a day after the pulleys were covered with leather, being from three to four bushels more each day than before. In paper-mills and sugarmills, equally satisfactory results have been obtained; and we may conclude that pulleys covered with leather are best under all circumstances, even where belts or ropes of wire are used.

One of Darwin's Theories Refuted .- In a paper read at the Royal Society, Mr. Francis Galton gave an account of experiments he had made to test Mr. Darwin's theory of pangenesisa theory put forward to explain the numerous phenomena allied to simple reproduction, such as reversion, growth, and repair of injuries. The principal points of this theory are, that each one of the myriad cells in every living body is, to a great extent, an independent organism, and that this organism throws "gemmules" into the circulation, where they swarm, waiting opportunity for further development. If this be true, the differences among animals of the same species are due to differences of blood; and if the blood of one variety be transfused into the veins of another, signs of mongrelism should in due time appear in the offspring of the one that had received the alien blood. Mr. Galton experimented on rabbits, choosing the silver-gray, a pure variety; and into their veins he transfused the blood of other varieties; and though he worked at his self-imposed task with patience and skill for more than year, he arrived at no result favorable to the Darwinian theory. About six score young rabbits were produced, and not one showed signs of departure from the silver-gray. Cross circulation, as well as transfusion, was tried; but the silvergray still remained a pure silver-gray. Hereupon, Mr. Galton says: "The conclusion from this large series of experiments is not to be avoided, namely, that the doctrine of pangenesis, pure and simple, is incorrect."

Sun-spots and the Aurora.—A German physicist, Mr. Fritz, after long investigation of the

subject, concludes that the connection between sun-spots and auroral and magnetic disturbances indicates some cause or action external to the sun; and this he finds in the positions, or, as astronomer's say, the "configurations" of the planets. The planetary influence he places in the following order: Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, Earth, Saturn; but their magnetism, as well as their position, has something to do with the phenomena of sun-spots. As a rule, there will be most spots when Jupiter and Saturn are in quadrature, and fewest when those planets are in conjunction. As regards the auroras, Mr. Fritz is of opinion that there is a monthly maximum occurring every twenty-seven and a quarter days, and that this is dependent on the presence of a planet between Mercury and the sun, which has not yet been discovered.

Spitzbergen and East Greenland. - In the fifth part of Petermann's Mittheilungen for this year there appears an original map of East Spitzbergen, based on the astronomical observations of the Swedish expedition under Nordenskjöld and Dunér, but amplified and extended by the surveys made by Thomas von Heughlin during his journey in the months of July, August, and September of 1870. Barento and Edge Island, or Stans Fore-land, assume a completely new aspect upon this map, as does also the mountainous unvisited land in the East, named King Charles Land, after his Majesty the King of Würtemberg, seen by Heuglin from Spitzbergen. The map is accompanied by a complete description of the topography of the newly-explored coasts. This part also contains the completion of an essay by Lieut. Julius Payer, who accompanied the second German polar expedition, on the orography of the interior of Greenland and its glaciers, on the sledge journey northward to the 77th parallel, the most northerly point ever reached on this side of Greenland, and the discovery of the great Franz Josef fjord. A provisional map shows the extent of the new coast-The most complete account of the second German voyage is that published by the Bremen North Polar Committee, which comprises a number of papers by the different members of the expedition on the additions made to the physical geography of the region, the nature of the sea bed between the 73d and 75th parallels of north latitude, and on the climate, vegetation, and animal life of East Greenland. Among the discoveries life of East Greenland. Among the discoveries made by the Germans is the fact that the same musk oxen which are so plentiful in Arctic North America appear also in East Greenland, though they are unknown on the west coast; and great interest is raised by the report of numerous dwellings, implements, and graves, the signs of a former native population in these far northern regions.

Discovery of Actual Glaciers on the Mountains of Northern California.—The recent geological surveys instituted by the United States Government have added greatly to our knowledge of the Central and Western States, both as to their physical geography and geology. Prof. Whitney and his assistants have developed in the Sierra Nevada a glacier system as extensive and vast as that of the Alps; but no traces of existing glaciers were seen, only one or two rudimentary masses of ice and fields of perpetual névé. In an expedition to Mount Shasta, Northern California,

in September last, Mr. Clarence King, United States geologist, discovered between the main mass of Shasta and the lesser Shasta a deep gorge through which flows a glacier about 4,000 feet in width and above three miles in length. It commences almost at the crest of the main mountain, which is 14,440 feet above the sea. From this crest three glaciers were seen, one being four miles and a half in length and from two to three miles broad. No glaciers or snow were seen on the south side, the northern snowy and the southern snowless slopes being divided by an east and west line. On the snowless side of the mountain, at a height of 8,000 feet, a great terrace occurs nearly 3,000 feet in width, entirely composed of moraine matter. The glaciers of Mount Tachoma or Rainier (an extinct volcanic cone) form the sources of four rivers in Washington Territory. The sides for 2,000 feet are covered with an immense sheet of white granular ice, broken by crevasses; lower still the ice-sheet is divided by rock-masses into ice-cascades for 3,000 feet, some of which nearly approach the perpendicular; from the foot flow true glaciers. Many of these glaciers are almost hidden beneath the masses of moraine matter which are heaped upon their backs. largest glacier of all is that of the White River, which flows out of the crater of Tachoma, extend-ing at least ten miles, being five broad on the mountain, and a mile and a half at its lower ex-The thickness of rock removed by the action of this glacier is not less than a mile, or about one-third of the entire mass of the mountain. It has two principal moraines with ridges and peaks nearly 100 feet high, Another extinct crater, that of Mount Hood, supplies from its snow and ice basin, which is half a mile in width, matter for three distinct glaciers, one of which descends 500 feet below the level of timber trees upon the slopes of the mountain. Great as are these existing glaciers they are but the remnants of a far mightier system which has carved and fashioned this great backbone of the American continent from a very remote period, and once extended, like that of the Swiss Alps, far and wide into the valleys themselves, carving out there as in Switzerland the great lake-basins which form so striking a feature in the physical geography of both regions.

The Physiology of Mind in the Lower Animals.—A paper with the above title appears in the last number of the Journal of Mental Science written by Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay, and containing many points of interest. Dr. Lindsay remarks that comparative physiology, or the science of mind, in all classes of animals, including man, and in the lower animals specially, as contrasted with man, is almost entirely unknown and unstudied in this country. Physicians and metaphysicians, philosophers and others, who have studied the mind, have confined themselves to its phenomena as exhibited in man, or, in other words, to an analysis of the most complex form of mind; hence the belief at the present day by many highly educated men, that the lower animals do not possess mind at all, all their mental phenomena being attributed to the operations of the convenient faculty termed instinct. He thinks that to bring about the substitution of a better state of things we must first become ashamed alike of our ignorance

and our prejudice, unlearn much that we have already learned in human psychology, and begin our studies on mind with its genesis or rudiments in the simplest forms of animals, tracing its gradual progress from simplicity to complexity. He then proceeds to give a series of illustrations (well deserving of perusal) of the mental endowments of animals, including their natural disposition or character, their acquired disposition, their emotions, their self-control, their moral sense, memory, observation, imitation, stratagem, will, imagination, abstraction, understanding, reflection and reasoning, actuation and motive, adaptation of means to an end, skill, arts, wars, education, &c. The general result of his own investigations is the conviction that certain of the lower animals possess mind of the same nature as that of man; that there is no mental attribute peculiarly or characteristically human; and that there is, therefore, no essential mental distinction between man and other animals.

ART.

Dubuffe's Prodigal Son.—Mr. J. C. Derby, taking advantage of the war, has secured another invoice of fine pictures in Europe and brought them to this country. Among those brought over last month is the immense canvas of Dubuffe called The Prodigal Son, which is described as

follows by the Tribune:

"It belongs to that great school of dramatic compositions of which the most famous exemplars among the old masters are those superb Suppers and Marriages of Paul Veronese, and the grand Adorations of Rubens, and of which one of the most noted specimens in modern times has been that incomparable Rome dans la Decadence of Couture, which was enough in itself to secure the prayers of the civilized world for the safety of the Luxembourg. It is a broad and brilliant work, full of blazing light and color, theatrical, in the good sense and not in the bad, for without being false or affected it labors to present with the greatest splendor of arrangement and decoration the full thought of the artist. The scene is the portico of a vast and noble palace in the East. The time is when you like. The artist has refused to be slavishly bound by any restraints of costume or local color. The dresses are mostly of that rich and graceful fashion of the renaissance, not that the painter cares especially for historical keeping, but simply because the wit of man has not yet devised anything more artistic in wealth of color than the dress of those days. There was but one moment when people dressed better, and that was the age of Phidias, when form was worshipped and color kept in subjection-or perhaps to-day, when form and color are alike despised, and men dress to save time and get readily into omnibuses. Still, no one can look at a picture like this without being grateful for the tailors and gallants of a more beautiful age. The most brilliant point of light in the picture is, as it should be, the Prodigal in his glory. He stands attired in a rich, warm drapery of scarlet, on the marble steps of the stately porch, the centre of a group of superb revelers. At his left a fair-haired woman leans forward, perusing his face with eyes of passionate earnestness, and on the right a riper

beauty is wooing him, with head thrown back and hands clasping his in the abandon of the revel. He holds in his raised hand a cup of wine. His dark and beautiful face is but slightly flushed, He is too much of an artist to be overcome by the wild debauch. He is looking forward dreamily at the group before him, where a poet is reading his verses amid a garland of girls, and further away a group of Oriental dancers are twined in the mazy measures of the East, At the extreme right a trio of gamblers are throwing dice. A rich warm light is poured over the scene, heightening every salient point and softening all the shadows. A great city lies basking in the distance and doves are making love in the high arches of the portico. It is as fine a picture as was ever drawn of the Pride of Life—the joy of mere material existence. It is the debauch of a poet and a gentlemanmaterial paradise beyond the reach of the richest of stock-brokers. There are in the picture the representatives of the lower forms of pleasure. In the background on the right there are men who are grossly drunk. The young gambler in the foreground who is winning the old one's money, to his dismay and his doxy's fury, is as coarse a blackleg as you could find in Nachez-under-the-Hill. Even the dancers, in whose lithe limbs the very poetry of living is seen, are mere animals doing their day's work in an artistic way. But to the Prodigal himself, as to the artist and the spectator, the scene is the representation of all that the worship of the senses can give of beauty and of magnificence to life. In the severe and ascetic drawings to the right and left of this revel of color and form, you see what a life leads to which is devoted to the mere gratification of the senses, to the mere cultivation of the artistic, and the neglect of the moral faculties. In the one, the Prodigal is herding swine under a cloudy sky full of carrion-birds. In the other he is returning home in his rags and remorse. Because he was unmindful, in his pride of youth, of something better than art and pleasure, he was brought down to the companionship of beasts. But the germ of good that lay in his sense of art made repentance possible, and acceptation by the Father.'

What Art Suffered from the Communists .list of the buildings ravaged in the course of the late disastrous events in Paris, as present opportunities permit us to make it, will be the fittest record we can give of the catastrophe. It is fortunate that the greater portion of the most precious contents of the Louvre, including the works of Raphael, Da Vinci, Titian, Mantegna, P. Veronese, Correggio, Murillo, Rubens, Claude, Vandyck, and the Dutch masters, were removed to Brest, out of the way of enemies' shot, shell, and fire. The pictures by later French artists were retained in Paris. If the pictures in the Luxembourg followed those of the Old Masters, they are safe. Of buildings destroyed and injured there are ac-counts of the under-named. The great columns in front of the Madeleine are much damaged; likewise the statues in the Place de la Concorde, some of which are described as lying on the ground headless and armless. The greater part of the Tuileries is gone, and the rest of that superb range of palaces is woefully injured. The Hôtel de Ville is burnt to a mere shell; also a portion of the Palais Royal. Of the Louvre building, thanks to General Douai, not much has been injured. The Palais de Justice appears not to have suffered, as was at first reported; nor has the Sainte Chapelle. The Ministry of Finance is gone, with the Palais d'Orsay. The Church of St. Sulpice is destroyed. The Sorbonne Library, of 80,000 volumes, and that of the Louvre, are burnt. The Hospital of the Val de Grâce is destroyed; also the Theatres Lyrique and of the Châtelet; a tower of the Courmayeur is lost to us, with the turrets of the Church of St. Eustache, and the Grenier d'Abondance. Great damage has been done to the works in the manufactory of the Gobelins. Not a house is intact in the Rue de Rivoli; the greater portion of the Quartier St, Germain and the whole of the Rue de Bac are in ashes; the Rue Royale is a heap of débris.

Some Artists' Blunders .- Tintoretto, an Italian painter, in a picture of the children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns, Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour; and, as aged men in these days wear spectacles, the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookerson are represented standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather to exceed this ludicrons representation, Dürer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the Child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch's "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scriptures inform us, he is represented as using a more effectual and modern instrument; he is holding to Isaac's head a blunderbuss. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listen-ing to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine. A French artist has drawn with true French taste the Lord's Supwith the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

The Arts and the Puritans.—Charles the First is one of the very few English, monarchs to whom the arts may be considered as under an obligation. The price of pictures, we are told, rose to double their value in his reign, in consequence of the competition between Charles and Philip the Fourth of Spain, another royal collector. Through the agency of Rubens, the celebrated cartoons of Raffaelle were transferred from Flanders to England; while, at the cost of £18,000, Charles purchased the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, considered the finest in Europe. In the palace of Whitehall alone—and it must not be forgotten that the King had eighteen other palaces—were

twenty-eight pictures by Titian, eleven by Correggio, sixteen by Julio Romano, nine by Raffaelle, four by Guido, and seven by Parmegiano, besides many exquisite works by Rubens and Vandyke. To the blind zeal of a puritanical Parliament we owe the dispersion of this glorious collection. Such pictures and statues as they chose to style superstitious were destroyed; the rest were ordered to be sold. The inventory, which was intrusted to the most ignorant appraisers, took a year in drawing up, and the collection three years in selling. Thus, to the disgrace of civilization, were dispersed, mutilated, or destroyed, the splendid effects, the gems and antiquities, the costly statue galleries, the unique cabinet of Charles the First, the delight of his leisure hours, and the envy of Europe.

The Roman Catacombs .- In the Contemporary Review for May, Dr. Mommsen gives a notice of "the Catacombs," pointing out that they are neither old quarries nor secret works of the early. Christians, nor against the law. Burial clubs were especially favored at Rome, and it was merely necessary for persons favorable to Christianity to obtain possession of the ground above. The oldestis the one now attributed (but not conclusively) to Domitilla. If hers, then a granddaughter of Vespasian founded a Christian cemetery in Rome before the year 95 of our era. The catacomb of Callistus, founded about 200, was the burial place of the Roman bishops during the greater part of the third century, the epitaphs being still all in Greek, showing who formed the preponderating element in the church; and in fact the early Latin fathers are all of Carthage, not of Rome. The earliest burials, like those of the heathen, had taken place in private ground. Even the Jewish burial places, at least in their own land, were but family graves. But the new idea of Christian union led to the united burial grounds, and these became places of devotion for the community; the grave became a cemetery, the cemetery a church. This system of burial ended with the siege of Rome by Alaric in

The Ruins of Fort Sumter.—At Room No. 45, Trinity Building, there is on exhibition a large picture about six feet by five, painted by Mr. Charles Gulager, a clerk in the office of the Adjutant General. This picture is called "The Ruins of Fort Sumter," and shows the battered old fort as it appeared after its bombardment and capture by the United States forces in 1864. The prospect is from the seaward side, looking in toward Charleston from the old anchorage of the blockading fleet. To the left is Sullivan's Island and several vessels of the fleet; to the right is a distant perspective of the long, low coast line; in the foreground is a waste of surging waters showing black under the clouds of a rising storm; and conspicuously in the centre rise the picturesque and moss-grown ruins of the famous old structure. The picture is well conceived and well executed, and will soon possess a definite historic value now that Fort Sumter is to be rebuilt.

Amateur art is not usually of a character to render it grateful to the critic, but Mr. Gulager is one of those gentlemen we occasionally meet in whom the artistic faculty and instincts have triumphed over the routine of office and the dull practicalities of business life.

The Cavour Monument,—Ernst Förster contributes to the supplement of the Allgemeine Zeitung for May 14th a very interesting account of the Cavour monument, nearly completed by the sculptor Dupré. It is a remarkable fact that Signor Dupré had been by personal prepossession a partisan of the grand-ducal regime, and an opponent of Italian unity. The composition of his monument is as follows: a square lower pedestal, with semicircular projections on two of its faces, and a polygonal upper pedestal surmounted by a sculptured group of Italy—an emblematical female figure—raised from the ground by Cavour. The lower pedestal is adorned with reliefs, scutcheons, and inscription, and sustains two colossal groups on the sides which have the projecting bay, and two colossal single figures on the plain sides. Of the groups, one is an allegory of "Politics," the other of "Independence;" the single figures are half reclining, and represent, one, "Strength," and the other "Duty."

Etruscan Antiquities.—A new museum was founded a short time ago in Florence for the reception of Etruscan antiquities, which until quite lately were not collected in any proper building specially devoted to the purpose, but were stowed away in nooks and passages of the Uffizii, where they were concealed from the public, rather than exposed to the public view. Many of the most precious Etruscan antiquities were being constantly carried out of the country until the Marchese Carlo Strozzi and Signor Gamurrini, with the assistance of the Marchese Gian Carlo Conestabile, determined to provide a proper receptacle for them. The new museum which has been added to the Egyptian museum was inaugurated in March, in the presence of the Minister of Public Instruction, Cesare Correnti, and speeches were delivered by Prof. Gennarrelli and Signor Gamurrini, who was elected Keeper of the Etruscan Antiquities.

VARIETIES.

The Serpent's Sagacity.-Toward the middle of the day, while I was travelling a little in advance of the party, I perceived, by the side of the road, a boa coiled up and apparently asleep. Our Indians were anxious to kill him, but I forbade their doing so. As the ground was open, and free from rocks and bushes, I was desirous of testing the sagacity of this serpent, of which I had heard so much, and ascertain how he would proceed to extricate himself from his perilous position, first he remained perfectly motionless, as if deliberating upon his course of action. Soon, however, he commenced crawling away backwards, his threatening head protecting his retreat. His neck, during the execution of this manœuvre, was much contracted, so that in case of danger he could dart it forward with the more force. Our dog endeavored to attack him at some unguarded point, but he could not evade the vigilant eye of the reptile, who throughout his retreat preserved his defensive attitude. Having reached the foot of a tree he slipped his tail into a hole in the ground, into which his body gradually glided, finally followed by his head, which so long as it was visible maintained its attitude of menace.—Travels in Central America. From the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morelet.

Work During Sleep.—Those cases in which the brain is hard at work during sleep, instead of being totally oblivious of everything, may be called either dreaming or sonnambulism, according to the mode in which the activity displays itself. Many of them are full of interest. Some men have done really hard mental work while asleep. Condorcet finished a train of calculations in his sleep which had much puzzled him during the day. In 1856 a collegian noticed the peculiarities of a fellow-student, who was rather stupid than otherwise during his waking hours, but who got through some excellent work in geometry and algebra during sleep. Condicilack and Franklin both worked correctly during some of their sleeping hours.

The work done partakes in many cases more of the nature of imaginative composition than of scientific calculation. Thus, a stanza of excellent verse is in print, which Sir John Herschel is said to have composed while asleep, and to have recollected when he awoke. Goethe often set down on paper, during the day, thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during sleep on the preceding night. A gentleman one night dreamed that he was playing an entire-ly new game of cards with three friends; when he awoke the structure and rules of the new game, as created in the dream, came one by one into his memory, and he found them so ingenious that he afterward frequently played the game. Cole-ridge is said to have composed his fragment of "Kubla Khan" during sloep. He had one even-ing been reading Purchas' Pilgrim; some of the romantic incidents struck his fancy; he went to sleep, and his busy brain composed "Kubla Khan," When he awoke in the morning, he wrote out what his mind had invented in sleep, until interrupted by a visitor, with whom he conversed for an hour on business matters; but, alas! he could never again recall the thread of the story, and thus "Kubla Khan" remains a frag-Dr. Good mentions the case of a gentleman who in his sleep composed an ode in six stanzas, and set it to music. Tartini, the celebrated Italian violinist, one night dreamed that the devil appeared to him, challenged him to a trial of skill on the fiddle, and played a piece wonderful for its beauty and difficulty; when Tartini woke, he could not remember the exact notes, but he could reproduce the general character of the music, which he did in a composition ever since known as the "Devil's Sonata." Lord Thurlow, when a youth at college, found himself, one evening, unable to finish a piece of Latin composition which he had undertaken; he went to bed full of the subject, fell asleep, finished his Latin in his sleep, remembered it next morning, and was compli-mented on the felicitous form which it presented.— All the Year Round.

The Culture of the Silkworm in Japan.—
The life of a silkworm, as a worm—that is, from its leaving the egg to forming the cocoon—lasts from forty to fifty days; during that time it has four periods of rest, known, nobody knows why, as the lion's, the falcon's, the boat's and the garden rest, when, for the space of from four to seven days, the worm stops feeding, and casts its

skin. Hatching-time varies according to the season, coming sometimes as early as the 20th of April, sometimes as late as the 5th of May. soon as the temperature is favorable, and the early leaves of the mulberry appear, the egg-cards, which have been hanging in paper-bags from the ceiling, are taken out, and suspended in a shady spot in the open air. The eggs darken, and during the night the little black worms emerge from them. The first-comers are either thrown away or left unnoticed until their numbers are swelled sufficiently, when they are brushed or shaken off the cards into small paper-covered wooden boxes Some breeders give them nothing to eat at this early stage; others chop up the buds of the Yotsume mulberry, and scatter them over the worms, after they have been sprinkled with sifted bran, to prevent them rolling themselves together in hard little balls. After a day or two, the silkworms are removed to straw mats covered with a layer of rice-husks; and as they increase in size, and require more mats, the latter are placed upon small tables, standing on legs six inches high, which are placed one upon another, to save room. After the second or third rest, the worms are put into bamboo trays, and these stowed away upon wallshelves, one above the other; care being taken to leave sufficient space between the top shelf and the roof to allow the noxious effluvia to ascend, without injuring the health of the worm, which it is likely to do, where such precaution is not ob-

Those who believe in the virtue of cleanliness are particular to take away all refuse; this is generally done by removing the worms with chopsticks; but a much better plan is to place nets, stretched on small frames, over the worms, and cover them with fresh leaves, to which the silkworms quickly climb, rendering their transference to clean trays an easy matter. At first, the mulberry leaves are chopped up fine, and doled out often in small quantities; but as the worms increase in size the food increases in coarseness, until, at last, whole branches are strewn over the trays. When the creatures are dull and heavy, a little saké and water is sprinkled over their food to stimulate their appetites. This is unnecessary just before the last rest, for then they eat greedily, and if not well supplied, take their revenge by making light cocoons. After the garden rest they cease feeding, shed their skin, and four or five days after that begin to form the cocoon. When this important time is at hand, the "mabushi" is made by arching split bamboos lengthways over the trays, and spreading twigs of rape, pine, or rice straw over the arches, until a thick bed is formed. When a worm deserts its leaf to go wandering about the border of its tray, it is a sure sign it is ready to spin; those ready, but not rambling, are detected by the transparent paleness of their skin. All such are transferred by the fingers of young girls to the mabushi, which, as soon as spinning has fairly set in, is covered with a mat and put upon a shelf for eight or ten days, by which time the twigs will be so firmly connected by the web spun by the worms, that the whole bed may be taken from the tray, doubled up, and hung from the ceiling-to remain there until those concerned have leisure to remove the cocoons.-Chambers's Journal.

English Census.—The general results of the English census of 1871 are as follows. The total population of England and Wales is 22,700,000, and of Ireland 5,400,000. Since the census of 1861 England and Wales have gained 2,700,000, while Ireland has lost nearly 400,000.

Loss of Life by Earthquakes.—Not long ago 60,000 people, it was estimated, were buried by the earthquake which destroyed Mendoza; 40,000 perished at Quito in 1797; 60,000 at Lisbon in 1755; 74,000 at Messina in 1692; 300,000 by two earthquakes at Antioch in the sixth and seventh centuries; 120,000 in Syria in the first century, and 50,000 in the same country upon another occasion; a catastrophe in Mexico carried off 10,000 persons; and one in Calabria, 40,000

Women and Politics.-We return therefore once more to the question, whether it is really desirable that women should be invited to take an sirable that women should be hivited to take active share in politics, and be exposed to the various influences of party agitation. The answer, we should say, is to be found by considering the actual condition and prospects of society. Women are at present in great measure excluded from Moreover, so far as we can see, they always will be so. Mr. Mill sometimes speaks almost as if, in the change which is taking place from "status to "contract," it will be merely a question of voluntary contract whether a human being should be a man or a woman. To our minds, the line of demarcation is likely to be permanent, and rests upon distinctions so wide and deep that it is a prima facie objection to any political theory that it fails to take them into account. We are unable to conceive any state of things as at all likely to exist for many generations to come in which women should not, on the whole, and as a general rule, find their main em-ployment in the family, and men in active life. One advantage is, that at present there is a certain division of labor; and that women exercise a great and healthy influence, precisely because they are elevated above much of the wearying and often degrading details of practical life. It is no small thing that half the human race should habitually take a purer and a more sentimental view of life than those who have to do the dirty work. It is well that women should not go through the process which comes to men, of being made coarse and vulgar in the struggle of hard business details, The reaction not merely between particular individuals, but between the two great divisions of humanity, is on the whole healthy, and tends to keep the atmosphere of society purer than it would otherwise be, We do not mean that the minds of women should not be more cultivated, and that more careers should not be opened for them than at present. On the contrary, it is a matter of primary importance that their education should be improved, and that fresh employments should be opened to them, though always with a due regard to the maintenance of certain essential safeguards to morality. It is their strong sense of the importance of this improvement which goes far to excuse even the extreme eccentricities of the advocates of women's rights. But when they forget the opposite side of the question, when they try to make men and women as like each other as possible, and to break down all distinct-

ions, and to assume that the family can take care of itself, we look upon them with suspicion. question of women's votes is, from this point of view, comparatively a small matter, except as in-dicating certain tendencies. Even if the franchise is conceded, the same reasons which make us dislike the change in many ways lead us to think that its practical importance may perhaps be small. It would seem, however, that the line between voting corresponds pretty fairly to that distinction between the proper functions of the two sexes which we have endeavored to indicate, and we should so far be sorry to see it broken down. It is the entire neglect of these considerations, and the implied assumption that they are nothing but sentimentality, which repels us in the orators on the other side. After all, even a slight and indirect injury to the traditions which guard feminine purity may be of incomparably more importance than the refusal or concession of a vote.day Review.

The Real Objection to Female Suffrage .- But our contention is this,—that admitting all this, and much more—that, for example, in refusing women the suffrage we may be wilfully diminishing our chances of evolving a political genius—the true point of the difficulty is not yet touched, that point being the impossibility of combining female suffrage with the safety of a free State. The first necessity of free government is, that the majority shall have power to govern; that it shall not be liable, in the last resort, to be summarily set at If it can be so set at nought, whether by soldiers, or rioters, or by individual genius, then government itself, not this or that ruler, but government, is of necessity destroyed. And under female suffrage this might always happen. Suppose, for instance, that the women of England, having votes and being, as they are, in the majority, were to decree, as they almost infallibly would decree, that the sale of liquor should cease, and that, as is quite possible also, the majority of rough men rose in armed insurrection against the Act. Clearly the Legislature, though with a majority at its back, would have to yield igno-miniously, and government by the majority, that is, the only form of free government which the world has as yet been able to devise, would be summarily brought to an end. Force, if not the foundation of government, is at least an indispensable element in it, and force and opinion would be permanently divided, or rather would labor under a permanent possibility of division. We cannot imagine where the answer to this argument is to be found, or how statesmen who understand politics, and know that on at least one branch of them, restrictive legislation, men and women are in hopeless disaccord, can resolve to face a danger which, if it is as real as we believe it to be, would dissolve society every four or five years, that is, would frustrate all the ends for which States are kept up and the electoral privilege is conceded, -The Spectator.

Improving Florence.—The city of Florence seems to be undergoing a process of "improvement" and transformation, not at all arrested by any prospective results of a removal of the seat of government. A correspondent of the Allgemeine Zeitung (April 25) speaks with en-

thusiasm of the trees already flourishing on the piazza in front of San Spirito; of preparations for similar planting in front of San Marco, Santa Maria Novella, and Santa Croce, of a "magnificent boulevard, lined with stately dwelling-houses and charming gardens," soon completely to encircle the city on the north side; and of a grand new road from the Porta Romana over the heights of San Miniato, to command all the finest views of the southern side. Lovers of Florence, as she was, will have more sympathy with this writer when he goes on to protest, on grounds alike of public utility and of imperial and civic dignity, against the proposed imposition of a regular onefranc fee upon visitors to the public monuments and museums. The convent of St. Mark and the museum of the Bargello have already been made accessible on these terms, and it is now proposed similarly to tax the entrance of the Pitti and Uffijz galleries—a principle new in the great museums of Italy till it was adopted the other day by the "Museo Nazionale" of Naples.

Up in a Balloon.—For a long time the most famous ascent in aërostatic annals was that of Gay Luseac, who, in September, 1804, started from Paris and reached the height of 23,000 feet. To lighten the balloon, he threw overboard every article he could possibly dispense with; a common deal chair went with the rest, and fell into a hedge close to a girl who was tending some sheep. As the sky at the time was clear and the balloon invisible, some of the country folk held that it must have come straight from Paradise, and cried a "miracle;" others refused to think that "the workmen above could be such muffs," for the chair was roughly made; but the miracle-mongers would no doubt have carried the question had not a timely account of Lussac's voyage appeared in the papers.

A Stone-Dressing Machine.—This machine, which is an American invention, consists of a simple arrangement by which a block of stone can be made to travel beneath a transverse bar, carrying either a series of chisels or a single knife. To this bar a kind of oscillatory motion is imparted by a crank axle, so that the action of a workman's hand and mallet is very exactly imitated, but with a speed and force that no workman can attain. Certain varieties of granite that have hitherto had no market value on account of their extreme hardness, the cost of dressing having exceeded the worth of the material, can be worked by the machine with the utmost facility. The ordinary process is first to subject the rough stone to the action of a row of chisels, separated by interspaces, so that the surface is grooved, and then to replace the chisels by a continuous blade, that reduces the ground surface to one that is uniformly level.

Luminous Fungi.—Once on an excursion (near Port Jackson) returning at dark through the woods, we were attracted by a number of very luminous fungi, which shed a broad glare of light among the grass and decayed leaves. This light was very white, like ghastly moonlight, and so strong that I could see the time on my watch. I gathered some, and found them to be agarics (mushrooms) some inches in diameter, with a flattish, wavy, pale slate-colored or whitish cup, very aumerous thickly-set decurrent gills, and a

solid, curved, and frequently eccentric stalk. I brought them home, and they retained their lustre till decomposition set in. The light was strongest when the fungus was in its best condition and fully grown. I have since found the same agaries abundantly in other places.—Dr. W. H. Harvey.

Lord Brougham's Opinion of the French .-It has always been a marvel to me that so clever and sagacious a man as Talleyrand (fixing Napoleon's residence at Elba) should not have foreseen the probable result of this arrangement. he yielded from a conviction that the soldier-like attachment to their chief might have so far influenced the French armies, then near Fontainebleau and in the provinces of the Loire, that any harshness in the treatment of Bonaparte might have raised a flame it would have been difficult to extinguish. But there was one result of the abdication which created unbounded astonishmentthe marvellous rapidity in the change of public opinion in France-that the man who but a few short weeks before had apparently possessed the entire affections of the nation he ruled over should have been all at once forgotten; that he should have been quietly, and almost without observation, allowed to be escorted by foreign officers to the place of embarkation in the south; disappearing, unnoticed and unregretted, from the soil over which he had so long and so recently exercised the most absolute and undisputed dominion. conduct is a painful illustration of the character of Frenchmen, and excites reflections one has no pleasure in dwelling on. Mackintosh felt this acutely, and in discussing with me the events I have here referred to, made use of expressions very different from the words he once applied to Frenchmen, whom, he said, "posterity would celebrate for patriotic heroism, as the citizens by whose efforts the fabric of despotism fell to the ground." It is not surprising that the author of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" should have felt this deeply. I remember his telling me that among the few who had not altogether forgotten Napoleon were some who discussed the question whether he ought not to have killed himself; while others declared they always believed that he was too great a coward to play the Roman part; and Mackintosh added that Napoleon, before he left Fontainebleau, had argued for and against suicide, concluding with this singular avowal, "D'ailleurs, je ne suis pas entièrement depourvu de tout sentiment reli-gieux," I may add that the surprise I then felt at the conduct of the French people was much modified when I afterwards, during a long residence in France, acquired a more intimate knowledge of the national character and of its distinguishing attributes-vanity and fickleness; a knowledge that has impressed me with a strong conviction that the day may come-scilicet et tempus veniet-when Napoleon's successor may, by dynastic aspirations by no means unnatural, or, more probably, by insane attempts at territorial aggrandisement, end his life a captive in a foreign prison; and, despite the substantial benefits he has conferred upon his country, may find himself, like his mighty predecessor, abandoned, vilified, and forgotten.—The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham.





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